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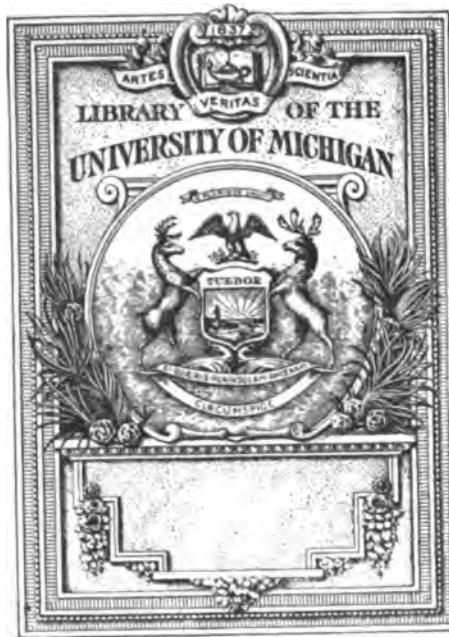
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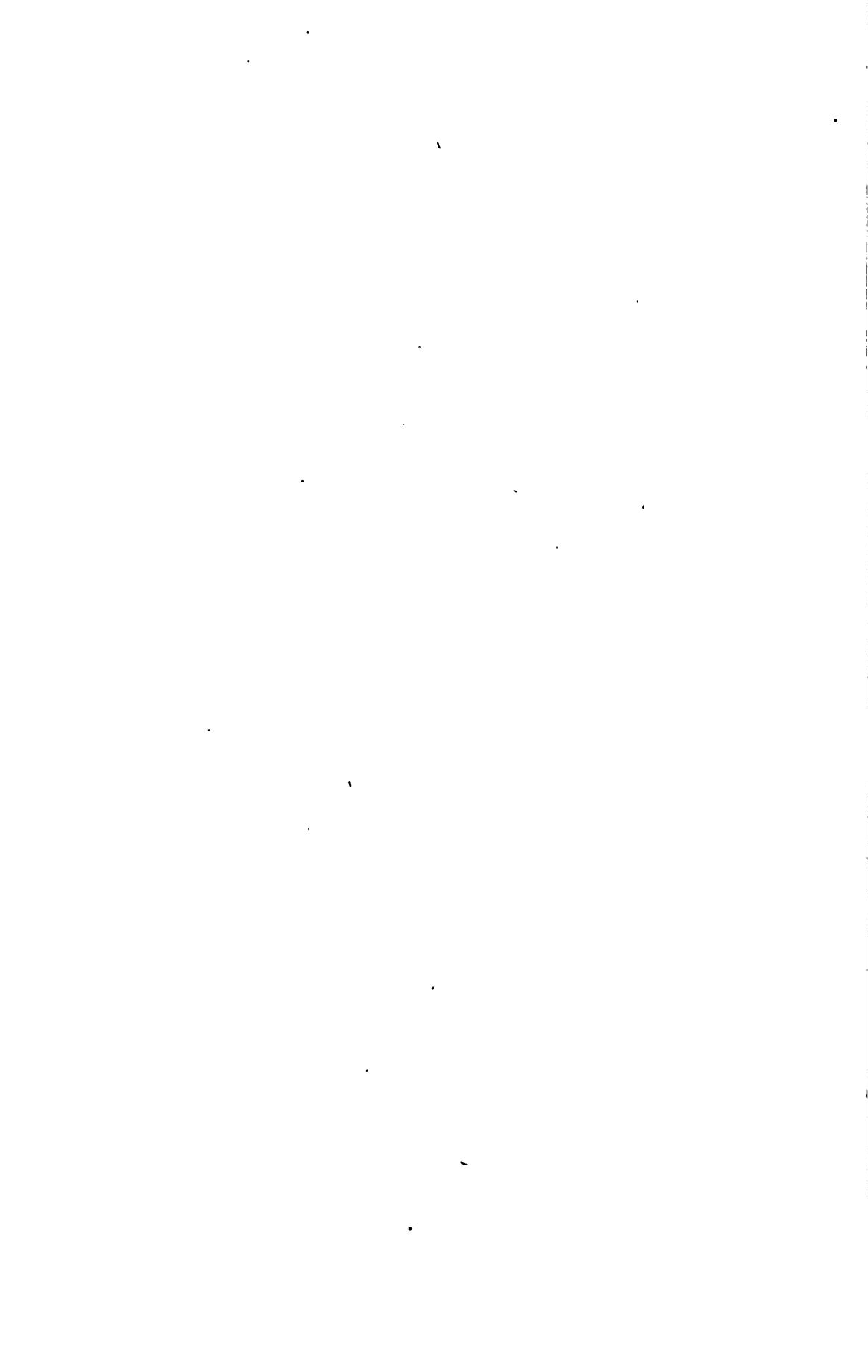
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# THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN FOLK-LORE

VOLUME 31



EDITED BY  
**FRANZ BOAS**

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

**GEORGE LYMAN KITTREDGE**  
**AURELIO M. ESPINOSA**

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## LIST OF ABBREVIATIONS USED IN THIS VOLUME.

AA . . . . .	American Anthropologist, New Series.
BAAS . . . . .	British Association for the Advancement of Science, Reports.
BBAE . . . . .	Bulletin of the Bureau of American Ethnology.
FL . . . . .	Folklore (London).
FM . . . . .	Field Museum of Natural History, Anthropological Series.
JAFL . . . . .	Journal of American Folk-Lore.
JAI . . . . .	Journal of the Anthropological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland.
MAAA . . . . .	Memoirs of the American Anthropological Association.
MAFLS . . . . .	Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society.
PaAM . . . . .	Anthropological Papers of the American Museum of Natural History.
Pub. Folk-Lore Soc. 55 .	W. Jekyll, Jamaica Song and Story.
RBAE . . . . .	Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology.



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*Associate Editors.*

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**T**HE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN FOLK-LORE (Quarterly: Editor, Franz Boas), issued by the American Folk-Lore Society, is designed for the collection and publication of the folk-lore and mythology of the American Continent. The subscription price is three dollars per annum.

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**Authors alone are responsible for the contents of their papers.**

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# THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN FOLK-LORE.

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## CANADIAN-ENGLISH FOLK-LORE.

BY C. M. BARBEAU.

It is generally assumed by the casual observer that folk-lore is wanting among the Canadian people. Modern conditions and industrialism are supposed to have shattered most of the intellectual vestiges of the past.

To a few specialists, however, such an assumption is preposterous. It seems that the instinct of preservation and conservatism, far from having been lost altogether, is still deep-rooted, and that a large mass of popular or oral tradition is being handed down from the past. There is, indeed, positive evidence that if the collection of folk-songs, ballads, folk-tales, popular rhymes and sayings, proverbs, beliefs, games, or folk-remedies were now undertaken in earnest, a bountiful harvest would result. Many are the grandmothers, the country-folk, the cowboys and shanty-men, who to this day find much entertainment in the old-fashioned rehearsal of songs, formulas, or tales of the past.

The following first-hand contributions to the folk-lore of Ontario, although quite restricted in scope, will make it clear that modern communities are not by any means so barren of traditions as one might suspect; and it may be pointed out, moreover, that even the extensive collections here presented by Mr. F. W. Waugh and Mr. W. J. Wintemberg have not been made under particularly favorable circumstances; that is, they are the result, not of systematic, subsidized investigation in a well-selected field, but merely of assiduity, chance, and perspicacity.

When a regular investigation was recently undertaken in a few Quebec localities, it proved overwhelmingly successful, as, in the course of a few brief periods of field-research, over one thousand variants of folk-songs and two hundred and forty folk-tales were recorded. There is no doubt that a similar yield should be expected from very many Canadian communities, especially in the older sections of the country.

Mr. J. A. Teit of Spences Bridge, B.C., whose first contribution on

Shetlandic folk-lore is to be found in the present volume, wrote to us: "I met a prominent Scotchman lately (Judge Calder), who lives in Ashcroft, B.C. When I discussed folk-lore with him, I found that he had a great fund of knowledge on these subjects, derived mostly from his mother, a Nova Scotian. He stated that much of the beliefs, stories, ballads, and so on, were the same as are obtained in the Highlands of Scotland, but that some were obsolete there that are now preserved only in the old Highland-Scotch settlements of Canada. In writing these things out in English, he said, much would be lost, as all is preserved and told in the Gaelic language. . . . I told him that it might be possible some time to get out a number of 'The Journal of American Folk-Lore' consisting of Canadian-Scottish lore, as you have already published other Canadian numbers." Mr. Teit has since given us the address of several good prospective Scotch informants in British Columbia, and has spoken of "some Nova Scotians who have a vast knowledge of the subject." Similar remarks, but applying to Scotch settlements in Ontario, were also made to us a few years ago by Dr. Alexander Fraser, Provincial Archivist, Toronto, who is an authority on Gaelic matters. Mr. William McInnes, Director of the Geological Survey, Ottawa, informs us that it is common knowledge that a large number of "Come-all-ye!" songs are still to be heard in the Canadian lumber-camps. Among other things, he remembers having heard the ballad of a battle on Chesapeake Bay against an American commander named Brooke, and also a recent shanty-song on the remarkable career of an old gray horse. Some one with a gift for metric form is, according to a common practice, appointed in almost every lumber-camp to recount or commemorate in new songs the current events of the season. We have also heard Col. W. P. Anderson, Chief Engineer in the Department of Marine and Fisheries, Ottawa, say that years ago, Irish people living in Dorchester County, Quebec, used to spend whole evenings listening to folk-songs and ballads, some of which, it seems, had as many as seventy verses. Other authorities have singled out Prince Edward Island and some other parts of the Maritime Provinces as being very conservative centres in which folk-lore still flourishes.

From these and other testimonies, it is clear that a large mass of oral tradition still survives in Canada, and that, on the whole, it is of the same type as that which, from the remote past, has been at the basis of literary and artistic productions in Europe. It is due merely to ignorance and lack of assimilative abilities, if little or no attention has yet been paid here to this important part of local history, and if school-children still have to use exclusively Old-Country books of nursery rhymes and folk-tales instead of being taught an appreciation of the valuable traditions and resources of their own community.

In England and most European countries, scientific periodicals have for a long time been devoted to the study of folk-lore materials; and the bibliography of independent publications on the subject would be an extremely long one. But little has ever been done along these lines in Canada; and the failure has itself apparently remained unnoticed.

The American Folk-Lore Society has, since 1888, issued "The Journal of American Folk-Lore," a quarterly, besides a number of memoirs, in which a large stock of American tradition has already been published. A few years ago, at the instance of Dr. Franz Boas, its editor, the Society enlarged its field to embrace Spanish-American and French-American folk-lore; and research has since been undertaken, with much success, in Mexico and Quebec. The yearly current numbers devoted to French and Spanish texts are proving insufficient, and additional memoirs are in preparation. A Quebec Branch was organized in 1917, the object of which is to assist in the study and publication of local traditions.

It is now proposed to extend the activities of the Folk-Lore Society to Ontario and other parts of Canada. The publication of the present volume, and the simultaneous organization of an Ontario Branch, will, it is hoped, lead to a more careful survey of the English, Irish, Scotch, Pennsylvania German, and other branches of oral lore in Canada, and to the periodical issue of other Canadian numbers of "The Journal of American Folk-Lore."

The officers of the Ontario Branch for 1918 are, —

*President*, Dr. Alexander Fraser, Provincial Archivist, Toronto.

*Vice-Presidents*, Mr. Lawrence J. Burpee, International Joint Commission, Ottawa; Mr. W. H. Clawson, Toronto University, Toronto; and Mr. W. J. Wintemberg, Geological Survey, Ottawa.

*Secretary*, Mr. C. M. Barbeau, Geological Survey, Ottawa.

*Treasurer*, Mr. F. W. Waugh, Geological Survey, Ottawa.

While the annual meetings of the Folk-Lore Society take place at the end of December in an eastern city of the United States, it is presumed that a yearly special meeting of the Ontario Branch will be held in conjunction with those of the Royal Society of Canada.

Any information on folk-lore data, their variants, or the localities in which they were observed, and the addresses of prospective informants in Canada, will be welcomed by the Secretary or any member of the Committee for the Ontario Branch.

## CANADIAN FOLK-LORE FROM ONTARIO.

BY F. W. WAUGH.

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## INTRODUCTION.

THE following common folk ideas and themes are current in various parts of central and southern Ontario. The material has been collected almost entirely from persons of British descent, and contains folk-lore derived from English, Irish, Scotch, Welsh, as well as continental sources generally. There is also a possibility of some elements having been introduced by the Pennsylvania Germans and the French.

Various students at large have found interesting variants of a number of folk-themes preserved among the descendants of British colonists in America. The present collection will tend to show that the field of observation is no more barren in Canada than in the United States. A number of data will also reveal a distinctly American character, resulting as they do partly from Old-World folk-ideas, and perhaps also to some degree from adaptations, inventiveness, or local growth.

Although we are unable to offer many ballads, folk-songs, and tales, we have no doubt that a considerable number of them are still in circulation among the old people in various country districts; and a

systematic attempt at their collection would surely bring some additional material.<sup>1</sup>

Following is a list of the informants from whom data have been obtained, with their abbreviated forms:—

- B . . . . . Miss Agnes Baillie, London, Ont.  
Ba . . . . . Miss Jean W. Barr, Elgin County.  
Boyle . . . . . "Canadian Folk-Lore," by Dr. David Boyle ("The Globe," Toronto, 1898-1900).  
Br . . . . . Le Roy Boughner, Simcoe.  
CM . . . . . A correspondent of Dr. David Boyle, Manitou, Manitoba.  
D . . . . . "Play Rhymes of the Dominion" (published by Miss Laura Durand of Toronto in "The Globe," Toronto, Nov. 13-Dec. 18, 1909).  
EB . . . . . Miss F. Eileen Bleakney, Ottawa.  
EO . . . . . An informant from an eastern Ontario city.  
G . . . . . William Gates, Burford.  
Gi . . . . . William Giffin, Sarnia.  
GW . . . . . G. N. Waugh, Brantford.  
H . . . . . Mrs. Richard Hutchison, Manitoulin Island.  
LC . . . . . A lady correspondent of Dr. Boyle.  
M. . . . . Capt. A. G. Midford, Ottawa.  
McA . . . . . Peter McArthur, Appin, Ont.  
NCW . . . . . Mrs. N. C. Waugh, daughter of Mrs. Richard Hutchison (see H).  
O . . . . . Two Orillia informants.  
R . . . . . A. J. Ritchie, Liskeard.  
V . . . . . Mrs. E. W. Vanderlip, Langford, of English and Pennsylvania-German descent, Brant County, Ontario, mother of Mrs. G. N. Waugh.  
W . . . . . Mrs. G. N. Waugh, Brantford.  
WO . . . . . An informant from a western Ontario town.

Besides information from these sources, I have drawn from various notes published from time to time in local newspapers, and otherwise unavailable. The most important of these are the series of "Play Rhymes of the Dominion," published by Miss Laura Durand of Toronto; and "Canadian Folk-Lore," by Dr. David Boyle (see under "D" and "Boyle," in the above list). No informants' names are given in the case of extremely common or well-known lore.

<sup>1</sup> In *The Globe*, Toronto, about 1898 or 1900, we find the following remarks by Dr. David Boyle: "A correspondent points out the sparsity of mythological, allegorical, and traditional stories. He says: 'I think if *The Globe* readers would only try, they could gather many such stories that would be very instructive to anthropologists, as well as to students of philology and history.' I think so, too, but it would seem that the non-appearance of such lore is the best proof that it does not exist in this province to any extent."

## LORE ABOUT NATURAL PHENOMENA.

1. To see the new moon for the first time over the right shoulder is lucky. To see it through obstructions of any kind foretells misfortune during the coming month.

2. It is bad luck to see the new moon through a window, but good luck to see it with money in your pocket. (Br.)

3. If you see the new moon full in the face, you face your own luck for that month. (R.)

Many familiar moon beliefs are found:—

4. Pork must be killed at the full moon, otherwise the meat will shrivel up in cooking.

5. Seeds must be planted with the new moon, otherwise they will not grow.

6. Fence-posts should be put in at the full of the moon, else they will rot.

7. Cut the ends of the hair at the new moon, and it will grow better.<sup>1</sup> It will grow as the moon increases.

8. A family should never move except in the light or the increase of the moon: to observe this will bring prosperity and increase of possessions (M). It is possible that such ideas may, at least in part, have been influenced by certain passages found in the Bible (see Gen. i, 14, 16).

9. The moon is commonly regarded as a weather indicator.

10. One should not sow everything during the increase of the moon. It might be done with wheat and oats and pease, but it won't do for root-crops, because you want them to grow downwards, and this effect is best produced by sowing when the "farmer's friend" is on the wane. (LC.)

11. Potatoes should be planted in the full moon of June. (Br.)

12. It is unlucky to sow grain during the full or wane of the moon, as the grain will shrink. (R.)

13. It is unlucky to cut trees during the full or the wane of the moon. (R.)

14. A verse often repeated by the writer's mother (W) was,—

Evening red and morning gray  
Is the sure sign of a fair day.  
Evening gray and morning red  
Sends the shepherd wet to bed.

15. Dogs or cats eating grass, and cuckoos or peacocks calling, are all signs of rain.

16. Rain is also indicated by swallows skimming low over the water.

<sup>1</sup> Believed also in Ottawa. (EB.)

17. A saying thought by Mrs. G. N. Waugh to be Indian was, "Three white frosts, then rain."
18. Some say that hens walking out in the rain is a sign of an all-day rain.
19. Kill a snake and hang it on the fence, and it will bring rain.
20. A halo around the moon is the sign of a storm. The number of stars inside the ring indicates the number of days before it will rain.
21. "A green Christmas makes a fat graveyard." This is a very common Old-Country proverb, also in common use here.
22. A series of signs indicating a mild winter are: (a) a scarcity of nuts for the squirrels, and of berries for the birds; (b) snakes and toads being about late in the season; (c) the thinness of corn-husks; (d) the natural drying and falling of the leaves; (e) the falling of the first snow on unfrozen ground; also (f) continued white frost. (W.)
23. Farmers, especially the older people, make use of the familiar method of observing the hog's milt. If this is larger at one end than at the other, the winter will be accordingly severe.
24. A thunder-storm early in March is considered by some to pre-sage an early spring.
25. A rather complex method of telling the weather was given by Capt. Midford. According to this, the last Thursday and Friday of a moon decide the weather for the next moon. From midnight on Wednesday to Thursday noon decides the first quarter; from Thursday noon to 12 P.M., the second quarter; and so on. The average weather of the twelve-hour periods must be taken.
26. For a cat to eat grass is a sign of rain. (G.)
27. Whatever number of white frosts occur in February, just so many occur in May. (G.)
28. The last three days of any season rule the next three months. (Gi.)
29. Whichever way the wind blows on Good Friday will be the direction during the spring. (Gi.)
30. If Easter Sunday comes early, then spring will be early. (Gi.)
31. If it rains on Easter Sunday, it will rain on the six following Sundays. (Gi.)
32. To step on a toad is a sign of rain. (B.)
33. If a cat sleeps with its back to the fire, it is a sure sign of a storm. (LC.)
34. Friday is the fairest or foulest day of the week. (Br.)
35. When a goose walks east and flies west, rainy weather is near. (Br.)
36. If a cock crows in the rain, it will stop raining. (Br.)
37. If a cock crows as he goes to bed,  
He will wake up with a wet head.  
(Br.)

38. If a crane flies southeast, a rainstorm is near; if northwest, fine weather. (Br.)
39. A late fall of snow in the spring is said to have come "to eat up the other snow."
40. A fall of snow on ploughed land is said to be as good as a coat of manure.
41. When the snow falls in large, light masses, the "old woman" is said to be "picking her geese." (The same idea is expressed in one of Grimm's tales, called "Mother Holle.")
42. Thunder is said to sour milk.<sup>1</sup>
43. Lightning will never strike a birch-tree. (Br.)
44. The tree that has been struck by lightning is accursed. (Br.)
45. A pot of gold will be found at the end of a rainbow. (Brant County.)
46. The halo, accompanied by "sun-dog," especially when cross-like in appearance, is often regarded as supernatural, and generally with a religious significance.
47. Natural phenomena are probably responsible for a certain class of superstition. An old lady told of a ball of fire entering a house and resting on the corner of a large chest in a certain room. Shortly after this, one of the family died. The writer's father stated that his mother had seen a ball of fire as she was walking along the road one night. It stopped whenever she did, and went ahead when she resumed her walking. It was not stated, in the latter case, whether or not a death occurred as a result.
48. St. Elmo's lights were said by Dr. Boyle to have been seen on one occasion playing about the masts of a vessel which was subsequently lost, on Lake Ontario.
49. Dew is supposed to fall from somewhere, in the same way as rain.
50. Night air is thought by some to be injurious.
51. A glass or earthenware vessel is said to "sweat" when moisture is deposited on it, the belief being that the water exudes through the vessel as perspiration does through the pores of the body. The sweating is said by some to indicate rain.

#### DAYS AND SEASONS.

52. If Christmas decorations are left up too long, bad luck will result. They should be taken down before the month is out. (NCW.)
53. A lady of Irish parentage, residing in Ottawa, states that the decorations should be removed before Epiphany.
54. Never begin work or start upon a journey on Friday.
55. Aside from the religious point of view, it is believed by some to be unlucky to perform any work whatever on Sunday. (M.)

<sup>1</sup> Believed also in the vicinity of Ottawa. (EB.)

PLANT-LORE.

56. To find a four-leaved clover is a good omen, while some consider the finding of a five-leaved clover the reverse. Some say you will never find a four-leaved clover while you are looking for it.

57. Regarding clover-leaves, —

Find a two, put it in your shoe;  
Find a three, let it be;  
Find a four, put it over the door;  
Find a five, let it thrive.

(Br.)

58. Never say "thanks" for a pin or for a plant, as the plant will not grow. To counterbalance this, if you steal a slip, it is sure to grow. (G.)

59. If one thanks the giver of plants or cuttings, the plants will die. (Br.)

60. In the spring, if

You pluck the first blow (blossom),  
Break the first brake,  
Kill the first snake,  
You'll do anything you undertake.

(G.)

61. Good luck will attend him who breaks the first fern-frond seen in the spring. (Br.)

62. It is unlucky to pluck'a branch on which are growing both blossoms and matured fruit. (Br.)

63. To insure its bearing again, one should thank the tree from which fruit is gathered. (Br.)

ANIMAL-LORE.

64. It is commonly believed that the small nematode worm (genus *Gordius*) found in ponds and mud-holes is produced from horse-hairs which have fallen into the water.<sup>1</sup>

65. Spiders are said to inflict severe bites, which are indicated by red spots.<sup>2</sup>

66. Children frequently catch a daddy-long-legs (*Phalangium cinereum*) and hold it by the hind and middle legs, at the same time saying, "Daddy-long-legs! tell me where my cows are." The pointing motion made by the insect with its front legs is supposed to indicate where the cows are located.

<sup>1</sup> Believed also in Ottawa. (EB.)

<sup>2</sup> A belief current also in Ottawa. (EB.)

67. Always put a spider out of doors, and say, "Bring me riches." (G.)
68. A cobweb hanging from the ceiling will bring a new beau to the young woman who detaches it. (EO.)
69. It is unlucky to kill a spider.
70. It is unlucky to find a spider in your room in the morning. (R.)
71. When a cicada is found with the W-shaped veining of the wings particularly well marked, war is thereby indicated.
72. A lady-bird beetle is placed on the hand or arm, while the child says, —

"Lady-bird, lady-bird, fly away home!  
Your house is on fire, and your children's alone."

The lady-bird will then fly away.

73. The dragon-fly, or "devil's darning-needle," will sew your mouth up, or, according to others, will fly in one ear and out the other. (N. McCutcheon, Manitoulin Island.)
74. A hive of bees will not stay in the possession of a quarrelsome family. (O.)
75. It is unlucky, on finding a cricket in your room at night, to kill it. (R.)
76. It is lucky to have a cricket in your house or room. (R.)
77. It is lucky to find a spider in your room at night. (R.)
78. The ticking of a "death-watch" beetle (*Anobium striatum*) indicates death.

79. If a moth lights on the mother of a newly-born infant, the death of the latter is sure to follow. (O.)
80. It is lucky to find a lady-bird (beetle) on one's clothing.
81. The calcareous body often found in the head of the crayfish is very lucky. (Br.)
82. The large numbers of small toads or of fish-worms which sometimes appear after a shower are popularly supposed to have come down with the rain. In one instance a "lizard" was said to have descended in this way. The "lizard" was probably a newt, which is quite likely to appear during a rain.

83. Besides their ability to produce warts by contact, toads are credited with being able to remain alive while embedded in the solid rock for immense periods of time, or deep down in the earth.

84. To kill a toad will cause the cow to go dry. (CM.)
85. It is quite commonly believed, possibly among the less educated classes, that persons drinking from a spring or stream of water may swallow a snake or "lizard," which will continue to grow and reproduce inside of them, eventually causing their death. A man at St. George, Ont., nearly died from swallowing a snake in this way, but took hot sheep's blood as a remedy.

86. Snakes are said to be able to sting with their tongues; while practically all our snakes, nearly all of which are harmless, are credited with being very venomous.

87. The milk-snake (*Lampropeltis doliatus triangulus*) is said to suck cows and to steal the milk from dairy-pans.

88. Some snakes (the garter-snakes, for instance) are said to open the mouth and allow their young to wriggle inside for shelter.

89. If a snake be cut in pieces, there will be life in all of them until sundown. (Gi.)

90. Kill the first snake you see in the spring, and you will have good luck.

91. Killing a snake will gain a friend. (NCW.)

92. Kill the first snake you see in the spring, and you will finish all your undertakings that year. (W.)

93. The snapping-turtle (*Chelydra serpentina*) is said to have nine kinds of meat in its body.

94. When set at liberty, a turtle is said immediately to set out for the nearest body of water.

95. The idea that fish, more than other articles, are "brain-food," may also probably be considered folk-lore.

96. Fish-worms found in a graveyard at night are the best for fishing.

97. It is considered lucky, when fishing, to spit upon the bait. (G.)

98. If you tell lies, you will catch no fish. (EO.)

99. Many country people believe that thunder affects the hatching of eggs. Experts state that the belief has no foundation in fact.

100. An old woman (Paris, Ont.) believed that if a red cloth were hung up in the hen-house, the hens would lay better.

101. All large hawks are considered to be chicken-killers, which is known not to be the case.

102. If the first robin seen in the spring is on the ground, bad luck is indicated. The higher up the robin is sitting, the better the luck. (NCW.)

103. It is unlucky to have a flock of crows fly over your head. (R.)

104. It is unlucky for a cock to crow in the evening. (R.)

105. It is lucky to have a bird fly into your room. (R.)

106. A death in the family is indicated if a bird flies into the house or pecks at the window.

107. A pigeon flying into a house, apparently through the wall, and out again, is taken by a certain family to foretell the death of one of its members. (M.)

108. The crowing of a hen is a sign of death. (EO.)

109. To pick up a peacock's feather in the yard of a new house is a sign of bad luck (death) to the coming occupants. (EO.)

110. When a bird flies into a room, each person over whose head it flies will die within a year. (Br.)

111. To hear a screech-owl for three consecutive nights presages death to a member of the family. (Br.)
112. When a rooster crows at the door, some one is coming to see you. (W and EO.)
113. In docking a dog's tail, it is said that the operation is best performed with the teeth. Some farmers castrate domestic animals in the same way.
114. Cats are believed to suck the breath of children if they are allowed to lie beside them.<sup>1</sup>
115. When you move from one house or locality to another and take the cat with you, you should butter its feet. If the cat licks them off, it will stay. (M.)
116. Farmers sometimes "make a cud" for a cow which is supposed to have lost its own (a quite unnecessary proceeding, by the way). Among the farmers in Brant County, the cud was made from a wisp of hay twisted up. Other materials are sometimes used elsewhere, such as a salt herring.
117. A farmer living near Port Rowan, Ont., was very much bothered with rats about his barns. He had tried every means to get rid of them, but without avail. At last, on the advice of a friend, he wrote a friendly letter to the rats, telling them that his crops were short, that he could not afford to keep them through the winter, etc., and that for their own benefit he thought they should leave him and go to some of his neighbors who had more grain. This letter the farmer pinned to one of the posts in the barn for the rats to read. In two days every rat had left his premises. (O.)
118. To see a white horse is lucky. Very soon after this you will see a red-headed girl.
119. A bit of school-boy's lore has it that when you see a white horse, you should wet your finger, touch the back of the other hand with it, then strike the spot with the clinched fist. Two hundred of these performances (called "stamping") will bring good luck. (Goldwin Waugh, Toronto.)
120. It is bad luck to kill a cat.
121. The first colt or lamb in the spring brings you good luck if it is coming toward you. If the reverse, it is bad luck. (Ba.)
122. If one counts one hundred white horses, he will find some silver money. (EO.)
123. To have a black cat come to the house is an excellent omen. (EO.)
124. The rabbit's foot is exceedingly lucky if carried in the vest-pocket. (Br.)
125. It is unlucky to have a black cat look in at your window. (R.)
126. It is unlucky for a cat to cross your path. (R.)

<sup>1</sup> Familiar in Ottawa. (EB.)

127. It is unlucky for a strange cat to come to the house. (R.)
128. It is unlucky for a preacher and a white horse to travel on the same steamer. (R.)
129. It is unlucky to meet a lean pig. (R.)
130. It is lucky to have a cat follow you, especially if it be black. (R.)
131. When you see a white horse, spit over your finger (omen among small boys). (R.)
132. When a dog howls near the house, the direction in which he is facing indicates the house in which a death will take place. (Mrs. W. Campbell; Irish; Brantford.)
133. If one dreams of a gray horse, a death will soon follow. (EO.)
134. To see three wolves signifies death. (R.)
135. When a cat rubs its paws over its ears in washing, visitors are to come. (LC.)

#### THE HUMAN BODY.

136. It is unlucky to pull the hairs from a mole (on the person). Moles are considered as indicating money.
137. If you comb your hair after dark, you comb sorrow to your heart. (O.)
138. Regarding the cutting of the finger-nails:—

Cut them on Sunday, your safety seek:  
The Devil will chase you the whole of the week.  
(O.).

139. Some say that to cut the nails on Sunday will cause you to do something you will be ashamed of before night. (O.)
140. If an infant's nails are cut before it is six months old, it will be a thief.
141. It is bad luck to stub one's toe. (Br.)
142. If your right hand itches, you will shake hands with a stranger; if the left, you will receive money. (Br.)
143. If either ear burns after sundown, it is a good sign. (Br.)
144. Placing the feet on the table is a bad-luck omen. (R.)
145. To meet a cross-eyed person first in the morning (signifies) bad luck for the day. (R.)
146. It is unlucky also for a woman to meet a red-haired woman early in the day. (R.)
147. It is unlucky for a man to meet a red-haired man early in the day. (R.)
148. It is unlucky to stub the left toe. (R.)
149. It is unlucky to have a gentleman with a flat foot call on New Year's Day. (R.)

150. It is lucky, in entering a church, to enter by stepping in with your right foot. (R.)

151. It is lucky to meet a cross-eyed person first in the morning (good luck to some). (R.)

152. It is lucky to dress the right foot first with both shoe and stocking. (R.)

153. It is lucky to have a gentleman with a neat foot call on New Year's Day. (R.)

154. A drop of blood falling upon the name of a person inscribed upon a membership-roll was taken to mean that the owner of the name would die very shortly. The person's death was said to have taken place in a short time. (Name of informant forgotten.)

155. If the bottoms of your feet itch, you are going to travel. (NCW.)

156. White spots on the finger-nails mean, commencing with the thumb, —

A friend, a foe,  
A present, a beau,  
A journey to go.

157. If your nose itches, your mouth is in danger.  
You will kiss a fool or talk with a stranger.

(W.)

158. If your right palm itches, you will shake hands with some one soon (W.). According to others, it is a sign that you will soon get some money.

159. If you stumble or trip with your right foot in going into a house, you are welcome; if with your left foot, you are unwelcome. (NCW.)

160. If one's left ear burns, some one is speaking evil of one; if the right ear, some one is speaking well.<sup>1</sup> Have seen some try to ascertain who the person is by naming their friends aloud. The name of the person uttered as the ear ceases to burn is that of the guilty one. (EO.)

161. A Scotch belief is that the itching (or scratching) of the right eyebrow indicates the coming of relatives; while the itching of the left eyebrow indicates the coming of a very near relative or member of the family (the left side being nearer the heart). (EO.)

162. If your tongue gets sore, you have been lying. (Br.)

163. Whoever chokes while speaking is telling a lie. (Br.)

164. A person with his front teeth wide apart will live a long way from his home. (Br.)

165. Sneeze on Monday, sneeze for news;  
Sneeze on Tuesday, sneeze for shoes;

<sup>1</sup> This is familiar in Ottawa. (EB.)

Sneeze on Wednesday, sneeze for a letter;  
Sneeze on Thursday, for something better;  
Sneeze on Friday, sneeze for sorrow;  
Sneeze on Saturday, see your love to-morrow;  
Sneeze on Sunday, your safety seek,  
Or Satan will have you the rest of the week.

(Br.)

166. Hair on the arms and body is considered a sign of strength.

#### HOUSEHOLD-LORE.

167. Salt which is borrowed should never be returned.  
168. If you spill salt, you must gather it up and throw it into the fire, otherwise a quarrel is presaged. (W.)  
169. No receptacle containing salt, such as a salt-cellar or bag, should be emptied entirely, or bad luck will result. (M.)  
170. The writer's grandparents used to throw salt into the stove to stop a chimney from burning out.  
171. If you break a mirror, you will have bad luck for seven years.  
172. To drop a pair of scissors indicates a disappointment.  
173. Sing before breakfast, and you will cry before night.  
174. When moving, never take the broom away with you.  
175. To drop a glass of any kind without breaking it is lucky.  
176. If you boast of not having broken any chinaware or other utensils, you are bound to break something soon. (NCW.)  
177. It is unlucky to pass under a ladder or stairway. If the person makes a wish in passing under, the bad effects will be undone.  
178. It is bad luck to enter a house by one door and go out by another.  
179. It is unlucky to pass another on the stairs, or to stumble in going up.  
180. To sit on the table is unlucky; also to raise your umbrella in the house.  
181. It is considered lucky to move, or to make a change every seven years.  
182. For two to wash at the same time or to wipe on the same towel together is unlucky; but some say, "Wipe on the same towel, and be friends forever."  
183. To give another the present of a knife or any sharp instrument will sever friendship. The article should be paid for with a cent or some small amount.  
184. A servant working at the writer's place objected to sweeping the floor after tea, for fear she would cry or meet with a disappointment before the next night.  
185. To cut bread without disconnecting the slices is a sign that you will not have a new dress for two years. (NCW.)

186. If a sheet is inadvertently put on a bed wrong-side out, bad luck will result. If both the upper and lower sheets are reversed, good luck is indicated. (NCW.)

187. If any one starts to make a bed, it is unlucky to the owner for another to finish it. (NCW.)

188. Never lay a rake on the ground with the teeth up, else poor crops will be the result. (M.)

189. To break a rake denotes strife. (M.)

190. Do not throw water out of a door or window, or you will have trouble. (M.)

191. It is unlucky to hang a garment on a door-knob or on the back of a door. (M.)

192. Knocking a chair over is the sign of a quarrel before the day is ended.

193. If a woman is making soap and a man stirs it, all will be well; but if another woman stirs it, the soap will be spoiled. (NCW.)

194. Sparks flying from a wood fire mean money coming to you. (NCW.)

195. To sing before you eat (indicates that) you'll be disappointed before you sleep. (G.)

196. It is unlucky to re-enter a house when starting on a journey. (G.)

197. To lose a key means a great disappointment. (B.)

198. If you lose a parcel, you will receive a foreign letter within a week. (B.)

199. It is unlucky to lose a penknife. (B.)

200. When starting on a journey, if you wish to have luck, you must not meet a cross-eyed person, a red-haired woman, or a white horse. You must not turn back. If forced to do so, you should go into the house and sit down and count seven. (O.)

201. It is bad luck, when moving, to take with you a broom, a cat, or a wood-pile. (O.)

202.

A Saturday flit,

A short sit.

(O.)

203. A loaf of bread should never be turned upside down on a table. It is bad luck. (O.)

204.

If the wood defies the fire,

You'll get something you don't desire.

If you sing before you eat,

You'll cry before you sleep.

(O.)

205. It is bad to make a cut in an unbaked loaf. It should be pricked with a fork if you wish good fortune. (O.)

206. Knives thrown one across another on the table indicate that a quarrel will take place soon in the household. (M.)

207. The spilling of salt is unlucky; but the bad effects of such an accident can be offset by throwing a few grains of the salt over the left shoulder (one informant says the right shoulder; LC). Burning some of the salt will also break the spell.

208. The game of whist is not free from its signs and omens. Some players always play in line with the grain of the table. The turning of one's chair an odd number of times is thought to bring luck in this game. (LC.)

209. It is unlucky for a lamp-glass to break in one's hands from no apparent cause. To break three glasses in succession is an extremely bad sign. (EO.)

210. It is unlucky, in moving, to clean the room or house you leave. (R.)

211. It is unlucky also to carry ink about, or to spill ink. (R.)

212. It is unlucky to have a woman as a caller first on Monday morning. (R.)

213. It is unlucky to hand salt to another person; bad luck to the other person; also a quarrel. (R.)

214. It is unlucky, after sitting down to the table, to change your place. (R.)

215. It is unlucky to turn a bed on Sunday. (R.)

216. It is unlucky to use poplar in any piece of furniture in a house or camp, or for a lumberman to snub his raft to a poplar. (R.)

217. It is unlucky to look into a mirror before retiring. (R.)

218. It is unlucky to go directly through a house without stopping or sitting down. (R.)

219. It is unlucky to meet an old woman. (R.)

220. It is lucky to have an extra knife, fork, or spoon at the table. (R.)

221. It is lucky to drop the scissors so that they fall into a crack. (R.)

222. To open an umbrella and hold it over your head in the house is a good omen to some. (R.)

223. Three lighted lamps on a table are a sure sign of a death. (O.)

224. The creaking of the boards or furniture in any part of the house indicates that something from that room will soon be required for a funeral. (EO.)

225. Cutting thick slices of bread is a sign some one is coming hungry. The same thing is indicated if you take food when you already have some. (EO.)

226. To walk up the back stairs and down the front will bring a visitor. (J. O'Leary, Toronto; Irish descent.)
227. If you drop a fork, a gentleman is coming to visit; if a knife or a spoon, your caller will be a lady. (W.)
228. If bubbles form on the surface of tea poured into a cup, money is indicated; but you must drink them to secure this result.
229. If chairs are placed back to back accidentally, a stranger is coming. (NCW.)
230. In taking dinner anywhere, always leave a morsel on the plate at the end of the meal. If you do this, you will be asked to dine again, and *vice versa*.
231. If you have difficulty in making the fire burn, your wife or sweetheart is bad-tempered or in a bad humor. (NCW.)
232. If a woman drops a dish-cloth, a greater slouch than herself will come (EO). Another saying has it that a visitor is indicated.
233. Setting an extra plate for a meal indicates a visitor. (EO.)
234. If two knives, instead of a knife and a fork, are set for any one at the table, a wedding will soon take place. (EO.)
235. If the scissors be dropped, a caller is coming from the direction towards which the points are sticking. (Br.)
236. A piece of stem floating in a cup of tea indicates a visitor. If it is short, the visitor will be of short stature; if long, the visitor will be tall. To tell when he or she is coming, place the stem on the back of the left hand and hit it with the back of the right. The number of times you have to strike until it sticks to the right indicates the number of days until the visitor's arrival.<sup>1</sup>

#### ADORNMENT AND ARTICLES OF DRESS.

237. Boys with whom the writer went to school used to say, —

"Meet a pin and pick it up,  
All the day you'll have good luck."

238. If you drop an umbrella or a pair of gloves, let some one else pick them up, or you will have a disappointment.
239. It is unlucky to place a new pair of shoes on the table. To place a pair of shoes of any kind on the table is the sign of a quarrel before the day is over. Never place a pair of shoes higher than the head. (M.)
240. If you put any article of clothing on wrong-side out, you must leave it thus until you have a legitimate reason for changing it, or you will have a disappointment before the day is over. (W.)
241. If, in making a garment, you prick your finger until the blood comes, you will live to wear the garment out. (W.)

<sup>1</sup> This is familiar also in Ottawa. (EB.)

242. To lose an umbrella means failure in business. (B.)
243. To drop an umbrella means bad luck for the day. (B.)
244. If you put a garment on wrong-side out accidentally, it is excellent luck; but if you take it off and right it, your luck turns to bad. (O.)
245. Boots and shoes raised off the ground are bad-luck omens. (R.)
246. It is bad luck, in dressing, to put on any article of clothing inside out. (R.)
247. If you try on mourning-garments or other articles of clothing, you will have cause to mourn before the year is out. (Mrs. J. Hutchison; Highland Scotch.)
248. If a pair of shoes are placed on a table, before they wear out they will be placed on a corpse. (M.)
249. If your shoe-laces come untied, some one is talking about you or is in love with you.

#### FOLK-MEDICINE.

##### *General Ideas.*

250. Witch doctors were formerly consulted and held in some repute. The writer's grandfather, E. W. Vanderlip, once visited one who lived near Hamilton and was treated for dyspepsia. It was impossible to procure a description of the treatment.

A number of fallacious or old-fashioned medical ideas come under this heading: for instance, —

251. Baldness and consumption are necessarily hereditary.
252. Boils are an evidence of "bad blood," which requires to be "drawn out" by means of poultices.
253. Itch was formerly called "seven-year itch," because of ignorant methods of treatment. The clothing of those affected was burned, and the patients themselves sometimes buried in the earth to their necks. "Seven" is a favorite mystic number.
254. Nine days was a favorite number in which certain diseases were supposed to come to a crisis. This also comes under the category of magical numbers.
255. In rubbing or massaging another, the treatment will be more effective if the last three fingers on the hand are used. (Mrs. J. Hutchison.)
256. The body renews itself every seven years.
257. When a person loses a limb, its strength is supposed to go into the remaining limb (on the opposite side), thus making the latter twice as strong.
258. There is a belief still prevalent that if a well and vigorous person sleeps with one who is thin and sickly, the latter will "take the

strength away" from the former, thus becoming well at his or her expense. An aged person can in the same way absorb the strength from one who is younger. Conversely, to sleep with an old person is unhealthful, as it saps the vitality (Mrs. R. Hutchison). This may have been derived, as are probably a number of other folk-ideas, from certain scriptural narratives (cf. the maiden who slept with the aged King David). A friend informs me that the Germans of Waterloo County, Ontario, believe that if a guinea-pig be put in bed with a man suffering with rheumatism, the disease will gradually leave him and be communicated to the animal.

259. It was believed, within the writer's recollection, that "black knot" on fruit-trees, and other similar diseases, were communicable to human beings.

260. Sties, poisoning from poison ivy, and other complaints, can be contracted by simply looking at the person suffering from them.

#### *Folk-Remedies.<sup>1</sup>*

261. Mrs. N. C. Waugh states that it is quite commonly believed on Manitoulin Island that the mother's saliva is good for certain minor troubles of babies; for instance, inflammation of the eyes.<sup>2</sup>

262. The danger lying in the indiscriminate use of poultices has been referred to elsewhere. Rotten apple was a material frequently used in the writer's younger days for "black eye." Cow-dung is sometimes applied for the same purpose or for "inflammation" of the eye.

263. Chewed tobacco is also employed as an application to felonies, boils, and cuts. Fat pork is used for similar purposes.

264. A bed of cedar-boughs is recommended for consumption (Jonathan Hutchison). Medicinal virtue is supposed to be absorbed into the body.

265. If a child has the whooping-cough in the spring before the leaves are out, the cough will leave when the leaves open; if during the summer, the cough will leave when the leaves go (informant was of English descent).

266. A remedy for intestinal worms is Indian turnip, dried, grated, and sweetened. (W.)

267. An old gentleman of Scotch descent, born in Lanark County and living on Manitoulin Island, used the following procedure for the cure of wounds in animals: Three sweet-apple scions of different

<sup>1</sup> We have noted a few similar remedies in a brief collection by E.-Z. Massicotte, entitled "Les remèdes d'autrefois," in *La Revue Populaire*, 1909; among these we find treatments for sore throat, warts, and swellings. A number of cures for such complaints as warts, sties, nose-bleed, rheumatism, and a few others, are given in *Current Superstitions* (MAFLS 4 [1896]).

<sup>2</sup> Regarding "saliva charms" see JAFL 3 (1890): 51.

lengths are procured, and each rubbed three times all over the wound. They are then carried home by the operator of the cure, and subjected to some secret treatment there. It is said that, at any rate, no word-formula is used. At this stage of the treatment the cure can be made to progress either favorably or unfavorably, at will. It is said that the twigs will become pulverized after a while. An important part of the cure is the diet and treatment of the animal, which must be fed on hot mash, oats, chip, and similar foods. It must be exercised daily and kept moving, especially if the wound is discharging, and must also be kept very clean. The wound must be washed well with warm water before the twigs are applied. The emphasis laid on the treatment before and after seems to suggest that the twigs might be dispensed with.

268. The same informant was believed to possess wonderful abilities in the matter of stopping hemorrhages. It was not necessary for him to be present in order to stop these. Some formula or scriptural quotation was employed.

269. The seventh son of the seventh son can stop hemorrhages, as can also the seventh son. (W.)

270. To stop nose-bleed, place a key or a coin on the back of the neck;<sup>1</sup> or snuff the smoke from a puff-ball (*Lycoperdon*).

271. An old-fashioned first-aid for wounds or bleeding was to apply a bunch of spider-web.

272. For bee-stings, apply some clay or mud. The bee is supposed to die after it stings one.

273. For sore eyes, wear ear-rings. This remedy was formerly frequently used by men.

274. Heat hops or salt in a bag, and apply for neuralgia or tooth-ache.

275. Tobacco-chewing is recommended for toothache and as a preventive of decay in teeth. It is also supposed to prevent the inhalation of dust in threshing.

276. If an animal develops rabies at any time after having bitten a person, its victim will develop it also. If the animal be killed, the danger is removed.

277. Goose-oil is rubbed on for sore throat. A bit of red flannel or a dirty sock worn around the neck will also cure.

278. For lumbago, rheumatism, colds, or chest trouble, wear a piece of new red flannel over the part affected. The flannel may be aired, but not washed. When it is unfit for further use, a fresh piece may be applied. (Miss Stacey; Irish; Toronto.)

279. A home remedy for ringworm is to burn a cotton rag on an axe or a smoothing-iron, then to rub the resultant moisture or "sweat" on the affected part. (W.)

<sup>1</sup> Familiar in Ottawa. (EB.)

280. A sty may be cured by rubbing with a wedding-ring,<sup>1</sup> or even with a gold ring (according to some). Another cure is to melt snow which has fallen in May, and bathe the eyes with it (Mr. Sloan; Toronto). A young woman of Irish descent rubbed a gold ring and a cat's tail on a sty to cure it.

281. A common saying is, "Feed a cold and starve a fever."

282. A knife-blade or other cold metallic object should be held on to prevent blackening of the eye. (W.)

283. Have often heard that Spanish fly is effective as a love-potion. It is given (in homœopathic doses?) in candies.

284. Some negro's wool, or wool from a black sheep, packed into the ear, will stop the earache. The oil of the skunk and other animals dropped into the ear is used for the same purpose.

285. For goitre, wear a string of beads about the neck.

286. School-children on Manitoulin Island used to say that drinking snow-water would produce goitre.

287. The seventh son can cause goitre to disappear by rubbing. (W.)

288. Rub the neck three times with a green frog, which is then thrown away. The goitre will disappear. Another remedy consists in touching the goitre with a live frog. The animal is then buried head downwards in the ground. As the frog decays, the goitre will disappear. Rubbing the neck with a live snake, or with a snake-slough, is still another remedy. To cure goitre, one is also advised to wear blue beads or heavy beads, the weight in the latter case being considered beneficial. A dead man's hand placed on the neck is another.

289. A Manitoulin Island informant (James Watson) made use of a weasel-skin as an application for goitre. The fur was turned inward or next to the person.

290. Mrs. Richard Hutchison kept a weasel-skin as a remedy for caked breast. The skin was moistened before application, the fur side being turned outward.

291. For boils, boil a quantity of gunshot in milk, and drink in small doses daily. An old-fashioned remedy was to take sulphur and molasses in the spring. Every boil is said to be worth five dollars. A friend informs me that he was directed by a French-Canadian woman to apply a piece of snake-skin to a boil to bring it to a head.

A considerable number of cures are given for warts: for instance, —

292. Take some gravel from the lake shore, rub it on the warts, then wrap it up and throw it away.

293. Touch the warts with an old dish-cloth, which is afterwards buried. As the dish-cloth rots, the warts will disappear.

<sup>1</sup> Believed also in Ottawa. (EB.)

294. Let a grasshopper or locust "spit tobacco-juice" on them; or apply milkweed-juice.
295. Take a string and tie as many knots in it as you have warts, then throw it away. As the string rots, the warts will disappear.
296. Wash the warts with water which has collected on a rotten stump or log. (GW.)
297. Chew up some tobacco, then take as many small pieces as there are warts, rub these on the warts, wrap them up, and throw them away. Whoever picks them up will get the warts. (GW.)
298. Take a piece of fat pork, rub it on the warts, and throw it where a dog will get it. (GW.)
299. Apply the water which collects on cow-excrement. (GW.)
300. Write the number of the warts on a piece of paper, steal a dish-cloth, wrap the paper up in it, and throw it on the road without any one seeing you. Whoever picks the parcel up will get the warts. (GW.)
301. A Negro woman living in Toronto gave the following direction: Cut as many notches in a stick as you have warts, then bury the stick in the ground; and as it decays, the warts will disappear.
302. Getting the hands wet in water in which eggs have been boiled was given as a cause for warts. There is also the familiar explanation that they are caused by the secretion from a toad's skin.
303. To throw the combings of one's hair out of doors causes headache when the sun shines upon it. (G.)
304. A black ribbon tied about the throat prevents nose-bleed. (G.)
305. Wearing amber beads cures goitre. (G.)
306. Never throw combings from your hair out of doors, for the birds may take them to build their nests, and you will have a headache. (Gi.)
307. Don't rock an empty cradle: it will make baby's head ache. (Boyle.)
308. To cure a sty, rub it three times with a wedding-ring (see No. 280).
309. To secure good, sound teeth, as the milk-teeth were extracted, each girl swallowed them. The son, who refused to swallow his teeth, was the only member of the family who had an unsound tooth in his head. (Informants were Scotch; WO.)
310. To remove warts, take as many peas as there are warts, rub a pea on each wart, tie the peas in a package, and throw over the left shoulder while walking on the street. Whoever picks the package up will get the warts. (WO.)
311. A horse was cured of the heaves by some one catching three living toads and forcing the poor beast to swallow them. (EO.)
312. A cure given for inflammation consists in placing the entrails

of a chicken while still warm on the person afflicted. As these draw the inflammation, they will turn black. (EO.)

313. Live fish-worms are applied to a boil. (EO.)

314. When a child loses a tooth, he should cast it over the left shoulder, or burn it, so that its successor will come in straight. (EO.)

315. Wear a nutmeg in the hollow below the throat for sore throat. (CM.)

316. Wear ear-rings for sore eyes. (CM.) (See No. 273.)

317. Wear green glass beads for erysipelas. (CM.)

318. For warts: Scratch the warts with a match, and then make a scratch on the stove-pipe. When the scratch disappears, so do the warts. (CM.)

319. Another is to rub the warts on any place where a white pig has rubbed itself. (CM.)

320. Garden live-for-ever is supposed to contain an evil spirit that preys on the weakest member in the family, and will eventually kill him, if it be allowed to thrive. (Br.)

321. A raw potato, a piece of elder, or a horse-chestnut carried in the pocket will cure rheumatism. (Br.)

322. A bit of wild cherry or elder, if carried in the pocket, will render one insensible to the effects of poison ivy. (Br.)

323. The juice of three different plants, if rubbed on the wound, will cure a nettle-sting. (Br.)

324. Steal a pod of green peas at midnight in silence and secrecy, shell it with eyes shut, and rub each pea on a different wart, then wrap them in paper and bury. (Br.)

325. Cut a notch for each wart in an elder-stick and bury it. (Br.)

326. Prick each wart with a needle, then sell the needle. (Br.)

327. Steal a dish-cloth, rub it on the warts, and bury it under the eaves. (Br.)

328. Take a hair from a gray horse, wind it around the wart, and hide it under a stone. (Br.)

329. Three hairs from a black cat's tail will cure a sty. (Br.)

330. If the person who has had his tooth pulled keeps his tongue on the cavity, a gold tooth will grow in. (Br.)

331. Raccoon-oil, bear-oil, and skunk-oil are rubbed on the joints to make them supple; probably from an idea of sympathetic magic.

332. Sand is sometimes eaten as a cure for dyspepsia or as an intestinal corrective.

333. The synovial fluid from the joints of animals is supposed to be good for the joints; that is, to render them more supple, or as a remedy for rheumatic symptoms. It is applied by rubbing.

334. Black currants are considered good for the sick.

335. The water of so-called "sulphur springs" is in considerable demand as a general curative drink.

## BIRTH AND CHILDHOOD.

336. It is popularly believed that a child may be affected prenatally in various ways. Hand-like discolorations in infants, for instance, are attributed to blows received by the mother. Even the sight of unpleasant objects is supposed to produce similar effects. One woman was frightened at a mouse, in consequence of which her child exhibited a mouse-like excrescence. Another was frightened by a rabbit, upon which the child was born with a hare-lip.

337. Children may also be afflicted with various cravings as a result of such influences. A certain woman had an abnormal desire for an alcoholic beverage, which was denied her by her husband. As a consequence the child had a similar craving. The same idea is held with regard to various foods. In such cases, if the woman's appetites or desires be satisfied, the child will not be injuriously affected.

338. A baby should have a fall before it is six months old if it is to have good sense. (An Ottawa informant.)

339. A gift of some kind should be placed in the hand of a newly-born child the first time you see it. This is for luck. Any sort of trinket will do. (An Irish woman living in Toronto.)

340. The first house an infant is taken to will have a birth in it within a year. (O.)

341. To kiss a newly-born baby brings good luck. (EO.)

342. A baby must not see itself in a glass, or it will be vain. (EO.)

343. If a child is born with a tooth, it will be hanged. (EO.)

344. If its mother carries it in her arms the first time she walks in the open air after its birth, it will never take a serious cold. (EO.)

345. The first house its mother enters with it in her arms will be sure to receive a similar blessing (i.e., have a baby, too) during the year. (EO.)

346. To take a newly-born babe into the topmost room of the house, then into the basement, and then into every room in the house, is lucky. (R.)

347. It is unlucky to name a baby after a dead person. The child, it is said, will die very young. (G.)

348. If a child has two crowns on its head, it will live in two kingdoms. (EO.)

349. If it is born with a "veil" covering the face, it will be gifted with "second sight." (EO.)

## DEATH AND BURIAL.

350. A person who is ill of some lingering disease is said to be liable to pass away with the falling or budding of the leaves. Some say, also, that death is most likely to take place at sundown or at ebb-tide.

351. Mrs. G. N. Waugh states that near Brantford, Ont., in the neighborhood in which she was brought up, it was commonly believed that the kind of feathers in a dying person's pillow was of importance. It was believed that pigeons' feathers, for instance, disturb the dying. The idea here seems to be based on sympathetic magic. The pigeon being a restless bird, reclining on its feathers would not allow peacefulness or repose.

352. The same informant remembers that on at least one occasion her maternal grandfather (named Westbrook) "told," or informed, the bees that a member of the family had died. He had eighteen swarms at the time, and it was believed that they would die if they were not apprised of the happening.

353. The position of the body in "laying it out" is also important. This should be east and west, with the feet to the east. A similar position should be preserved in burial. In removing the body from the house, it should be carried out feet foremost.

354. Fretting or weeping near a corpse will disturb its rest (according to an old lady of English extraction).

355. The wake, in a more or less modified form, is still common, though sometimes it is done away with entirely.

356. All parts of the body should be buried together, if possible. At any rate, all parts should receive burial. An amputated limb must not only be buried decently, but must be laid in a comfortable position beneath the soil, otherwise the owner of the limb will feel pain where it was located before amputation.

357. The writer remembers hearing stories quite frequently to the effect that the hair and beard will grow after death. The hair in such cases was said sometimes to grow to an extraordinary length.

358. In a room in which lies a corpse, a mirror should always be covered. (G.)

359. It is unlucky to meet a funeral. (G.)

360. Luck will not attend the family in which a death occurs unless the clocks are stopped at the hour of death and the mirrors turned facing the wall. (Br.)

361. If one places his hands on a dead person, he will not dream of the corpse. (Br.)

362. The custom was formerly observed in Elgin County of opening the door of the room in which a corpse was lying to let his spirit depart into the unknown; also that of "telling the bees." Crape was sometimes tied to the hives, and left there until after the funeral. (Ba.)

363. It is unlucky for a hearse to stop in front of a house. Its services will next be required at that place. (G.)

364. For a sick person to pick at the bed-clothes is a sure sign of death. (G.)

365. If for any reason the pall-bearers turn again into the house with the coffin, another death will soon follow. (Ba.)

366. Visions of various kinds are believed to foretell death. An English lady (Miss A. Allen, Toronto) once had the apparition of a coffin, which came floating into the room. Her mother was ill at the time, and died shortly after. Three raps were heard by the same lady and her mother on the occasion of the death of her father, who was away at the time.

367. On one occasion another family heard two raps, and afterward was informed of the death of two of its members in war.

#### LOVE, COURTSHIP, AND MARRIAGE.

368. To take the last of any article of food on the table indicates that the person will not be married that year (see Nos. 387, 419).

369. A bride must not try on her ring before the wedding, while some say that it is unlucky for her even to look at it before it has been placed upon her finger by the groom.

370. It is also unlucky to try on one's wedding-gown before the ceremony, as it also is to tear or soil it. (M.)

371. May is considered by many to be an unlucky month for marriages. A wet day is also inauspicious. A common saying is, "Happy is the bride whom the sun shines on." A companion couplet says, "Happy are the dead whom the rain rains on."

372. The bride should not look at herself in the mirror in her bridal array until after the ceremony. While on her way to the church, she must not weep, nor must she look over her shoulder. (M.)

373. An old rhyme says, —

Married in white, you have chosen aright;  
Married in gray, you will go far away;  
Married in black, you will wish yourself back;  
Married in red, you will wish yourself dead;  
Married in green, ashamed to be seen;  
Married in blue, he (or you?) will always be true;  
Married in pearl, you will live in a whirl;  
Married in yellow, ashamed of your fellow;  
Married in brown, you will live out of town;  
Married in pink, your heart will sink.

374. A wedding or an engagement ring should not be removed. To remove it would mean a separation.

375. A seal ring "wished on" should never be removed. It would be unlucky to wish it upon the left hand, as this would signify that the wearer would not be married during the year.

376. For a girl to sneeze before she eats (means that) she'll see her beau before she sleeps. (G.)

377. A bride should never keep a pin she has used in her bridal costume. (G.)

378. If a girl can start a brisk fire, she will have a smart husband. (G.)

379. When being married, the bride, to have fortune, must wear, —

Something old,  
Something new,  
Something borrowed,  
Something blue.

(O.)

380. A bride must also carefully choose the day, —

Monday's for health;  
Tuesday for wealth;  
Wednesday the best day of all;  
Thursday for losses;  
Friday for crosses;  
Saturday no day at all.

(O.)

381. A bride must not wear green, for every thread of green is a thread of grief. (O.)

382. If you stub your right toe, you will meet your lover. (EO.)

383. Should the bride assist in any of the preparations for the important event, ill luck is sure to follow. (EO.)

384. If a needle breaks in sewing the (wedding) gown, it is a good sign. (EO.)

385. A bride must not wear black or green. (EO.)

386. If one's lip itches, one will be kissed, cursed, or vexed very shortly. (EO.)

387. If one takes the last bit of food on the table, he or she will never marry. (EO.)

388. If your shoe-string comes untied, your sweetheart is thinking of you. (Br.)

389. It is unlucky for a bride to wear feathers. (Scotch; R.)

390. It is unlucky for a bride to wear rye grass; she will be fickle. (R.)

391. It is unlucky for a bride to wear cherry-blossoms; they are emblematical of deception. (R.)

392. It is unlucky for a groom to wear lavender; he will be distrustful and jealous. (R.)

393. It is unlucky to marry in May. (R.) (See No. 371.)

394. It is unlucky to marry in Lent, (as) you'll live to repent. (R.)

395. It is unlucky to marry a man whose initial is the same as your own. (R.)

396. It is unlucky to see a hare, dog, lizard, snake, lady-bird, or a funeral on the way to a wedding.

397. To crush the lady-bird is particularly disastrous, or to have it alight on the groom. (R.)

398. If the day after a wedding is fair, it is considered lucky for the groom, as this is said to be the groom's day. (R.)

399. It is unlucky to postpone a wedding. (R.)

400. For the bride to put on her left shoe first, portends an unhappy life. (R.)

401. It is unlucky to drop the ring during the wedding-ceremony. (R.)

402. To lose or break the wedding-ring is also unlucky. (R.)

403. It is unlucky to have a married person stand up with you at your wedding. (R.)

404. For either the bride or groom to receive a telegram on the wedding-day is unlucky. (R.)

405. It is unlucky for a newly-married couple to break any piece of pottery in their first house-moving. (R.)

406. It is lucky for a bride to wear heliotrope, ivy, or clover, which signifies faithfulness. (R.)

407. It is lucky to see a spider, toad, wolf, or lady-bird, if the last-named alight on the bride on the way to the wedding. (R.)

408. To slip on the way to or from the wedding is lucky (also found in Ovid). (R.)

409. It is lucky for a bride to dream of fairies the night before the wedding. (R.)

410. For the bridegroom to carry a small horseshoe in his pocket at the wedding will bring luck. (R.)

411. It is lucky to kiss the bride after the ceremony, and before her husband has kissed her. (R.)

412. If a bride looks at herself in a mirror before the wedding, she will see herself as she looks when laid out. (M.)

413. Whichever leaves the room first, the bride or the groom, dies first. (G.)

414. A prospective bride should under no consideration touch the wedding cake or gown. (EO.)

415. A bride must do nothing towards dressing herself for the wedding-ceremony. (EO.)

416. If two people are shaking hands, and another couple do the same so as to cross hands with them, a marriage within the year for one of the party is indicated.

417. If you fall upstairs, you will have bad luck (NCW), or you will not be married during the year.

418. If a young woman sits on the table, she will not be married. (W.)

419. If you take the last piece of bread on the plate, you will not be married that year (see Nos. 368, 387).

420. If two spoons are placed in the same dish, a marriage will take place in the house during the year.

421. For sparks to fly out and burn the carpet is a sign of a wedding or a birth. (M.)

422. If your apron drops off, you will lose your lover.

423. To snuff out a candle accidentally is the sign of a marriage. (H.)

424. Ticklishness in a male denotes that he is fond of the girls.

425. In Brantford township many of the early settlers' wives used to make use of large, square, wooden trays for mixing bread. A nicely scraped and cleaned bread-tray indicated that the marriageable young ladies of the family would be good housekeepers, and *vice versa*. It was also taken as an unfavorable indication if a young lady stepped over such an article as a broom, instead of picking it up. (W.)

426. To tell whether or not you are beloved by another, take a ripe dandelion-head and blow at it, at the same time saying, "He loves me, he loves me not," alternately. Whichever sentence is said as the last bunch of seeds is blown away will be the case.

427. A common method of arriving at the same result is to repeat the verse, —

Star light, star bright,  
Very first star I've seen to-night,  
Tell me truly all I wish to know,  
Whether the boy that I adore  
Loves me less or loves me more.  
Star bright, star bright,  
Tell me! Is it so?

428. The person at the same time must look over the right shoulder, thus catching a glimpse of the first star seen that evening, the size and brightness of the star affording an answer to the question.

429. If you sleep with a piece of wedding-cake under your pillow, you will dream of the one you will marry.

430. To see your future husband or wife, read the Song of Songs (Solomon's) for nine nights in succession. The whole eight stanzas must be read each time, and on the ninth night you will dream of seeing your future husband or wife working at the trade at which he or she will be employed. A young lady of Highland-Scotch descent living on Manitoulin Island did this, and saw her husband carrying a bowl of water in his hands. Her husband afterwards became a municipal water-works employee.

431. When sleeping in a strange bed, name the four corners after as many eligible young men or women. The first post or corner you

catch sight of upon opening your eyes in the morning will be that to which is attached the name of the person you are to marry (NCW). According to some, the corners must be named by another person.

432. After wishing on a wish-bone, the successful wisher sometimes places his or her portion over one of the doors. The first eligible person of the opposite sex passing under this will be the wisher's future husband or wife.

433. If a girl, as she removes her shoes at night, repeats the lines, —

Hoping this night my lover to see,  
I place my shoes in the form of a T, —

she will dream of her future husband. (G.)

434. If a girl swallows a thimbleful of salt and goes backward to bed, she will dream of her future husband. (G.)

435. Any lady finding a pod with nine peas in it will be rewarded if she places it over the door, for the first unmarried gentleman stranger who passes (under) it will be her husband. (LC.)

436. Count nine stars for nine nights, and the first young man with whom you afterwards shake hands is the wonderful "he." (EO.)

437. On Hallowe'en, boil an egg hard, remove the centre, fill with salt, and eat. Then go to bed backwards, speak to no one, and at 12 o'clock your future husband will appear to you in a dream, holding a glass of water in his hand. (EO.)

438. Name the seeds of an apple, place them on a hot stove, and the one that flies off the stove towards the seeker of knowledge is the one that tells the tale. (EO.)

439. If a maiden finds a four-leaved clover and places it over the door, the first man outside the family entering will become her husband. (Br.)

#### WISHES.

440. When the moon is new, you must look over your right shoulder and make a wish, which will then come true. (W.)

441. When you make a wish, swallow a chicken's heart and do not think of a red fox's tail; then you will get your wish. (W.)

442. When you accidentally drop a knife, a fork, a pair of scissors, a pin, or a needle, if the point sticks into the floor, make a good wish, and it will come true. (NCW.)

443. When two people say the same thing at the same time, they sometimes hook their little fingers together (i.e., one person with the other), each making a wish and repeating some name, preferably that of a poet.

444. If you find an eyelash, put it on the back of your hand and wish. Then blow, and if the eyelash flies away with the first puff, you will get your wish; if it comes off with the second, you may possibly

get your wish; but if it doesn't come off the third time, the wish will never come true. (NCW.)

445. If you should inadvertently pass under a ladder, make a wish. This will undo the bad effects.

446. Kiss a new-born babe and make a wish, and you are sure to get it within the year. (G.)

447. If a person, picking up what you have dropped, wishes for something before handing the article to you, the wish will come true. (B.)

448. One will get whatever one wishes for when eating the first fruit of the season. (EO.)

449. If three wishes are made when a rainbow is seen, one of them will be fulfilled. (Br.)

450. If a lover, seeing a falling star, can express, before it expires, a wish to marry his sweetheart, it will come true. (Br.)

451. If a person unconsciously makes a rhyme and a wish, his wish will be fulfilled. (Br.)

#### DREAMS.

452. To dream of climbing a mountain is lucky. To fail is just the opposite.

453. It is a good omen to dream of owning jewels. (B.)

454. It is bad luck to dream of red ground or muddy water. (These are) signs foretelling death. (Ba.)

455. A common saying is that dreams go by opposites.

456. To dream about a thing three times in succession is considered to indicate that what is dreamed will come to pass.

457. To dream of having teeth pulled signifies that you will lose a number of your friends. (NCW.)

458. An old lady who had lost her husband, and who subsequently went a long way off to live, was frequently troubled by dreams, in which her husband always appeared to her, desiring her to return to her old home. She returned presently to her former residence (near her husband's grave), and was troubled no longer. (Boyle.)

459. To dream of fishing indicates a prospective birth. (NCW.)

#### MISCELLANEOUS LORE.

460. It is lucky to find a horseshoe on the road, particularly if the points of the nails are upward. The more nails in the shoe, the better. If the shoe is a new one, the luck is better still. To give the shoe away is to lose your luck. The shoe should be taken home and placed above the door, some say with the toe-calk up, as though the horse were coming into the house, as the luck would then be coming in. Some say that the shoe should be placed the other way up, so that the luck

will not spill out. Pictorial representations or impressions of horseshoes are used in various situations. The emblem is also used as a design in jewelry.

461. A person finding a horseshoe will have a year of good luck for every nail found in it. (Br.)

462. The horseshoe from a white horse is most lucky. (Br.)

463. Bad luck is indicated in the finding of a horseshoe pointing away from you. (R.)

464. Every nail in a horseshoe found by an unmarried person signifies a year before that person is married. (G.)

465. A piece of iron found on the road will bring good luck if spit on and thrown over the left shoulder without looking backward. (G.)

466. It is unlucky to go back for anything when you have once started out. The spell, however, may be broken by sitting down for a while.

467. To allow any one to pass between you and a companion as you walk along the street is unlucky; also to allow a tree or a post to come between you. To neutralize the effect, you should repeat "bread and butter" three times, according to some.

468. If a card-player finds his luck against him, he will often throw away the pack he is playing with, and take another; or he will get up, walk once around his chair, and sit down again. To tell which card to play, when in doubt, he will moisten his finger and play the card which sticks.

469. The belief in lucky coins, perforated stones, and rabbits' feet as pocket-articles or amulets seems to be very widespread in Ontario.

470. Another deeply-rooted belief is in the bad luck attached to the number 13 when used in any connection.

471. To go anywhere without stepping on cracks in the pavement or sidewalk gives good luck. (Goldwin Waugh.)

472. School-children used to say that to take a short cut to school would cause them to "miss their lessons." (B.)

473. The first day of ploughing, if you see the farmer making his furrow toward you, your luck is good. (Ba.)

474. Among hunters it is unlucky to spill shot. (Br.)

475. To watch a person out of sight is a sign that he or she will never return. (Br.)

476. Bad luck is indicated in walking over white flagstones. (R.)

477. Walking under a bridge or a ladder indicates bad luck. (R.)

478. It is unlucky to walk under an elevated railroad when a train is passing over. (R.)

479. It is lucky to make a sign of the cross after any bad omen. (R.)

480. To have your initials spell a word means good luck and wealth. (R.)

481. If a person forgets what he or she was about to say, it was going to be a lie.

482. If the name of an absent friend is mentioned unintentionally, it is a sign that the friend is thinking of the speaker. (EO.)

483. A method used by boys to find a lost article, such as a ball, is to throw a similar article over the head or shoulder. The lost article will be near the place where the other one falls.

484. Water-witching by means of a forked twig or other such contrivance is very firmly believed in by many here, as elsewhere. It was stated by Jonathan Hutchison that twigs or crotches from any pit-bearing tree would do for the purpose, though witch-hazel is most commonly referred to by the older people. An instance is known in which the instrument was made of metal, to the middle of which were bound certain secret materials. Jonathan Hutchison stated that the highest point on a farm was the best place to dig for water.

485. James McCutcheon, Manitoulin Island, told of a man living near Rosemount, Ont., who found a stone of peculiar appearance in the fields. Our informant could not give an exact description of it, but remembered that with it the man professed to be able to find lost articles and do other remarkable things.

486. The writer remembers hearing frequently, in the neighborhood of Brantford, Ont., of the use of bread for finding the bodies of persons who have been drowned. The bread is thrown into the water, and is supposed to eddy about or sink at the right spot. An instance of its use at Carleton Place, Ont., has been given in "The Globe," Toronto.

#### PROVERBIAL SAYINGS.<sup>1</sup>

487. The Devil places a pillow for a drunken man to fall on.

488. The Devil is in her as big as a woodchuck (said of a vicious or bad-tempered person).

489. A variant is, There's a devil in her the size of a Thanksgiving turkey.

490. It is said of a young woman who is hard to suit in the matter of a prospective husband, "She goes through the woods and through the woods, and picks up with a crooked stick at last."

491. Children and others are sometimes told, when the hour becomes late, that it's time that honest men were abed, and thieves a-jogging. (From writer's grandfather, E. W. Vanderlip.)

492. When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window.

493. When it is considered advisable that a young man should defer marrying, he may be told, regarding the young lady, that she is neither sugar nor salt; she won't melt.

<sup>1</sup> Extremely familiar sayings have been omitted.

494. A person who is always forgetting is sometimes told, "What you lack in your head you make up in your heels." (W.)

495. A dirty woman won't make clean butter,  
When the sun and moon both shine together.

496. Don't take a lazy man's load (when taking too much).

497. Three little pieces for four of us!  
Thank the Lord there are no more of us!

498. A going foot always gets something, if it is only a thorn.

499. First a coughin' to carry you off on;  
Then a coffin to carry you off in.

500. A lover's disagreement is said to be a case of "love in a tub, and the bottom fell out."

501. Live in hope and die in despair.

502. Thanks killed the cat (cf. "Care killed the cat").

503. There are more ways of killing a cat than by choking her with butter.

504. It is said of a slow person that "he is as slow as molasses in January."

505. Another expression regarding a slow person is, "He might meet a snail, but he could never catch up to one."

506. Speak of the Devil, and he is sure to appear.

507. If the Lord is willing and the Devil makes no objections . . .

508. God knows, but he won't tell.

509. You scratch my back, and I'll scratch yours (meaning, "You oblige me, and I'll return the compliment"). (W.)

510. People who start to eat without waiting for another are said to wait "like one hog waits for another."

511. A wasteful woman is said to be able "to throw household supplies out with a spoon faster than the man can throw them in with a shovel."

512. It is also said of a wasteful woman, "She can throw the stuff out the back door as fast as her husband can bring it in the front."

513. It is better to die kicking than to be kicked dying. (M.)

514. I won't buy a dog and do my own barking.

515. Three moves are as bad as a fire.

516. It's a poor pair of legs that will stand and see the body abused. (M.)

517. School-boys, upon breaking wind, are told by their companions to "touch wood and whistle." Otherwise they are bumped. (It has been suggested that the wood referred to was originally that of the Saviour's cross.)

518. A school-boy of the writer's acquaintance stated that he must be telling the truth, as he had "crossed his heart and spit."

519. Mean enough to steal acorns from a blind sow. (McA., in "The Globe," Toronto, 1898-1900, in Dr. Boyle's collection.)

520. A weasel-skin purse is never empty. (*Ibid.*)

#### MISCELLANEOUS SAYINGS, SIMILES, ETC.

521. He looks like the Devil a-horseback.

522. He looks like the very old hickory.<sup>1</sup>

523. He went like the old hickory.

524. Be a man or a mouse or a long-tailed rat (meaning, "Be manly, or have some spirit").

525. To feel like a stewed owl.<sup>2</sup>

526. Deaf in one ear, and can't hear out of the other.

527. Handy as a pocket in a shirt.

528. *Mad* (angry) as a wet hen.

529. Lazy as a spotted dog.

530. Her (or his) tongue is hung in the middle, and works at both ends.

531. He hangs on like a pup to a root.

532. He takes to it like a kitten to a hot brick.

533. Six o'clock (or any hour), and not a man killed!

534. He stays until the last dog is hung.

535. He has bitten off more than he can chew.

536. Dead as a door nail.

537. Fat as a door nail. (Mrs. Banks, a Negro woman, Toronto.)

538. Slow as death to a nigger.

539. He sweats like a hen drawing rails.

540. He is lower than a snake's (anus).

541. He would steal the coppers off a dead man's eyes.

542. He hangs on like grim death to a dead nigger.

543. Dressed up to the nines.

544. He is looking nine ways for Sunday (said of a person who is confused or embarrassed).

545. He can't see any farther than the end of his nose.

546. He is tighter (stingier) than the bark on a hickory-tree.

547. A thing that fits very tightly is said to "fit tighter than the hubs of hell."

<sup>1</sup> "Hickory" here seems to be a euphemism for the Devil. The writer remembers an old-fashioned kind of blue cloth for shirts which was called "hickory," the word indicating the associated idea of toughness. The name "Old Hickory," applied to Abraham Lincoln, doubtless had a similar origin.

<sup>2</sup> Nos. 525, 527, and 530 are also found in a collection of proverbs, mostly from Massachusetts (cf. JAFL 5 [1892] : 60). For a general comparison of sayings, see Current Superstitions, by F. D. Bergen (MAFLS 4 [1896]).

548. Hot as love; hot as love in fly-time; hot as love in the summer-time.
549. I'll do it in two shakes of a dead lamb's tail.
550. You've drowned the miller (said in bread-making when too much water is added to the flour).
551. He doesn't need it any more than a cow needs two tails.
552. Cut sticks, now! (meaning, "Run away!")
553. He is like teats on a boar pig, — more ornamental than useful.
554. Thin as a rail (cf. "thin as a rake").
555. He did it by guess and by God.
556. He sprang on it like a 'possum (opossum) on a june-bug.
557. He's only knee-high to a grasshopper.
558. He is sweating like a nigger under oath. (McA., in "The Globe," Toronto, 1898-1900.)
559. She steps like a hen before day. (*Ibid.*)

WITTICISMS.<sup>1</sup>

560. You had better quit before you begin.
561. He doesn't know how many beans make five.
562. You can't teach your grandmother to suck eggs.
563. If any one tries to pass an "April-fool" joke after the 1st of April, he may be told, —

"April fool is past,  
And you're the biggest fool at last."

564. If a joke is attempted before the 1st of April, the person is told, —

"April fool is coming,  
And you're the biggest fool a-running."  
(Child's saying.)

565. I can see as far into a two-inch plank as the next person.
566. I can see as far into a stone wall as the next person. (M.)
567. I can see as far through the hole in a ladder as the next person. (M.)
568. If the corner of a boy's shirt protrudes through a hole in his trousers, he is told that there is a letter in the post-office for him.
569. A person having a very lean horse is sometimes advised to tie a knot in its tail, so that it will not slip through the collar.
570. A very thin person is said to have to stand up twice to make a shadow.
571. When questioned as to how he caught cold, a rustic will sometimes say, "I was lying in a ten-acre field last night, and I must have left the bars down."

<sup>1</sup> Very common sayings have been omitted.

## GHOSTS AND SUPERNATURAL MANIFESTATIONS.

Ghosts show little variety of type, and correspond closely, as might be expected, to those of Old-Country beliefs. Synopses of a few narratives dealing with ghosts and various supernatural phenomena follow:—

572. Stories about haunted houses are probably the most plentiful. The writer has known of several houses wherein people have been murdered, or have committed suicide, which have remained unoccupied for lengthy periods, uncanny noises being usually heard in these during the night.

573. A young man of Highland-Scotch descent once occupied a house at Little Current, Ont., in which a man had been killed. On many occasions, after twelve o'clock at night, the occupants would be disturbed by the slamming of the door of the room in which the man died. The man of the house was once sleeping in the kitchen, when he saw a light come into the room and stop at a certain place on the ceiling.

574. Several examples have been noted by the writer of the reported apparition of a friend at a time corresponding with his actual death in some distant locality.

575. Apparitions are sometimes seen in or about graveyards. Jonathan Hutchison<sup>1</sup> stated that he once saw what appeared to be a man of great height, and another figure all in white, as he was passing a cemetery on Manitoulin Island. Such tales are frequent, the foregoing incident being given merely as an illustration.

576. Supernatural appearances or manifestations sometimes occur to people who have committed a crime. A farmer's assistant was once driving a member of the family to a neighbor's house. On the road the horse's bit slipped out of its mouth without any apparent reason. The man jumped out and replaced it. Some distance farther on the bit broke in two. The same man was once working in the barn at night when the horse-power machinery outside began to run without apparent reason. At another time a turning-lathe began to run in the same manner. It was concluded from these manifestations that the man had committed some serious crime and was being punished for it in this way.

577. Two boys had a girl friend who lay dying of consumption. One evening the boys were returning home through the woods. Quite suddenly, a little ahead of them, they saw their friend cross their path and disappear among the trees. They called her name, but she did not answer. On reaching home, they rushed into the kitchen, shouting, "Nellie is better! We saw her in the woods." Great was their surprise to hear that Nellie had died an hour before. (Ba.)

<sup>1</sup> Son of Mrs. Richard Hutchison (see H in list of informants, p. 5).

## WITCHCRAFT.

Ideas concerning witchcraft are rather attenuated at present, although their existence may still be observed.

578. Some people believe that a wish expressed very solemnly or under special circumstances, such as by a dying person, will be effective against supposed wrong-doers. This is somewhat of the nature of a curse. For instance, a man who was dying of consumption wished for a cane belonging to his father. The younger brother, who had possession of it, refused to give it up. The sick man then remarked that the brother might keep the cane, but that he might need it before long.

579. Burning salt will drive witches out of the house. (M.)

580. A crabbed, sour-dispositioned old woman is still sometimes referred to as an old witch.

581. The seventh son of the seventh son is supposed to be able to tell fortunes and to perform cures of various kinds. This applies equally to the seventh daughter of the seventh son. It is also held that the seventh son or child is supernaturally gifted.

582. Mrs. Richard Hutchison told of a male relative of hers who was said to have been bewitched by an old woman living in the neighborhood. The old woman was supposed to have had a spite against the man, and made him want to kill his wife, who could not escape him, no matter where she might go. Nothing could be done to rid him of his murder mania. At last it became known that the old woman had bewitched him. So she was sent for and ordered to say, "God bless you!" She kept saying, "My God bless you!" but this did the man no good, as the old woman's god or deity was the Devil. The people finally threatened to string her up to a tree if she did not say, "God bless you!" When she said it at last, the man became as usual.

583. A woman living in the country, a short distance from Toronto, one day saw a cat coming towards the house through the grass. As she noticed that the cat's face resembled that of a neighbor woman, she tried to catch it, but was unable to do so. Had she cut its paw, or hurt it in any way, her neighbor — so she believed — would have been injured in a similar manner. The cat after a while went into the stable, and walked in and out of the stalls "just like a soldier." The people tried to hit it with sticks, but it got out of the way every time. (Informant is said to have been of Highland-Scotch descent.)

584. Another item, presumably of Scotch origin, is to the effect that a woman took sweepings from her steps and threw them on those of her mother-in-law to prevent the latter from doing her an injury.

585. Some people always sweep in, never out of the door.

586. A practice attributed to Irish sources is that of pointing the scissors at people, either when they are looking or when not looking; this is done to injure an enemy.

The beliefs under Nos. 587-591 (recorded by the Rev. Solomon Snider of Norwich, Oxford County, Ontario, in "The Globe," Toronto, 1898-1900, were current between 1840 and 1850.

587. "Witches were a terror to old and young, and not without reason when it was found what they could do. What quantities of soap-grease were wasted in the vain attempt to make soap! How many hours were spent over the churn, while the butter wouldn't come! . . . How much bread sponge had to be thrown into the swill-barrel because it wouldn't rise! . . . Manes of horses would be found in the morning braided up and fastened together as stirrups for the witches or fairies who had ridden them through the night.

588. "A man's cows got lean and lost relish for their food and would yield no milk; but when an old woman marked crosses on their horns and foreheads, they were themselves again. They were held to have been 'witched.'

589. "Again, an old man declared he was taken out every night by the witches and bridled and ridden like a horse; and he would show all the signs of being completely exhausted in the morning, and would exhibit the sores at the corners of his mouth where he had been unmercifully jerked by the bit. He so fully believed all this, that he walked fifty miles to consult a 'witch doctor,' who delivered him from his tormentors.

590. "An old soldier, who lived alone in a little log cabin, died very suddenly in the presence of some young men whom he had just been diverting with tales of his former exploits. One of them ran to the house of Mrs. S—, who was found with a pot fiercely boiling, in which were three pigs' livers all stuck full of pins and needles. In reply to the news that 'old Uncle Simon was dead,' she said: 'Served him right. Why didn't he let my pigs alone?' It was a case of 'tit for tat.' He had bewitched her pigs, and she, with the help of the murdered pigs' livers, had compassed his death.

591. "Once more: An old woman said to her husband one day: 'The butter won't come.' He at once cast a silver bullet for his rifle (lead won't kill a witch), and fired it into the churn. The butter was all right; but not so an old wife of the neighborhood, who had bewitched the butter. She went hobbling around for months, suffering silently from a concealed bullet wound."

The following story, which confirms some of the notions contributed by the Rev. S. Snider, was obtained from John Jamieson, Jr., an Iroquois residing on the Six-Nation reserve, in Brant County, and deals with beliefs — evidently European — current in that locality some thirty or forty years ago:—

592. A blacksmith living along the stone road between Brantford and Langford had an apprentice who gradually began to get very thin

and ill. One day he told the blacksmith that he was going away. "What's the matter?" asked his employer. "Nothing," he replied, "except that you do not use me very well."—"How's that?" asked the blacksmith. "Well, I am kept awake every night working," said he. The blacksmith decided to take the young man to sleep near him, the wife of the latter sleeping in another room. In the middle of the night the blacksmith heard something knocking. He went to the door, and saw there a man with a fine-looking mare. "I'll give you five dollars if you will shoe my horse," said his visitor, "as I have to drive twenty miles." The blacksmith said, "No! I have worked hard all day, and I want to rest."—"Shoe the front feet, and I'll give you five dollars for your trouble," said the man; "I do not want to drive on the gravel without shoes." The blacksmith at last consented; but the mare was very restless, and kept following him around, while the thought kept occurring to him that he had seen the mare before. The customer paid his bill and departed. In the morning the blacksmith asked his assistant how he had slept. "Oh! all right," said he. The hired girl got the breakfast, and went to call the blacksmith's wife; but the latter remained in her apartment weeping, her hands hidden in her clothes, and would give no answer. The blacksmith finally entered, and asked her what was the matter. She showed him her hands with horseshoes nailed on them, and said, "I did not think you would do such a thing."

593. I have frequently heard of a red-hot horseshoe being put into the churning when the butter would not come. The avowed reason was to remove the spell which a witch had put on the cream. (Boyle.)

594. An old Irish woman of the neighborhood, when she has any bad luck, such as her hens not laying, or any farm stock not prospering, obtains something belonging to the person she suspects of "evil eye," and, after sticking it full of pins, burns it. She claims that she always hears of this person's illness at once. (O.)

#### COUNTING-OUT RHYMES.

We do not presume that our collection is exhaustive, as we have recorded only a number of the common ones. We shall also make reference to a number of rhymes contributed to "The Globe," Toronto, several years ago, in order to make them available for study.

595. This was common in the neighborhood of Brantford thirty years ago:—

Wire brier limber lock  
Three geese in a flock,  
One flew east and one flew west,  
And one flew over the cuckoo's nest,

With a rotten dish-clout  
Tied round her old snout;  
O-u-t spells out.<sup>1</sup>

596. The next is evidently very widely distributed:—

Eny meny miny mo,<sup>2</sup>  
Catch a nigger by the toe,  
If he hollers, let him go,  
Eny meny miny mo.

Ouchy pouchy diminouchy  
Te taw tush,  
Ugly bugly boo,  
Out goes you.<sup>3</sup>

597. A version collected in 1909 in Toronto is, —

Ouchy pouchy,  
Hon pon tush,  
O-u-t spells, out goes she,  
Out in the middle of the dark blue sea.

<sup>1</sup> Compare texts from *The Globe*, Dec. 1, 1909, — the first from Sault Ste.-Marie, the second from Carleton Place:—

Onery, twoery, outery corn,  
Apple seed and apple thorn,  
Wine barrel, limber lock,  
Five geese in a flock,  
Sitting singing by a spring,  
O-u-t and in again.

and

Intery mintery utery corn,  
Apple seed and apple thorn,  
Wine, briar, limber lock,  
Three geese sitting in one flock,  
One flew east, one flew west,  
And one flew over the cuckoo's nest.

The words "and out you must go" are sometimes added to the first version.

<sup>2</sup> e pronounced as in *me*; i as in *mine*; ȳ as in *pin*. This rhyme is very familiar in Ottawa (EB).

<sup>3</sup> The *Globe* of Nov. 27, 1909, has, —

Eny, meny, hippery dic,  
Delia, dolia, dominic,  
Hoachy poachy, noma noachy,  
Te, tan, tush,  
Ugly, bugly, boo,  
Out goes you.

(Thamesville, Ont.)

Enty, menty, figgity fag,  
Al dal Roman nag,  
Hurky, purky, stole a rock,  
An, Dan, tush,  
Oggly, boggly, bo,  
And out goes you.

("The *Globe*," Dec. 4, 1909; Sault Ste.-Marie.)

598.

Ink pink penny wink,  
Oh how you do stink!  
(Brantford.)

This rather inelegant rhyme may be used to determine who is "it" in games, but it is often employed to turn the joke on the one who is counted last.

It resembles the witticism or joke in which a child is persuaded to say, "I saw an old dead sheep on the way to school." The speaker then says, "I one'd it." The other is requested to say, "I two'd it." This is continued until the one who said, "I saw an old dead sheep," etc., is inveigled into saying, "I eight [ate] it." (From Manitoulin Island and elsewhere.)

599.

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven,  
All good children go to heaven.  
If you swear you won't go there,  
One, two, three, four, five, six, seven.  
(Toronto.)

600.

Red, white, and blue,  
All out but you.  
(Toronto.)

Like most of the others, No. 600 doubtless has a wide distribution.

601.

Ikerty pickerty,  
Pisa a rickety,  
Pump alarum jig.  
(Toronto.)

602.

Awkum bawkum  
Curious kawkum,  
Ellikum bellikum bony bus,  
If you'd a been where I'd a been,  
You'd a been out.

(M.)

Our informant remembers the use of No. 602 in counting for fox and hounds.

603. A Toronto school-boy gave, —

As I was on St. James' steeple,  
I saw a lot of dirty people.  
Some were white, and some were black,  
And some were the color of my hat.

(If the hat were blue, the boy would then continue, —)

B-l-u-e.

604.

Engine, engine, number nine,  
Running on Chicago line,

Running east and running west,  
 Running to the cuckoo's nest.<sup>1</sup>  
 O-u-t spells out.

(Toronto.)<sup>2</sup>

605. Monkeys, monkeys, making beer,  
 How many monkeys are there here?  
 One, two, three, out goes he.

(Toronto.)<sup>3</sup>

606. One's all, two's all, six's all, zan,  
 Bob-tail vinegar, ticklem tan,  
 Harum scarum, Virgin Mary,  
 Te taw tush.<sup>4</sup>

Other counting-out rhymes given by "The Globe" are,—

607. 1, 2, 3, 4,  
 Mary at the kitchen door,  
 5, 6, 7, 8,  
 Mary at the garden gate.

(Toronto, Nov. 13, 1909.)

Other names may be substituted in the preceding. A variant is,—

<sup>1</sup> Or "o'er the cuckoo's nest."

<sup>2</sup> Also collected by W. J. Wintemberg in Oxford County, Ontario.

The Globe, Nov. 20, 1909; Perth, Ont.:—

"Engine, engine, number nine,  
 Running on Chicago liné:  
 At the lake at half-past eight,  
 Back once more at half-past four.  
 O-u-t spells out goes she."

The Globe, Nov. 27, 1909; Thamesville, Ont.:—

Engine, engine number nine,  
 Running on Chicago line,  
 Please tell me the time.

When the time was given by the person to whom the word "time" came, that number was counted in deciding who was out.

<sup>3</sup> An English version, given in The Globe of Dec. 11, 1909:—

Monkey, monkey, draw the beer;  
 How many monkeys have we near,  
 2, 4, 6, 7, all good monkeys go to heaven.  
 O-u-t spells out, so you are out,  
 And you are he.

<sup>4</sup> The Globe, Nov. 27, 1909, gives another Toronto version:—

One-zol, two-zol, zig-zol sam,  
 Bob-tail vinegar, tiddle-um-a-tan,  
 Harum scarum, virgum marum,  
 Tee, taw, tum.  
 O-u-t spells out.

608.      I, 2, 3, 4,  
Lily at the kitchen door,  
Eating grapes off the plate,  
5, 6, 7, 8.

609.      Sinty, tinty, huthery,  
Muthery, bank o'litery,  
Over, dover, dicker, dog,  
San, dan, dush.  
                (London, Ont., Nov. 20, 1909.)

610.      Sinity, vinity, vickety vy;  
Sale, dale, dover, dock;  
Hurky, burky, stole a rock;  
San, dan, jock.  
                (*Ibid.*)

**Compare with the foregoing,—**

611. Inty, minty, figgity, feg;  
El, del, domen, egg,  
Urky, purky, stone and rock;  
Ann, dan, tush.  
(Carleton Place, Ont., Dec. 4, 1909.)

612. Ease, ose, man's brose,  
Ease, ose, out.  
(London, Ont., Nov. 20, 1909.)

613. One-ery, two-ery, dickery-dee,  
Alabo, crackabo, tender-lea;  
Twin, twan, just began,  
Twiddle, twaddle, twenty-one.  
O-u-t spells out.  
(Perth, Ont., Nov. 20, 1909.)

614. Miss Defoe<sup>1</sup> broke her toe  
On the way to Mexico;  
Coming back, she broke her back  
Sliding down the railway-track.  
O-u-t spells out.  
(Perth, Ont., Nov. 20, 1909.)

615. Eery, ory, ickery Ann,  
Filsy, falsy, Nicholas John,  
Queevy, quavy, English navy,  
Bee, baw, buck.  
(Highgate, Kent County, Ontario, Dec. 4)

616. Onery, varey, ickery Ann;  
Phylisy, fallacy, Nicholas, John,  
Queavey, quoavey, English Mary,  
Stickorum, stackorum, buck.  
(Carleton Place, Ont., Dec. 4, 1909.)

<sup>1</sup> Any name may be inserted in the first line.

617. Onery, orery, eckery Ann,  
Fillacy, follacy, Nicholas John;  
Scribsy, screbsy, Irish Mary,  
Stinkerum, stonkerum, out.  
(Brantford, Dec. 11, 1909.)
618. Ena, dena, dina, dust,  
Cattle a wheela, whila wust,  
Spit, spot, must be done,  
Hidium, twidium, twenty-one,  
Out goes he.  
(English; Toronto, Dec. 11, 1909.)
619. Ennery, tennery, tickery, seven,  
I'll give Mary ten or eleven,  
Pin, pan, mushy Dan,  
Teedle-um, toadle-um, twenty-one.  
(Paisley, Dec. 11, 1909.)
620. One, two, three,  
All gone but thee.  
(Freeborn, Dec. 18, 1909.)
621. Ocka bocka stona crocka,  
Ocka bocka two;  
Ocka bocka stona crocka,  
All out but you.  
(Same informant.)
622. O-u-t spells out,  
With a dirty dish-cloth in your mouth.  
(Same informant.)

Several of the following rhymes, collected in Toronto, Dec. 18, 1909, are not always restrictively used for counting out, but are sometimes adapted to other purposes.

623. Queenie, queenie, Caroline  
Washed her face in turpentine;  
Turpentine made it shine,  
Queenie, queenie, Caroline.
624. Jack, be nimble!  
Jack, be quick!  
Jack jumped over the candlestick.<sup>1</sup>
625. "Chinky chinky Chinaman, have you any geese?" —  
"Yes, ma'am, yes ma'am! twenty cents apiece." —  
"Chinky chinky Chinaman, that's too dear.  
Chinky chinky Chinaman, get out of here!"
626. Pig's snout,  
Walk out!

<sup>1</sup> Known also in Ottawa. (EB.)

627. My father built a new brick house.  
How many bricks did he put in it?

The person to whom the question is put guesses any number; this number is counted, and the last person counted is "it."

628. My mother and your mother were out hanging clothes;  
Your mother gave my mother a punch in the nose.

The question is then asked, "Did she cry?" — "Yes," or "no," whichever may be answered, is then spelled; the person to whom the last letter comes is "it."

#### PLAY RHYMES.

The following data are quoted mainly from the series of "Counting-out Rhymes" published in "The Globe," Toronto, from Nov. 13 to Dec. 18, 1909, and collected principally in Ontario.

629. Two leaders choose sides. They stand in two rows facing each other, about six feet apart, with a dividing-line drawn in the soil with a stick. Those on one side join hands and march backwards and forwards, about three steps each way, singing, —

"Here we go gathering nuts in May,  
Nuts in May, nuts in May,  
Here we go gathering nuts in May,  
So early in the morning."<sup>1</sup>

The opposite side then join hands, march similarly, and sing, —

"Who will you have for nuts in May,  
Nuts in May, nuts in May?  
Who will you have for nuts in May,  
So early in the morning?"

The first singer then replies, —

"We'll have May Jones [name varies] for nuts in May,  
Nuts in May, nuts in May,  
We'll have May Jones for nuts in May,  
So early in the morning."

No. 2 then sings, —

"Who will you send to take her away,  
Take her away, take her away?  
Who will you send to take her away,<sup>2</sup>  
So early in the morning?"

<sup>1</sup> The last line, in a version familiar in Ottawa, is "On a cold and frosty morning." See p. 132, No. 66; also music on p. 178 (No. 6) (E.B.)

<sup>2</sup> This line, in an Ottawa version, is, "Who will you have to pull her away?" (E.B.)

No. I replies, —

“We'll send Fanny Brown to take her away,  
Take her away, take her away,  
We'll send Fanny Brown to take her away,  
So early in the morning.”

Then follows a tug-of-war between the two girls named, to see who can pull the other across the dividing-line. Whoever succeeds claims the other for her side. The winning side then clap hands, and the game is repeated. (Port Dover, Nov. 27, 1909.)

A slightly different method of playing (noted by a Paisley informant, Dec. 11, 1909) is to choose sides and mark out a dividing-line between them. The two sides, hand in hand, advance towards each other, and retreat singing. Each then tries to pull the player opposite her across the line, this continuing until one side is victorious.

A less common game is the following one, which was recorded in Toronto, Nov. 27, 1909: —

630. Children form a ring, with one child inside, and sing, —

“Here stands a lovely creature,  
Who she is I do not know,  
I have caught her for her beauty,  
Let her answer yes or no.”

The child inside the ring sings in reply.

The last singer then chooses one from the ring to join her inside. The rest of the children then sing, —

“Now you're married, you must agree;  
Keep your wife on sugar and tea.  
You must be kind, you must be good,  
And make your wife split all the wood.  
Down on the carpet you must kneel [*the two kneel here*],  
As sure as grass grows in the field.  
Salute your bride and kiss her sweet,  
And rise again upon your feet.”<sup>1</sup>

The two players inside the ring then rise, the child last chosen remaining, and the one first chosen taking her place among the circle of children. The game is then repeated with the second child as leader.

The first two verses seem to be portions of an English song which have been adapted to a ring-game; while the last is either from an old game called “Marriage,” played in both the United States and England, or from a variant called “Oats, pease, beans, and barley grows.”<sup>2</sup>

A Cornwall informant quotes (Dec. 11, 1909) a version formerly heard at Colborne, Ont., which he supposes to be Irish.

<sup>1</sup> Compare EB, p. 160.

<sup>2</sup> See Newell, *Games and Songs*.

"Here sits a Spanish lady,  
Who she is I do not know.  
Come and court her for her beauty,  
Whether she say yes or no."

The next verse began, —

"Madam, I have come a-courtin',  
Your kind favor to obtain."

The young man set forth his qualifications: —

"Madam, I have gold and silver,  
Madam, I have houses and land;  
Madam, I have ships on the ocean,  
And they're all at your command."

The lady then scornfully remarked, —

"What care I for your gold and silver?  
What care I for your houses and land?  
What care I for ships on the ocean?  
All I want is a nice young man."

The young man then returned, —

"Madam, I have gold, etc.,  
And, besides, I'm a nice young man," —

after which they both lived happily.

631. In a game from Highgate, Kent County (Dec. 4, 1909), the children form two rows, as in "London Bridge," then a pair from one end march between the rows, one of them singing, —

"Come, Martha maiden, present me your hand,  
For I want a wife, and you want a man.  
So we will get married if we can agree.  
We'll march down the centre, and married we'll be."

At the other end they separate, each returning on the outside of the rows to the end from which they started. At this juncture Martha wails, —

"Oh, my true-love's gone and left me,  
And left me all alone." —  
"Go home to your cottage,  
And soon he'll return." —  
"Oh, here comes my true-love,  
And how do you do?  
And how have you been  
Since I parted with you?"

Her "true-love" now joins her, and replies, —

"The wars are all over,  
And we are safe from harms;  
The friends will give us pleasure  
By raising up their arms."

Probably they formed an arch by joining hands with those opposite. The description of the game from here is evidently unfinished. A variant given by a Ross Mount informant (Dec. 18, ?) is,—

“Hurrah for the schoolhouse! (*ter*)  
 Early in the morning.  
 Here comes my true-love,” —  
 “And how do you do?  
 How have you been  
 Since I last saw you?” —  
 “The war is all over  
 And cast down free,  
 So come, my love, my truest love,  
 Oh, come along with me!”

When the singing ends, the two rows of players, facing each other, join hands with those opposite, to form a long arch. The couple pass under it, and receive a more or less severe thumping as they go along. When they emerge, they take their places at one end of the double row, called the “top,” while the next lower couple repeat the performance.

The contributor of the first version of No. 631 also furnished the following rhymes.

632. The players form a ring with one of their number inside, who chooses some one from the ring as they sing, —

“King William was King George’s son,  
 Upon the royal race he run,  
 He wore a star upon his breast,  
 A-pointing to the east and west.  
 Down on this carpet you must kneel,  
 As sure as the grass grows in the field.  
 Salute your bride and kiss her sweet,  
 Then you may rise upon your feet.”

633. “We’ve come to see Miss Jenny Ann Jones,  
 Jenny Ann Jones, Jenny Ann Jones;  
 We’ve come to see Miss Jenny Ann Jones,  
 And how is she to-day?”

The players are arranged in two rows facing each other. The one side sings as above. A player on the opposite side answers, “Not very well.” The verse is sung several times, and various answers are given, implying that Miss Jones is worse. Finally she is pronounced dead. The row of players then advance, singing, —

“We’ve come to bury Miss Jenny Ann Jones,  
 Miss Jenny Ann Jones, Miss Jenny Ann Jones,  
 We’ve come to bury Miss Jenny Ann Jones,  
 This bright and sunny morning.”

The player on the opposing side then tries to catch as many as possible of the others as they run back.

A variant of this game was observed in Paisley, Ont. (Dec. 11, 1909):—

“We came to see Miss Dandy Doe,<sup>1</sup>  
And how is she to-day?”

The mother replies, —

“She let a smoothing-iron fall on her toe,  
And you can’t see her to-day.”

The children return, and ask the first question again, receiving the answer, “Worse!” Another visit elicits the answer, “Dead!” The players then sing, —

“What are you going to dress her in?” etc.

The answer is, “Red,” upon which they sing, —

“Red’s for the soldier,  
That’ll never do.”

“Blue” is given next, and all sing, —

“Blue’s for the sailor,  
That’ll never do.”

Regarding “green” and “white,” they sing in turn, —

“Green’s for the Catholic,  
That’ll never do,”

and, —

“White’s for the dead,  
That’ll just do.”

Upon which Miss Dandy Doe is carried off on a board to her burial.<sup>2</sup>

634. A player (chosen most likely by means of a counting-out rhyme) sings, —

“Chickery, chickery, crany crow,  
Went to the well to wash my toe,  
And when I got back, my chickens were gone.”

The player then goes in pursuit of the lost poultry (the other children), which he or she chastises severely when found.<sup>3</sup> (Same informant.)

635. A circle is formed with one player, the “farmer,” inside. The players in the ring sing, —

“The farmer’s in the dell, (*bis*)  
Heigho the cherry-o!<sup>4</sup>  
The farmer’s in the dell.”

<sup>1</sup> Or Miss Jenny Joe.

<sup>2</sup> Other variations for “Miss Jenny Ann Jones” are “Miss Jennia Jones” (in the Middle States, U. S.), and “Jenny Joe” (in Scotland).

<sup>3</sup> For other versions (“The Child-Stealing Witch”) see JAFL 3 : 139, 315; 5 : 119.

<sup>4</sup> Some say, “High over Jericho!” This line becomes “Heigho, the derry!” in a version known in Ottawa (EB).

The farmer then chooses some one from the ring, while the others sing, —

“The farmer takes his wife, (*bis*)  
Heigho, the cherry-o!  
The farmer takes his wife.”

This continues until the farmer has gathered about him his wife, son, daughter, horse, cow, cat, and rat; then all remaining in the ring surround those within, and sing, —

“The cat's in the cupboard and can't get out,”

*ad infinitum*, or until the game breaks up. (Same informant.)

A variant from Paisley, Ont. (Dec. 11, 1909), is, —

“The farmer's in his den (*bis*)  
High over fairyland,  
The farmer's in his den.”

The last verses runs, —

“The nurse takes a dog (*bis*)  
High over fairyland,  
The nurse takes a dog.

“The dog stands still (*bis*)  
High over fairyland,  
The dog stands still.”

This ends the game. The informant remarks that “cherry-go” is, or was, sometimes substituted for “fairyland.”

636. According to an informant from Carleton Place (Dec. 4, 1909), the following game is played by the children forming two lines facing each other, three being in line No. 1, and the others in line No. 2. The lines advance towards each other and retire, singing alternately as they go.

Line No. 1 sings first, —

“Here come three kings a-riding,  
My tipsy topsy officer.  
Here come three kings a-riding,  
My tipsy topsy officer.”

No. 2 replies, —

“Pray, what is your will, sir,  
My tipsy topsy officer?  
Pray, what is your will, sir,  
My tipsy topsy tay?”

No. 1 sings, —

“My will is to be married,  
My tipsy topsy officer;  
My will is to be married,  
My tipsy topsy tay.”

No. 2 then replies, —

“Pray take one of my daughters,  
My tipsy,” etc.

No. 1 answers, —

“They’re all too black and frowsy,  
My tipsy,” etc.

No. 2 replies, —

“They’re just as fair as you, sir,  
My tipsy,” etc.

No. 1 replies, —

“I think I shall take this one,  
My tipsy,” etc.

Whereupon the chosen bride takes refuge in flight, pursued by the king. If he captures her, she is taken to his domains and kept prisoner; but if she eludes him, she rejoins her line, and the game begins again.

A variant from Brantford (Dec. 11, 1909) is, —

“Here come three kings arriving,  
With a nancy tancy titty-i-o;  
Here come three kings arriving,  
With a nancy tancy titty-i-o.”

“And what do you want, sirs,  
With a nancy, tancy titty-i-o?  
And what do you want, sirs,  
With a nancy tancy titty-i-o?”

“We want to get married,  
With a nancy,” etc.

“Which ones will you have, sirs,  
With a nancy?” etc.

“I guess I will take this one,  
With a nancy,” etc.

The girls are all chosen, and go over to the kings.

The writer remembers a similar version in which the fourth line of each verse ended in “tee” instead of “titty-i-o.”

A Toronto version runs, —

“Here comes one knight a-riding  
For the trancy, tancy, tism I oh;  
Here comes one knight a-riding  
For the rancy, tancy, tee.”

In playing this, all the children but one form a line. The child who stands alone comes up to the others, the latter singing the verse already quoted. The single player chooses another knight; and the others then sing, “Here come two knights a-riding,” etc. The game then proceeds much as in the first version.

637. "The Mulberry-Bush" is a game for girls only. It is a motion song, the children joining hands and circling round while singing the first verse. The remaining verses are accompanied by a mimic representation of the various actions suggested.

"Here we go round the mulberry-bush,  
The mulberry-bush, the mulberry-bush;  
Here we go round the mulberry-bush  
Early on Monday morning.

"This is the way we wash our clothes,  
Wash our clothes, wash our clothes;  
This is the way we wash our clothes  
Early on Monday morning.

"This is the way we iron our clothes, etc.,  
Early on Tuesday morning.

"This is the way we mend our clothes, etc.,  
Early on Wednesday morning.

"This is the way we bake our bread, etc.,  
Early on Thursday morning.

"This is the way we sweep the floor, etc.,  
Early on Friday morning.

"This is the way we scrub the floor, etc.,  
Early on Saturday morning.

"This is the way we go to church, etc.,  
Early on Sunday morning."

(From the northern part of Lanark County.)<sup>1</sup>

638. Happy is the miller who lives by himself,  
As the wheel goes round, 'tis the beginning of his wealth.  
One hand in the hopper, the other in the bag,  
When the wheel stops, they all cry, "Grab!"

In playing this game, one boy (or girl) selected as "it" or "the miller" stands inside the ring of players, who join hands and circle about, singing the verse just given. As they finish singing, they let go hands, and there is a general rush for partners. (The one who fails to get a partner is "it" in the next game.)<sup>2</sup> (Cornwall, Dec. 11, 1909.)

There are many variants, some of which are found among the French in Canada.

A variant from Ross Mount (Dec. 18), is, —

Old dusty miller, all alone by himself;  
As the wheel goes around, he gathers up his wealth;  
One hand in the hopper, and the other in the bag,  
As the wheel goes around, he cries out, "Grab!"

<sup>1</sup> Compare an Ottawa version, recorded by C. M. Barbeau (p. 178, No. 7).

<sup>2</sup> A parallel is "The Happy Miller" in *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1707.

639. Sally, Sally Waters, sitting in the sun,  
Crying and a-weeping for a young man;  
Rise, Sally! rise, Sally! wipe away your tears.  
Fly to the east, and fly to the west,  
And fly to the very one that you love best.

The child in the centre, who has been chosen "it," then selects a partner; and the others sing,—

"Now you are married and living together,  
You must obey your father and mother,  
And live together like sister and brother;  
And now you must salute each other."

(Parkhill, Dec. 18, 1909.)

640. A rhyme, said by a Parkhill informant (Dec. 18, 1909) to be a play rhyme in that locality, is,—

"Mother, may I go out and pick a rose?"

The answer is,—

"Yes, my darling daughter;  
Hang your clothes on a hickory limb,  
And don't go near the water."

A description of the game is not available. In Brant County it is found merely as a rhyme to entertain children, the first line being, "Mother, may I go out to swim?" (See p. 115, No. 380.)

641. SALLY, GO ROUND THE SUN.—In this game the children form a circle and hop in a circular direction. Every time the verse is repeated, they begin hopping the opposite way around. The verse is,—

Sally go round the sun,  
Sally go round the moon,  
Sally go round the chimney-top  
Every afternoon.

(Toronto, Dec. 18, 1909.)

642. ALL THE BIRDS OF THE AIR.—One child, selected and called "the boss," gives names (usually names of birds) to all the others, except to one called the "fool," who is sent out of hearing. When all are ready, they call out, "Fool, fool, come to school! The bannock is ready for turning." The question is then asked (of the fool), "What were you doing all day?" Fool answers, "Stealing apples," or anything he thinks of. He then has to go away again. "Boss" now makes sure that every one knows his own name. "Fool" is called again, and again asked what he has been doing. This time he answers,—

"Reading the Bible  
And rocking the cradle."

He then begins to guess which is which. Each person whose name is guessed correctly goes to "fool's" side, while the others belong to "boss." Sides are counted at the end, and the one having the greater number of "birds" is accounted the winner. (London, Ont., Nov. 20, 1909.)

A variant (from Ross Mount, Dec. 18, 1909) is said to have been played quite differently. One child is called "namer," and another "fool." The other children seat themselves in a row. "Fool" then goes away by himself, while "namer" whispers in the ears of the other children the name of some bird. When all is ready, "namer" cries, "Fool, fool, come to school, and pick me out the robin [or whatever bird he may think of first]." "Fool" comes and chooses a player. If he guesses correctly, the person whose name is guessed is called "a bad egg." If the guess is incorrect, the person named is called "a good egg." This continues until all but one child have been chosen. "Fool" and "namer" then go out of hearing and make a choice of two objects, such as "a gold ring," or "a gold brooch." The remaining child is then asked which of these he prefers. If he takes "fool's" choice, he is a "bad egg;" if "namer's," he is a "good egg."

The following game is reported from Paisley, Ont. (Dec. 11, 1909), as played by children at home in the evening:—

643. A tent of shawls is built over chairs, and all the players but one crouch inside. One player marches around the tent, while the leader inside asks, —

"Who goes round my house this dark night?"

The answer is, —

"Old Daddy Tom with his night-cap on."

The next question is, —

"What does he want?"

Answer, —

"A good fat sheep."

Reply from those in the tent, —

"Take the worst and leave the best,  
And don't come back to bother the rest."

The outside player then reaches into the tent and seizes "a good fat sheep."

644. A game noted in Nova Scotia ("The Globe," Dec. 11, 1909) has the following rhyme:—

Up the hickory, down the hickory,  
You must climb, you must climb;  
Up the hickory, down the hickory,  
If you want to catch me.

645. A Toronto game ("The Globe," Dec. 18, 1909) has this verse:—

Ring around a rosy,  
Pocket full of posy,  
Who pops down first? <sup>1</sup>

646. A game observed by the writer at Toronto is played by the children joining hands in a circle and singing, to the tune of "Yankee-Doodle," —

"I wrote a letter to my love,  
And on my way I lost it;  
A little doggie picked it up  
And put it in his pocket."

A player who has been selected as "it" then runs around the outside of the circle, flicking a handkerchief first at one and then another, at the same time repeating, "I won't bite you, and I won't bite you," etc. Finally he throws the handkerchief at some one in the circle, and shouts "And I will bite you." The one who gets the handkerchief then gives chase, and, if he catches the other, takes the latter's place outside the ring. Then the game is repeated.<sup>2</sup>

An informant from London, Ont. ("The Globe," Nov. 20, 1909), mentions the following rhymes without giving details of the games: —

647.            Hally-go-round my ging-a-ring,  
                  My ging-a-ring, my ging-a-ring,  
                  Hally-go-round my ging-a-ring  
                  On a cold and frosty morning.  
                  Choose east, choose west,  
                  Choose the one that you love best, etc.

648.            Here's a poor widow who's left alone,  
                  And all her children married but one, etc.

The performance accompanying this verse resembles the preceding but with different words and tune.

649.            Round apples, round apples, by night and by day,  
                  They're trying to steal poor Kitty away.

<sup>1</sup> An English variant of this is, —

Round the ring of roses,  
Pots full of posies.  
The one who stoops last  
Shall tell whom she loves best.

<sup>2</sup> A contributor to *The Globe*, Toronto (Dec. 11, 1909), gives an English version: —

I sent a letter to my love,  
And on the way I dropped it;  
And one of you has picked it up  
And put it in his pocket.  
It isn't you, and it isn't you, etc.,  
But it is you.

650.

Bread and wine  
Is too fine,  
Through the needle-eye, boys.<sup>1</sup>

651. "Saving the colors," or "French and English," had for its model "Nelson's signal:" —

"Tally-ho, tally-ho, tally-ho to Lochaber;  
My mother learned me to hoe and to plough,  
And to harrow and to herd the hielan' cow,  
On the braes of Lochaber.  
I can row a boat without no botheration;  
To Loch Lochy I can sail with my own navigation," etc.

652. An informant from Freeborn, Ont. ("The Globe," Dec. 18, 1909), gives the following names of games played, or play rhymes used: —

Open the gates as high as the sky; and  
Mother, may I go out to play?

653. From a Cornwall informant (Dec. 18, 1909) we have the following list: —

- Gather in the Barley.
- Jack Frost.
- Pop! goes the Weasel.
- Miss Jenny O'Jones.
- King George's Son.
- Three Dukes Arriving.
- My Dog Buff.
- Green Gravel.
- London Bridge.
- Here come the Jolly Sailors.
- Fair Maids.
- Here stands Mary.
- Ring around-a-Rosy.

654. We also have the following French-Canadian titles from the same informant: —

- Savez-vous planter des chous?
- Frère Jacques, dormez-vous?
- Sur le pont d'Avignon.
- Ouvrez donc la porte.
- Au clair de la lune.
- La petite souris grise.
- Le petit oiseau bleu.
- J'ai du bon tabac dans ma tabatière.
- C'était une bergère.
- C'est un beau château.

<sup>1</sup> This resembles "London Bridge."

655. A simple type of play rhyme was given by G. N. Waugh. A pin is held concealed in the hand, the player at the same time inviting another to guess whether the head or the point is held outward. The formula used is, "Pick or po?" If the second player says "Po" and is incorrect, the first player says, "Give me a pin to make it so." If the second says "Pick," he may be requested to "give me a pin to make it stick." A correct guess also entitles the second player to receive a pin.

## NURSERY RHYMES.

656.

Rainbow rockingham,  
Go away and come again!  
(Mr. H. Hawkins, Toronto, 1909.)

657.

Peter, Peter, pumpkin-eater,  
Had a wife and couldn't keep her.  
He put her in a pumpkin-shell,  
And there he kept her very well.

658.

This little pig went to market.  
This little pig staid at home.  
This little pig had nice roast beef.  
This little pig had none.  
This little pig cried, "Wee, wee, wee, wee!" all the way home.<sup>1</sup>  
This little pig says, "I'll go and steal wheat."  
This one says, "Where?"  
This one says, "In grandfather's barn."  
This one says, "I'll go and tell."  
This one says, "Wee, wee, wee, wee!"

Both of the foregoing are related to very small children, the toes at the same time being counted or squeezed lightly, the great-toe first.

659.

Cobbler, cobbler, mend my shoe.  
Give it one stitch; give it two;  
Give it three, and give it four,  
And if it needs it, give it more.

660.

"Let's go to bed!"  
Said Sleepy-Head.  
"Hold on!" said Slow.  
"Put on the pot!"  
Said Greedy-Gut;  
"We'll eat before we go."  
(W.)

661.

A bloomin' little sparrow went up the water-spout.  
Along came the rain and washed the bloomin' sparrow out.  
Out came the sun and washed away the rain;  
Then the bloomin' little sparrow went up the spout again.

(GW.)

<sup>1</sup> This verse is very familiar in Ottawa. (EB.)

This verse has the appearance of being recent, but was commonly used by informant as a child's rhyme.



The following "sell," or joke, is told to children when they have been importuning some one to tell them a story:—

663. I'll tell you a story about Jack and Marory,<sup>2</sup>  
And now my story's begun.  
I'll tell you another about Jack and his brother,  
And now my story is done.

664. "Fire, fire!" said Mrs. Squire.  
"Where, where?" said Mrs. Fair.  
"Down town," said Mrs. Brown.  
"Lord save us!" said Mrs. Davis.  
(Brantford, Ont.)

665. Little Dick he was so quick,  
He tumbled over the timber.  
He bent his bow to shoot a crow,  
And shot the cat in the window. (V.)



667. A child requests another to "look up at Moses." As the latter looks up, he is given a smart stroke on the nose, to the accompaniment of the line, "Chop down noses!" (Brantford, Ont.)

668. The June-bug hath a gaudy wing;  
The lightning-bug, a flame;  
The bed-bug hath no wings at all,  
But he gets there, just the same.  
(GW.)

This verse seems to be more recent than the others, but had some currency in the locality named (Brantford).

669. Tobacco is an Indian weed.  
It from the Devil doth proceed.  
It burns your pockets, scents your clothes,  
And makes a chimney of your nose.  
(V.)

<sup>1</sup> Or "burnt."

<sup>2</sup> "Jack McGory" is substituted for "Jack and Marory" in an Ottawa version. (EB.)

670. Old Dan Tucker was a fine old man,  
Washed his face in the frying-pan,  
Combed his hair with a wagon-wheel,  
And died with the toothache in his heel.  
(Brantford.)

The following formulas are, or were, shouted by one child to another, with the idea of conveying scorn or ridicule:—

671. Nigger, nigger, never die!  
Black face and shiny eye.  
Turn-up nose and turn-up toes,  
That's the way the nigger goes.<sup>1</sup>  
(Shouted at Negroes; Brantford.)
672. Black man, black man, don't catch me!  
But catch that little nigger behind the tree.  
(Shouted at Negroes; Brantford.)
673. Fresh fish, all alive.  
Four rotten out of five.  
(Shouted at fish-peddlers; Brantford.)
674. Johnny on the wood-pile;  
Johnny on the fence;  
Johnny, get your hair cut,  
Fifteen cents.  
(Brantford.)
675. Paddy on the ocean;  
Paddy on the sea;  
Paddy caught a codfish,  
But can't catch me.  
(Brantford.)
676. Bert, Bert, lost his shirt;  
Went to find it in the dirt.  
(Toronto, 1911.)
677. Cowardy, cowardy custard;  
Eat a barrel of mustard.<sup>2</sup>  
(Brantford.)
678. Whistling Dick of Vinegar Hill  
Sucks his milk through a quill.  
(Sometimes shouted at a milkman; P. F. Vanderlip, Brantford.)

679. A rhyme based on the word "Preface," occurring in books, is the following.

<sup>1</sup> Compare p. 121, No. 408; also E. Bleakney, p. 166, No. 19.

<sup>2</sup> Familiar in Ottawa. (EB.)

Peter's Rabbits Eats Fish;  
Alligators Catches Eels.

Then taking the word backwards, —

Eels Catches Alligators;  
Father Eats Raw Potaters.  
(Brantford.)

680.      The twenty-fourth of May  
Is the Queen's birthday.  
If we don't have a holiday,  
We'll all run away.  
(Widely distributed.<sup>1</sup>)

681.      Ask your mother for fifty cents  
To see the elephant jump the fence.  
He jumped so high, he touched the sky,  
And never came down till the fourth of July.<sup>2</sup>  
(Brantford.)

682.      Charlie chuck  
Married a duck.  
The duck died,  
And Charlie cried.  
(Brantford.)

683.      Patty-cake, patty-cake, baker's man,  
Bake a cake as fast as you can.  
Roll it and roll it, and mark it with B,  
And take it and bake it for baby and me.<sup>3</sup>  
(Brantford.)

#### TONGUE-TWISTERS.

684. Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers. If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers, where is the peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked?

685. She sells sea-shells.

686. The sun shines on the shop signs.

687. A big black bug bit a big black bear.

688.      He thrusts his fists against the posts,  
And still insists he sees the ghosts.

689. Three gray geese and three green ganders; gray were the geese, and green were the ganders.

690. She sawed six, slick, sleek, slim, slender saplings.

<sup>1</sup> Also known in New Dundee and Washington. Compare p. 116, No. 385.

<sup>2</sup> Nos. 680 and 681 are also familiar in Ottawa. (EB.)

<sup>3</sup> A version is found in *Mother Goose's Book of Nursery Rhymes and Songs* (J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd., London, 1913), p. 59.

691. How much wood would a woodchuck chuck if a woodchuck would chuck wood?

692. An old-fashioned tongue-twister by the writer's grandmother, Mrs. E. W. Vanderlip, is,—

Tobacco hic when you are well will make you sick;  
Tobacco hic will make you well when you are sick.

These must all be repeated rapidly to make them effective.

#### RIDDLES.

Riddles were formerly told, and are still to some extent, as a means of entertainment in the evening, particularly in the winter. Like many other folk-customs, the telling of riddles is falling into disuse with the introduction of more modern amusements. The following examples were collected in the neighborhood of Brantford and Toronto.

Several classes of riddles are found, including those depending on,—

- (a) The solution of a puzzling combination;
- (b) Puns or word-play;
- (c) The ability to recognize an object from a grotesque or paradoxical description, a number of which suggest a reference to certain tabooed subjects, but do not in reality refer to such (some of the latter have been excluded as being unsuitable for general reading);
- (d) Misleading questions;
- (e) A joke or "sell" on the person of whom the riddle is asked.

##### *(a) Solution of a Puzzling Combination.*

693. A snail starts to climb out of a well twelve feet deep, crawling up two feet, and falling back one foot, each day. How many days will it take the snail to get out of the well?—Eleven days; as the snail does not fall back the last day, when it reaches the top.

694. A fox, a goose, and some corn must all be taken over a river in a boat, and only one of each of these can be taken at a time. The fox and the goose cannot be left together, nor the goose and the corn.—Take the goose over and leave it; then the corn, the goose being brought back; then leave the goose by itself and take the fox over, leaving the latter with the corn; the goose is brought over last.

695. A man, a woman, and their two sons, are to cross a river in a boat which will not hold more than 100 pounds. The man and woman each weighs 100 pounds, and the boys weigh 50 pounds each.—The two boys go over first. One returns and the woman goes over. The second boy then returns, and the two boys go across together. One boy takes the boat back, and remains while the man crosses over. The boy on that side then goes back and gets his brother.

696. Brothers and sisters have I none,  
But this man's father is my father's son.  
Who is referred to?  
The speaker himself.
697. Two *n*'s, two *o*'s, an *l* and a *d*,  
Now see what you can spell for me.  
London.
698. If Dick's father is Tom's son, what relation is Dick to Tom? — Grandson.
699. It wasn't my sister, nor my brother,  
But still was the child of my father and mother.  
Who was it?  
Myself.

(b) *Puns or Word-Play.*

700. Where does all the snuff go to? — No one nose (knows).
701. Why is the wick of a candle like the city of Athens? — Because it's in Greece.
702. What kind of sickle is most seen in winter? — An icicle.
703. Where were the first doughnuts fried? — In Greece.
704. When is a door not a door? — When it is ajar.
705. Black and white and read (red) all over. — A newspaper.
706. Why is a cherry like a book? — Because it is red (read).
707. Why is a griddle-cake inhabited? — Because there is a little Indian (meal) in it.
708. Why are some girls like an old musket? — Because they use lots of powder, but won't go off.
709. As I was going over London bridge, I saw a boat. It was crowded with people, but there wasn't a single person in it. How was this? — They were all married.
710. Why is a married man like a candle? — Because he sometimes goes out at night when he shouldn't.
711. Why is it not safe to have your lover in a room where there is corn? — Because it has ears.
712. Why is it not safe to dress before potatoes? — Because they have eyes.
713. Why is a chrysalis like hot gingerbread? — Because they both make the butter fly.
714. What is that which is invisible (in visible), yet never out of sight? — The letter *i*.
715. Which are the most seasonable clothes? — Pepper and salt.
716. What is that which divides by uniting and unites by dividing? — A pair of scissors.

717. Why will scooping out a turnip be a noisy process? — Because it makes it hollow ("holler").

718. Why would a pelican make a good lawyer? — Because he knows how to stretch his bill.

719. What is the difference between a spendthrift and a feather bed? — One is hard up; the other, soft down.

720. Spell "elder-blow tea" with four letters. — *L*- double *o*-*t*.

721. When is a petticoat like a shoe? — When it is laced.

722. What tree bears the most fruit for market? — The axle-tree.

723. Why are some people like cider? — Because they remain sweet until they begin to work.

724. When is a shoe like a keg of beer? — When it is being tapped.

725. Why are sugar-plums like race-horses? — The more you "lick" them, the faster they go.

726. If the B mt, put :  
If it b . putting :

*Solution.* — If the grate be empty, put coal on (colon).  
If it be full, stop putting coal on.

727. When does a farmer double up a sheep without hurting it? — When he folds it.

728. When a man who has a cross wife sees her in jail, what letter of the alphabet could he name? — Letter *b* (let her be).

729. Why are tow-boats like people? — Because some tow (toe) out and others tow in.

730. When is a robber like a bird? — When he is a robin (robbing).

731. A man is at the top of the hill, and yet is at the bottom. How can this be? — "Yet" is the name of his dog.

732. Why is a bald head like heaven? — Because there is no parting or dyeing there.

733. What is the difference between a donkey and a postage-stamp? — One you lick with a stick, and the other you stick with a lick.

734. When are women like candles? — When they sputter.

735. Which would pay the least to see a show, — a duck, a frog, a lamb, or a skunk? — The skunk. The duck has a bill; the frog has a greenback; the lamb has four quarters; while the skunk has a bad scent (cent).

736. What is the difference between your granny and your granary? — One is your born kin; the other, your corn bin.

737. Why is a dog catching hold of his tail a good manager? — Because he makes both ends meet.

738. When is a pretty girl like a ship? — When she has a buoy (boy).

739. When is a person not himself? — When he is a little pale (pail).

740. Why is the Prince of Wales like a dull day? — Because he is likely to reign (rain).

741. When does a cow become real estate? — When she is turned into a field.

742.

Upon a hill there is a mill;  
By the mill there is a walk;  
Under the walk there is a key.

Milwaukee.

743. Why is a polka like beer? — Because there are so many hops in it.

744. Why is a newspaper like a wife? — Because every man should have one of his own.

745. Why are the tongs, the poker, and the shovel like titles of nobility? — Because they belong to the grate (great).

746. When is a chair like a lady's dress? — When it is sat in (satin).

747. What is it that every one wishes to have, yet tries to get rid of? — An appetite.

748. When is a boy not a boy? — When he is a spoon.

749. What is the difference between a cow and a rickety chair? — One gives milk; the other gives way (whey).

750. When is a dog like a boy doing arithmetic? — When he puts down three (feet) and carries one.

751. What is the difference between a lover and an old maid? — One kisses the misses; the other misses the kisses.

752. When is a candle like a tombstone? — When it is set up for a late husband.

753. When is a jug like a side-saddle? — When it holds a gallon ("gal" on).

754. With what two animals does every one go to bed? — With two calves.

755. What is needed (kneaded) most in the world? — Bread.

756. What is the difference between a locomotive and a runner? — One runs a train; the other trains to run.

757. Why is a burnt-down lamp-wick like Saturday night? — Because it's the end of the wick (week).

758. If a man had twenty sick sheep (six sheep), and one died, how many would be left? — Nineteen.

759. Why is the letter *t* like Easter? — Because it's the last of Lent.

760. Why is a cry-baby's mouth like a tavern door? — Because it is always open.

761. Why is the letter *f* like a cow's tail? — Because it is the end of beef.

(c) *Grotesque or Paradoxical Descriptions of Objects.*

762. What goes through the bush and through the bush and never touches the bush? — The sound of a cow-bell. (This answer has several variations. Sometimes it is said to be "the tick of a watch," or "a watch in a man's pocket.")

763. What goes through the water and through the water and never touches the water? — An egg inside of a duck.

764. Ink, ank, yon bank,  
Ten drawing four.

A person milking a cow.

765. As I went over London bridge, I met my sister Mary; I cut off her head and drank her blood, and left her body standing. — Whiskey in a bottle.

766. Big at the bottom and small at the top,  
And a thing in the middle goes whippety-whop.  
A churn.

767. What goes in and out, and in and out, and still never moves? — A rail fence.

768. Round as an orange, deep as a cup;  
All the king's horses can't pull it up.  
A well.

769. Two legs sat upon three legs with one leg in his lap. In comes four legs and picks up one leg; up jumps two legs and picks up three legs and throws it at four legs to make him fetch one leg back. — A man sitting on a three-legged stool with a leg of mutton in his lap. In comes a dog, which grabs the leg of mutton; the man then jumps up and throws the stool after the dog in order to get the leg of mutton back.

770. Twenty-four white cows standing in a stall;  
Along comes a red bull and licks over all.  
The teeth and tongue.

771. Round as a well, deep as a bowl,  
Long handle, little hole.  
A frying-pan.

772. Four legs up, and four legs down;  
Soft in the middle, and hard all around.  
A bed.

773. Old Mother Twitchet has but one eye,  
And every time she jumps the gap,  
She leaves a bit of her tail in the trap.  
A needle and thread.<sup>1</sup>
774. What does a rich man keep that a poor man throws away? —  
What he blows from his nose (the rich man using a handkerchief).
775. The more you take away, the larger it grows. What is it? —  
A hole.
776. What is that which is lower with a head than without one? —  
A pillow.
777. What is the first thing a man plants in his garden? — His foot.
778. A little house full of meat,  
No door to go in and eat.  
A nut.
779. Black within, red without,  
Four corners all about.  
A chimney.
780. Round the house and round the house, and yet stands in the corner. — A broom.
781. Full to the brim,  
Without crack or seam.  
An egg.
782. Brown I am and much admired;  
Many horses have I tired;  
Tire a horse and worry a man;  
Tell me this riddle if you can.  
A saddle.
783. As I was going through a field of wheat,  
I found something good to eat.  
It wasn't fish or flesh or bone.  
I kept it till it ran alone.  
An egg.
784. What walks with its head downward? — A nail in a shoe.
785. A riddle, a riddle as I suppose;  
A hundred eyes, but never a nose.  
A coal-sifter.
786. Over the water and under the water, and never touches the water. — A woman crossing a bridge with a pail of water on her head.

<sup>1</sup> Practically the same riddle is found in Mother Goose's Book of Nursery Rhymes and Songs (Everyman's Library, J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd., London, 1913), p. 157. In one version heard by the writer the name given was "Twitch-Head" instead of "Twitchet."

787. What goes up the hill and down the hill and yet stands still? —  
A road.

788. I tremble at each breath of air,  
And yet can heaviest burdens bear.  
Water.

789. When may a man's pocket be empty, and yet have something  
in it? — When it has a hole in it.

790. When is a cat not a cat? — When it is a kitten.

791. You feel it; you never saw it, and never will. — Your heart.

792. What never asks a question, but often requires an answer? —  
The door-bell.

793. In marble halls as white as milk,  
Lined with skin as soft as silk,  
Within a fountain crystal clear,  
A golden apple doth appear.  
No doors are there in this stronghold,  
Yet thieves break in and steal the gold.

An egg.<sup>1</sup>

794. What has a bed, yet never sleeps; and has a mouth, yet never  
eats;<sup>2</sup> and always keeps a-moving? — A river.

795. What is that which has never been felt, seen, or heard, never  
existed, and still has a name? — Nothing.

796. When I went through the garden gap,  
Who should I meet but Dick Redcap,  
With a stone in his head and a stem in his throat.  
Now guess this riddle and I'll give you a groat.

A cherry.

797. Little Miss Nannycot  
In a white petticoat  
And a red nose;  
The longer she stands,  
The shorter she grows.

A candle.

798. Use me well, and I am everybody;  
Scratch my back, and I am nobody.  
A looking-glass.

799. What is that which nothing is, and yet it has a name? — A  
shadow.

<sup>1</sup> See Mother Goose's Book of Nursery Rhymes and Songs (J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd., London, 1913), p. 157.

<sup>2</sup> A variant has "yet never speaks."

800. Formed long ago, yet made to-day;  
     Employed when others sleep;  
     What few would care to give away,  
     And fewer still to keep.  
   A bed.<sup>1</sup>
801. I'm in every one's way,  
     Yet no one I stop;  
     My four arms in every way play,  
     And my head is nailed on at the top.  
   A turn-stile.<sup>2</sup>
802. Round the house and round the house and leaves a white glove  
     in the window. — Snow.
803. Hooked, crooked, notched, and straight. — A steelyard.
804. Niddy, noddy,  
     Two heads and one body.  
   A wheelbarrow.
805. What is that which you cannot hold ten minutes, although it is  
     as light as a feather? — Your breath.
806. What is that which is neither flesh nor bone, and yet has four  
     fingers? — A glove.
807. What is that which increases the effect by reducing the cause?  
     — A pair of snuffers (for a candle).
808. Ten men's length, ten men's strength, ten men can't tear, yet a  
     little boy walks off with it. — A rope.
809. What is it that every one has at the same time? — A name.
810. There was a thing just four weeks old,  
     When Adam was no more;  
     Before that thing was five weeks old,  
     Old Adam was fourscore.  
   The moon.
811. What is that which walks on four legs in the morning, two at  
     noon, and three at night? — A man, who creeps when he is a baby,  
     walks on two legs when he is grown, and uses a staff (walks on three  
     legs) when he is old.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See Mother Goose's Book of Nursery Rhymes and Songs (London, 1913), p. 158.

<sup>2</sup> A version from Mother Goose's Book of Nursery Rhymes and Songs (London, 1913),  
     p. 156, is, —

I'm in every one's way,  
     But no one I stop;  
     My four horns every day  
     In every way play,  
     And my head is nailed on at the top.

<sup>3</sup> This is the familiar riddle credited to the Sphinx which infested the neighborhood of Thebes. See classical mythology.

812.

Up and down, up and down,  
Touching neither sky nor ground.

A pump-handle.

813. What is that which flies high and flies low, has no feet, and yet wears shoes? — Dust.

814.

A house full, a hole (or yard) full,  
Yet you can't catch a bowlful.

Smoke.

815.

What force or strength cannot get through,  
I, with a gentle touch, can do;  
And many in the street would stand,  
Were I not, as a friend, at hand.

A key.

816. The man who made it had no use for it; the man who bought it didn't want it; the man who got it didn't know it. — A coffin.

817. What is that which constantly changes its habit while it lives, is buried before it is dead, and whose tomb is valued wherever it is found. — Silkworm.

818. What is that which, after we have fastened, bolted, locked, and barred the house, placed a watchman on guard, and taken the keys with us, yet, before morning, goes out in spite of us? — A fire in the grate.

(d) *Misleading Questions.*

819.

As I was going to St. Ives,  
I met a man with seven wives,  
Each wife had seven sacks;  
In each sack were seven cats;  
Each cat had seven kits.  
Kits, cats, sacks, and wives,  
How many were going to St. Ives?

Just I.<sup>1</sup>

820. Timothy Titus took two ties to tie up two tall trees. If Timothy Titus took two ties to tie up two tall trees, how many 't's are there in "it?" — There is only one 't' in (the word) "it."<sup>2</sup>

821. Why does a baker wear a cap? — To cover his head.

<sup>1</sup> The joke depends on the fact that some do not notice that the speaker "met" the man with the seven wives, and that consequently the latter must have been going in an opposite direction. See Mother Goose's Book of Nursery Rhymes and Songs (London, 1913), p. 156.

<sup>2</sup> A variant is found in Mother Goose's Book of Nursery Rhymes and Songs (London, 1913), p. 154. A variant obtained by the writer is: "Thomas of Tiddimus took two ties to tie up two tall trees. 'Testable, terrible Thomas of Tiddimus! how many 't's are there in it?'"

822. If there are five birds on a tree, and a hunter kills two of them and these fall down, how many are left in the tree? — None; the rest have flown away.

823. If a cord of wood costs six dollars, how much molasses can you put into a two-quart pail? — Two quarts.

824. What comes after cheese? — Mouse.

825. On which side of the church is the yew-tree planted? — The outside.

826. How many sides has a pitcher? — Two, — an inside and an outside.

827. What will a leaden bullet become in water? — Wet.

828. Where did Noah first strike a nail in the ark? — On the head.

829. What most resembles the half of a cheese? — The other half.

830. What would make more noise than a pig in the attic? — Two pigs.

831. How many black beans will it take to make five white ones? — Five, if the skins be taken off.

832. How can you keep a rooster from crowing on Sunday? — Kill him on Saturday night.

833. Tom went out, and his dog with him. The dog went not before, behind, nor on one side of him; where, then, did he go? — On the other side of him.

834. What is the difference between the north and south poles? — All the difference in the world.

835. Why does a hen cross the road? — To get to the other side.

*(e) Jokes on the Person of whom the Riddle is asked.*

836. There is a jackass on one side of a river, and a haystack on the other. The jackass cannot swim or wade across, go over in a boat, or go around. What will he do? — The person of whom the riddle is asked eventually says, "I give up;" when the one who proposed the riddle says, "Just as the other jackass did."

837. What is the difference between a jackass and an elephant? — When the person addressed gives up, the first speaker says, "You would be a nice one to send to buy a jackass."<sup>1</sup>

838. Put twelve horses in eleven stalls, placing one horse in each stall. — When the person addressed asks how it is done, the first speaker says, "It would have to be given up."

BALLADS AND SONGS.

There seem to be comparatively few really old folk-ballads in actual use in Ontario at present, although there are indications that these

<sup>1</sup> This riddle, like some of the others, has several variants, in which other objects are substituted, such as "a turnip and a package of oatmeal," etc.

were formerly quite prevalent or popular, particularly in the country districts. Modern conditions have evidently caused a decline in balladry, although there is no doubt that an intensive study among the old people would produce interesting results.

On the other hand, conditions favorable for balladry are still found among the shanty-men or lumbermen, some of whom claim to be able to sing all night without repeating a song. Old folk-songs in considerable variety must have been preserved in this way. We have, unfortunately, so far not had the opportunity of attempting the collection of such material.

*The Butcher Boy.*

In Dublin city where I did dwell, A butcher boy I knew full well.  
He courted all my life away, And then with me he would not stay.

In Dublin city where I did dwell,  
A butcher boy I knew full well.  
He courted all my life away,  
And then with me he would not stay.

There is an inn in this same town,  
Where my love goes and sits him down:  
He takes a strange girl on his knee,  
And he tells to her what he don't tell me.

It's grief for me; I'll tell you why;  
Because she has more gold than I.  
Her gold will melt, and her silver fly.  
In time of need she'll be as poor as I.

I went upstairs to make my bed,  
But nothing to my mother said.

. . . . .

There is a bird on yonder tree;  
They say he's blind and cannot see.  
That must have been the way with me  
When I fell in bad company.

Then dig my grave both wide, long, and deep;  
Put a marble stone at my head and feet;  
And on my grave put a turtle-dove.  
To show the world that I died for love.

The well-known college-song, "There is a tavern in a town," is evidently a version of this, which was obtained from Mrs. N. C. Waugh, who learned it from her mother.

*Margaret and William.<sup>1</sup>*

Lady Mar...glare... sat in her bower win...dow, Comb...  
ing her yel....low— hair. There she spied sweet Wil...liam  
and his bride, As they were a---rid.... ing— near.

He <sup>2</sup> called up his merry men all,  
By one, by two, and by three;  
Saying, "I'll away to fair Margaret's bower,  
By the leave of you, my dear."

And when he came to Margaret's bower,  
He knocketh at the door;  
And who was so ready as her seven brothers  
To rise and let him in?

"I'll do more for thee, Lady Margaret so fair,  
Than any of thy kin,  
For I will kiss thy pale, cold lips,  
For you cannot kiss mine."

Lady Margaret died, as it might be, to-day;  
Sweet William died on the morrow:  
Lady Margaret died out of pure, pure love;  
Sweet William died out of sorrow.

Lady Margaret was laid in the cold churchyard,  
Out of her breast there sprang a rose,  
And out of sweet William's a brier.

<sup>1</sup> Introductory verses forgotten, also a verse describing how Lady Margaret threw herself out of a window, and the last verse.

<sup>2</sup> William.

This version was obtained also from Mrs. N. C. Waugh, who had often heard her mother sing it. It was recalled by the informant with some difficulty, and with the assistance of a version very like it found in Percy's "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry."<sup>1</sup> It is probable that several entire verses have been forgotten.

*The Hanging Limb (A Shanty-Man's Song).*

Come, all ye sons of Canada, wherever you may be,  
And listen to my tale of woe, and mark it in Fort Knell;  
And do not leave your own dear homes, but by your parents stand;  
And if ever you're forced to look for work, keep clear of Michigan.

Right well I knew that handsome lad whose name was Harry Done.<sup>2</sup>  
His father was a farmer, the township of Aldone.  
He had everything he wished for, and a farm of good land;  
But he thought he would spend a winter in the woods of Michigan.

The morning that he left his home, his mother to him did say,  
"Now, Harry boy, take my advice and on your farm stay;  
For if you leave your mother, likewise your sister dear,  
There's something tells me that on earth your face I'll ne'er more see."

But Harry gayly laughed at her: "Say, mother, don't you fear!  
For when the spring is opened, I am coming straight back here."  
Then he went straight to Bay City, where he hired in a lumber king;  
And straight from that he took his course to the woods of Michigan.

He worked three months quite merrily, and oftentimes would write home,  
"The winter will soon be over, and [in] spring I am going home."  
As he rose one morning from his bunk, his face it wore no smile,  
As he called his chum outside the door, whose name was Charlie Loyal.

"O Charlie Loyal! I had a dream which fills my heart with woe.  
I fear there's something wrong at home, and home I ought to go."  
But his comrade only laughed at him, which cheered him for a while,  
Saying, "Harry boy, it's time for work; let's go and fell the pine."

He worked away till ten o'clock, while on that fatal day,  
When a hanging limb fell down on him and crushed him where he lay.  
His comrades gathered round him to pull the limb away,  
When he opened his eyes and faintly smiled, and this to them did say:—

"Now, comrades, I am dying; may the end come right soon,  
And may the Lord in his mercy look on my friends at home."  
In two or three days after, his body was sent home,  
Containing all [that] remained on earth of poor young Harry Done.

And when his mother saw him, she fell down like a stone.  
They picked her up, but her heart was broke when Harry he came home.

<sup>1</sup> Everyman's Library (J. M. Dent & Co., London), 2 : 262.

<sup>2</sup> Probably intended for "Doan."

His poor old aged father he lingered for a while,  
But never till the day he died was known to wear a smile.

In less than three months after, they buried the poor old man.  
Now, who can say no deadly curse hangs over Michigan?

(Informant, Roy Hutchison, Manitoulin Island, Ontario.)

*Pat O'Brien.*

(A Shanty-Man's Song.)

A friend of mine named Pat O'Brien  
On board a Broadway car did ride.  
At Highlandsford (?) he did reside,  
[When] his daily work was done.

The reason that he came to ride,  
He couldn't walk; he had betide  
A pick and shovel, and, beside,  
A turkey he had one.

He set the turkey on a seat;  
Himself sat down beside.  
With pick and shovel at his feet,  
He settled down to ride.

When the car got overloaded,  
The conductor to him said,  
"You will have to move your turkey, sir!  
Let the man sit down instead."—

"Not on your life!" says Pat O'Brien;  
"The turkey belongs to me.  
The lovely bird is not saying a word,  
And it knows no odds to ye."

And down in his dip went Pat O'Brien.  
These words he did repeat:  
"You will not disturb my turkey bird;  
I'll pay for the turkey's seat."

A lady then came in and sat  
Directly opposite to Pat.  
She wore beneath her upper wrap  
A dress cut décolleté (*décolletée*).

The car was warm, so much so that  
The lady soon removed her wrap.  
It was pleasing to the gapes (?) of Pat  
A lovely neck to see.

Paddy got admiring her neck  
And her shoulders fair;  
And the lady she got angry  
At Paddy's hardened stare.

When she couldn't stand it longer,  
And she removed her wrap,  
And when she yelled out, "Rubber-neck!"  
She looked right straight at Pat.

"Not on your life!" says Pat O'Brien,  
"It's a dollar to a dime;  
And if it is not, begob!" says he,  
"It is surely genuine."

"And if it is not," says Pat O'Brien,  
"As sure as my name is Pat,  
It's a blamed good imitation;  
You may bet your life on that."

Two ladies who sat close to Pat,  
Both much amused, decided that  
They would have a little fun with Pat;  
So one of them she said, —

"To ride on cars I never care;  
You find so many Irish there.  
They're enough to drive one to despair,  
They have such vulgar ways."

"Very true!" says lady two;  
"And they're always in the way;  
And where those Irish do resort,  
I try to stay away."

"You will find them at the seashore,  
At operas, balls, and shows.  
You will find those vulgar Irish,  
No matter where you go."

"Not on your life!" says Pat O'Brien.  
You could see that he was mad.  
"And to rid yourself of those Irish now,  
I am sure that I would be glad."

He grabbed his pack, did Pat O'Brien,  
And grumbled like a bear.  
"To hell," says he, "with the both of ye!  
You will find no Irish there."

(Informant, Naaman McCutcheon, Manitoulin Island, Ontario).

*Oh, where are you going, Billy, Billy boy?*<sup>1</sup>

"Oh, where are you go---ing, Bil-ly, Bil-ly boy? Oh, where are you  
go-ing, my dar-ning Bil-ly?" — "To mar-ry me a wife for the  
com-fort of my life. But she was too young, and she couldn't leave her mother."

(Informant V.)

#### FOLK-TALES.

Tales seem very few in number, with a preponderance of the "noodle" or simpleton type over other classes.

#### *The Irishman and the Mare's Egg.*

An Irishman had not been long in this country when he was sold a pumpkin by a country fellow, who told him that it was a "mare's egg." The Irishman continued his journey, carrying the pumpkin; but he soon got tired, and sat down to rest on the crest of a hill. The pumpkin rolled down the slope and was smashed to pieces. As it hit a brush-heap at the bottom, a rabbit ran away; and the Irishman jumped up, shouting, "Catch him, catch him! He is a race-horse." (Referred to by C. M. Barbeau; see "Wyandot Tales including Foreign Elements," JAFL 28 : 95.)

#### *The Irishman and the Lost Gun.*

An Irishman once went out hunting in a boat. After some time his gun accidentally fell overboard. "I'll get it later on," said he; so he took out his knife and made a nick in the side of the boat to mark where the gun had fallen over. He then rowed away for help. Presently he returned with assistance, and showed his companion how he had marked the position of the lost article. (G. N. Waugh, Brantford.)

The following variant, stated to be current among American sailors, is given by Capt. Midford.

<sup>1</sup> The last word of the text should be "mammy" instead of "mother." The correction could not be made on the plate.

*The Ship's Cook and the Lost Bucket.*

A ship's cook was dipping up some sea-water in a pot, intending to cook some meat in it (a process which sailors are well aware renders the meat extremely tough), when he let the pot slip and fall overboard. He immediately marked the place on the side of the vessel, saying, "I shall go and get the grappling-irons."

*The Irishman and the Green Cheese.*

A couple of Irishmen once were travelling along, when they saw the reflection of the moon in the water. One of them asked, "What is it?" The reply was, "It is a green cheese." So they proposed to get it by climbing out on the limb of a tree, one Irishman hanging fast to the limb and lowering the other by grasping his ankles. Just as the latter was hanging suspended in mid-air, the Irishman who was holding him said, "Hold on, below there, till I spit on me hands!" And he let go. The other fell with a splash into the water.<sup>1</sup> (G. N. Waugh, Brantford.)

*The Irishman and the Feather.*

An Irishman, recently arrived in the country, was told that a very fine bed indeed could be made of feathers.

Finding a feather one day, he placed it on a stone, and lay down with his head upon it. After giving it a good trial, he said, "If one feather is so hard, what would a whole lot of them be like?" (Mrs. N. C. Waugh, Manitoulin Island.)

*The Irishman and the Trick.*

An Irishman one day met a man who asked him if he would like to see a good trick. As the answer was, "Yes," the man placed his hand on a stone, and said, "You may strike at my hand as hard as you like with your fist, and I'll bet you can't hurt me at all."

The Irishman thought this was pretty good, so he drew off and aimed a tremendous blow at the hand, when the man quickly drew it back, and the other only hit the stone.

The Irishman now thought he would try the trick on some one else. Upon meeting another fellow, he asked him, "Do you wish to learn a good trick?" — "Yes," was the answer. As there was no stone at hand, the Irishman placed his hand over his face, and said, "You may strike as hard as you like, and I'll bet you can't hurt my hand." Just as the man struck at the hand, the Irishman drew it aside, and received the blow in his face.<sup>2</sup> (G. N. Waugh, Brantford.)

<sup>1</sup> Several variants or parallels of this story are mentioned in *The Book of Noodles*, by W. A. Clouston (London, 1903), pp. 46-51.

<sup>2</sup> Familiar also in Ottawa. (E.B.)

*The Irishman who fell Head first into the Bog.*

A couple of Irishmen were crossing a bog, when one of them fell head foremost into the mud. His companion tried to get him out; but, as he was unable, he ran away for help.

The man to whom he applied asked how far the other had sunk into the mud. "Up to his ankles," replied the Irishman. "Oh! if that's all," said the man, "he can get out by himself." — "Begorra!" rejoined the Irishman, "he's in head first up to his ankles." (G. N. Waugh, Brantford.)

*The Irishman and the Peaches.*

An Irishman recently arrived from the Old Country felt like trying some peaches of which he had heard a great deal. In gathering some, he picked up a frog and swallowed it. "Have *payches* got legs?" he asked. Some one replied, "They have none." — "Be jabers! then," said he, "I've swallowed a *shtraddle*-bug (straddle-bug)!" (G. N. Waugh, Brantford.)

*Pat and the Devil.<sup>1</sup>*

There was once a country parson badly crippled with rheumatism, who had an Irishman employed to carry him about on his back.

Quite late one evening the parson was being brought home, when he discovered that he had forgotten his sermon at the church. Shortly before this, so it happened, a wealthy parishioner had died, and willed that all his money was to be buried with him. A couple of rascally fellows were about to dig up the body and steal the money, being totally unaware that the dead man's relatives had already removed the coin. When they dug the body up, the thieves found nothing but hickory-nuts, which had been substituted by the relatives. Not so easily disappointed, one of them said, "Remain here while I steal a sheep from the farm over there." Pat and the parson were then returning for the sermon. The thief in the churchyard, thinking it was his companion returning with the sheep, cried out, "Is he fat or lean?" Pat dropped the parson at once, saying, "Fat or lean, be jabers! you can have him," and he quickly ran for home. Getting up, the parson also ran, never again to be bothered by rheumatism.

Pat, ever after, thought it was the Devil he had seen in the churchyard, cracking nuts on a tombstone. (G. N. Waugh, Brantford.)

A variant of the foregoing noodle story was received from H. G. Hawkins, Toronto, 1909:<sup>2</sup> —

<sup>1</sup> A very similar version or parallel was found in *Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland*, by Thomas Crofton Croker.

<sup>2</sup> A similar version is known in Ottawa. (EB.)

Two boys had been out picking butternuts. As they were returning home in the evening, they went into a graveyard to divide up their nuts. One boy said, "You take this one, and I'll take that one. You take this one, and I'll take that one."

Just then an Irishman happened along. Hearing what the two boys on the tombstone were saying, so badly frightened was he, that he ran off as hard as he could. A man stopped him and asked what he was running for. "Sure," said he, "the Devil is up at the graveyard; and they're sortin' out the dead." — "Go on with your nonsense!" answered the man; "come, and we'll both go back together."

By then the boys had finished dividing the nuts, except two that they had dropped outside the gate. Just as the Irishman and his friend were coming up, one boy said, "Well, there's two outside. You take one, and I'll take the other." When they heard this, the two men ran, and never stopped running until they had reached home.

#### *Big Devil and Little Devil.*

A young man living in the country decided one evening to go to see his girl friend. Hearing of this, another chap decided to frighten him: so he got a white sheet, wrapped himself in it, and hid along the road where the other was to pass. Informed of the intended trick, the first one, who was a much smaller fellow, also wrapped himself in a sheet just before coming to the other's hiding-place. When the latter burst out upon his intended victim, he was so terrified at the ghostly-looking figure, that he ran away as fast as he could, followed closely by the other. A neighbor, seeing the two figures tearing along the highway, cried out, "Run, big devil! The little devil's after you."<sup>1</sup> (Ida Mastin, Manitoulin Island.)

#### *The Lazy Man.*

There was once a man who was so lazy that his neighbors finally decided to bury him alive, to be rid of him. As they were driving with him along the road to the cemetery, a farmer stopped them, and asked, "What are you going to do?" After having heard their explanation, he said, "Why! don't do that! I am willing to give him some corn rather than see him buried alive. That will keep him for a little while." The lazy man raised his head, and asked, "Is the corn shelled?" — "No!" replied the farmer. "Well then, boys, drive on!" said the other. (Mrs. N. C. Waugh; told by her mother, Mrs. R. Hutchison.)

#### *The Negroes and the Bear.*

Two Negroes, walking through the woods, came to a hollow tree that had been scratched as though something had climbed up. One

<sup>1</sup> A well-known variant of this has it, "Run, big scare! Little scare's after you."

of them offered to go up and have a look, while the other remained watching below. The Negro in the tree shouted that he had seen bear-cubs. As he descended into the hollow to get them, the old bear came back and began scrambling up. The Negro who was watching at first did not know what to do; but he finally grabbed the bear's tail, and succeeded in stopping it just as it was entering the hollow, which made it quite dark inside. The Negro inside the tree shouted, "What *dawken* de hole?" — "You soon know what *dawken* de hole if de tail break!" shouted his comrade. (G. N. Waugh, Brantford.)

#### *The Hunter and the Bear.*

A hunter was once chased by a bear. Dropping everything, he climbed a small tree. Up came the bear, and the tree began to bend. A companion some distance away shouted, "Pray!" — "I don't know how," answered the first fellow. "Say something!" rejoined the other. So the fellow in the tree prayed, "Good God! Don't you know there's only room for one here?"<sup>1</sup> (Simeon Gibson, Brant County, 1914.)

#### *Stupid's Mistaken Cries.*

The point in a well-known class of folk-tale results from the grotesque misunderstanding or forgetting of instructions to be delivered to some one.

Mrs. E. W. Vanderlip (Langford) used to tell of a boy who was sent to a neighbor's for some horehound (an herbal medicine). The boy started off, repeating as he went, "Horehound, horehound!" . . . Having stumbled, he got up, saying, "Greyhound, greyhound, greyhound." . . .

(A reference to this class of stories was noted in JAFL 3 : 293.)

#### *Wonder-Story for a Child.*

An old woman went to the churchyard, and saw a man in his coffin, with worms crawling out and worms crawling in. She said to the parson, "Shall I be like that when I'm dead, with the worms crawling out and worms crawling in?" The parson answered, "Yes!" (The story-teller here raises his voice and seizes the child, repeating,) "You'll be like that when you're dead, with the worms crawling out and the worms crawling in." (Informant, Miss A. Allan, Toronto, 1910; English.)

VICTORIA MUSEUM, OTTAWA.

<sup>1</sup> A variant describes a Negro as praying, "O Lord! if you can't help me, don't help the bear." A variant of this is familiar in Ottawa. (E.B.)

## FOLK-LORE FROM GREY COUNTY, ONTARIO.

BY W. J. AND KATHERINE H. WINTEMBERG.

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THE following collection of folk-lore material was made in a Scotch-Irish community in Normanby township, Grey County, Ontario, where the Irish element preponderates. The more recent influx of German emigrants from Germany, and Germans from the older portions of Ontario, does not seem to have affected the local folk-lore appreciably. Most of the data here presented have long been familiar to the authors, who may be considered, to that extent, as being their own informants. In fact, Mrs. K. H. Wintemberg and her mother, who are of pure Irish extraction, have furnished most of the information.

## LORE ABOUT NATURAL PHENOMENA, THE SUN, MOON, AND STARS.

## 1. Children say,—

Rain, rain, go away!  
Come again some other day;  
Little Johnny wants to play.

## 2.

A rainbow in the morning  
Is the sailor's warning;  
A rainbow at night  
Is the sailor's delight.

3. The rainbow is a sign from God that there will not be another deluge.

4. Thunder kills chickens that are just coming out of their shells.<sup>1</sup>

5. Children say,—

Rainy, rainy, rattle-stone,  
Don't you rain on me!  
Rain on Johnny Groat's house,  
Far beyond the sea.<sup>2</sup>

6. People used to look to see the sun dance early on Easter Sunday morning.

7. Pigs are killed only in a certain time of the moon.<sup>3</sup>

8. All seeds should be planted in the increase of the moon.

9. It is unlucky to have your hands empty when you first see the new moon.

10. At the first glimpse of the new moon, make a wish and say,—

"I see the moon, and the moon sees me;  
God bless the moon, and the moon bless me!"

11. The following formula is a sort of incantation uttered when you see the new moon:—

New moon, true moon,  
True and bright,  
If I have a true-love,  
Let me dream of him to-night!  
If I am to marry rich,  
Let me hear the cock crow!  
If I am to marry poor,  
Let me hear the hammer blow!<sup>4</sup>

12. Another one may also be classed as a species of incantation:—

Star light, star bright,  
First star I saw to-night,  
I wish you well;  
I wish you might  
Give to me my wish to-night.<sup>5</sup>

13. Orion is called "the sheep-fold."

<sup>1</sup> Thunder is said (though erroneously, according to some scientific authorities) to prevent the hatching of eggs. It is also said to sour milk (F. W. Waugh, Brant County).

<sup>2</sup> Compare Gregor, "Further Report of Folk-Lore in Scotland" (BAAS, 1897, p. 500).

<sup>3</sup> Compare p. 6, No. 4.

<sup>4</sup> Compare JAFL 28 : 135 (No. 54); and Addy, *Household Tales and Traditional Remains* (London and Sheffield; 1895), p. 31.

<sup>5</sup> Compare JAFL 7 : 108.

## PLANT-LORE.

14. To find a four-leaved clover brings good luck. According to the rhyme,—

Find a two, put it in your shoe;  
Find a three, let it be;  
Find a four, put over the door;  
Find a five, let it thrive.<sup>1</sup>

15. It is unlucky to cut down a fruit-tree.<sup>2</sup>

16. A divining-rod should be made of a birch-twigs.

17. Children blow off the seeds of dandelion-heads to tell the time, the hours being indicated by the number of times required to blow all the seeds away.<sup>3</sup>

18. Children used to string the "cheeses" of the round-leaved mallow (*Malva rotundifolia* Linn.) as beads. These "cheeses" were also eaten by them.<sup>4</sup>

19. The leaves of the "live-forever" (*Sedum purpureum* Linn.) were rubbed between the fingers and then blown up into little bags. Those who could not do it were not considered very clever.<sup>5</sup>

20. If you find a tea-stalk in your teacup, place it in your hand and hit it with your fist. If it sticks to the fist the first time, a visitor will come that day; if it sticks only the second time, the visitor will not come until the next day. If the stalk is soft, the visitor will be a woman; and if it is hard, a man.<sup>6</sup>

21. If you steal a plant-slip, it will be sure to grow.

22. Never say "thanks" for a plant, as it will not grow.<sup>7</sup>

23. A tree blossoming out of season means a death in the family.

24. The pioneers of this part of Ontario obtained a brown color from butternut-bark, and a dark yellow from the skins of onions.

## ANIMAL-LORE.

25. It is unlucky for a four-footed animal to cross one's path.

26. It is unlucky to kill a spider.

27. If you wish to live and thrive,  
Let a spider run alive.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Brant County (cf. p. 9).

<sup>2</sup> In an Irish community near Westport, Leeds County, Ontario, it is considered unlucky to cut down a hawthorn-bush. (Recorded in 1914.)

<sup>3</sup> Also in Brant County (cf. p. 167, No. 9).

<sup>4</sup> Also in Brant County.

<sup>5</sup> Also in Brant County (cf. p. 24, No. 320). See also p. 93, No. 148.

<sup>6</sup> Compare Dyer's *Domestic Folk-Lore* (London, 1881), p. 147; also Brant County (cf. p. 18, No. 236).

<sup>7</sup> Compare p. 9, Nos. 58, 59.

<sup>8</sup> Compare p. 10, No. 69.

28. When its web is destroyed, a spider is rendered unable to make another.

29. To the daddy-long-legs spider (*Phalangium cinereum*), children say, "Daddy-long-legs, tell me where the cows are, or I'll kill you."<sup>1</sup>

30. A rhyme addressed to the same spider is,—

Daddy, daddy-long-legs  
Couldn't say his prayers,  
Took him by the left leg,  
And threw him down stairs.

31. A spider on a person is a sign that the person will get a new dress soon.<sup>2</sup>

32. When you kill crickets, other crickets will come and eat holes in your clothes.<sup>3</sup>

33. If a bee comes into the house, you will have a visit from a stranger.

34. The following is said to the lady-bug beetle:—

Lady-bug, lady-bug,  
Fly away home!  
Your house is on fire,  
Your children alone.<sup>4</sup>

35. It is bad luck to kill a toad.

36. One will get warts by handling a toad.<sup>5</sup>

37. When you cut a snake's head off, it lives till sundown.

38. By killing the first snake you see in the spring, you kill all your enemies for that year.<sup>6</sup>

39. Always set a hen with thirteen eggs.

40. If a cock crows on the doorstep, it is a sign of a visitor.

41. A cock crowing between sundown and midnight is a sign either of bad luck or of death.<sup>7</sup>

42. By no means keep a crowing hen.

43. It is a sign of death when a bird flies into a house.

44. Runt eggs are called "witchcraft eggs." The hen that laid the egg, if it is known, should be killed.

45. When a cat washes her face, some say it is a sign of visitors.

46. A cat left alone with a child will suck its breath.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Compare p. 9, No. 66; also p. 125, No. 6.

<sup>2</sup> Compare E. P. Thompson, "Folk-Lore from Ireland" (JAFL 7 : 225).

<sup>3</sup> Compare Wood-Martin, *Traces of the Elder Faiths of Ireland*, 2 : 176.

<sup>4</sup> Also in Brant County. (F. W. W.)

<sup>5</sup> Compare p. 10, No. 83.

<sup>6</sup> Compare p. 9, No. 60; p. 11, No. 92.

<sup>7</sup> A Manx woman stated that if the rooster's feet were cold, a death would be indicated; if warm, no death would follow. (F. W. W.)

47. It is bad luck to take a cat along when you move.
48. It is bad for one's health to fondle cats.
49. It is bad luck for a strange cat to come and stay at your house.
50. A black cat coming to your house means treachery.
51. If a cat scratches on the wall, there will be a storm (see No. 66).
52. Dogs and horses draw the lightning.
53. Lucky and unlucky horses:—

Four white feet, sell him right away;  
Three white feet, keep him not a day;  
Two white feet, sell him to a friend;  
One white foot, keep him to his end.<sup>1</sup>

54. To milk a cow on the ground makes her go dry.<sup>2</sup> People sometimes do this purposely.
55. The birth of twin calves means bad luck to the family of the owner.
56. It is good luck to have one black sheep in a flock.

#### WEATHER-LORE.

57. When the sun goes in and out, it is a sign of a change in the weather. Some say that in the summer it is a sign of changeable weather.
58. If a cock crows on the fence, it is a sign of a change in the weather.<sup>3</sup>
59. When the new moon has the horns turned up, it is a sign of dry weather. If the crescent is more nearly vertical, wet weather is indicated.
60. Corns ache before a storm.<sup>4</sup>
61. A blue blaze in the fire is a sign of a storm.
62. When the fire burns with a roaring noise, it is a sign of a storm.
63. If only a few stars are visible at night, it is a sign of an approaching storm.
64. If the sun comes up red in the morning, the same forecast is believed in.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Compare Henry Phillips, Jr., "Second Contribution to the Study of the Folk-Lore in Philadelphia and Vicinity" (*Proceedings of the American Philosophical Society [Philadelphia, 1892]*, 30 : 247); also Dyer's *English Folk-Lore* (London, 1884), p. 113; and JAFL 8 : 157.

<sup>2</sup> "The last time a cow is milked before going dry, she should be milked on the ground" (*Fogel, Beliefs and Superstitions of the Pennsylvania Germans [Philadelphia, 1915]*, p. 159).

<sup>3</sup> Also in Brant County. (F. W. W.)

<sup>4</sup> Also in Brant County (F. W. W.). Compare Fogel, *op. cit.*, p. 220, No. 1113; Zingerle, Sitten, *Brauche und Meinungen des Tiroler Volkes* (Innsbruck, 1891), p. 996; and Folk-Lore, 3 : 215.

<sup>5</sup> Compare p. 6, No. 14.

65. A ring around the moon indicates a rainstorm;<sup>1</sup> and the number of stars within the circle, the number of days before it comes.<sup>2</sup>
66. If the cat scratches on the wall, it is a sign of a storm or wind<sup>3</sup> (see No. 51).
67. If the cat sits with her back toward the fire, it is a sign of a storm.
68. When pigs gather straw to make their beds, it is a sign of a storm.<sup>4</sup>
69. Cows are uneasy when there is a storm brewing.
70. If it rains while the sun shines, it will rain again the following day.
71. People say,—

A sunshiny shower  
Won't last half an hour.

72. The rainbow is a sign that the rain is over.<sup>5</sup>
73. Dew on cobwebs is a sign of rain (?).<sup>6</sup>
74. Fish bite best just before a rain.<sup>7</sup>
75. The cry of a screech-owl is regarded as a rain-sign.
76. The cawing of crows is also a rain-sign.
77. When guinea-hens cry, it is a sign of rain.
78. When fowls seek shelter in a rainstorm, it is a sign that the rain won't last long.
79. If the cat washes over one ear, there will be a shower; also if it washes its face.
80. If a dog or cat eats grass, it is a sign of rain.<sup>8</sup>
81. If the stars shine clear and bright in the fall, it is a sign of a frost.
82. Thunder early in the spring will be followed by cold weather.
83. When squirrels make great provision in the fall, there will be a severe winter.<sup>9</sup>
84. If the end of the spleen (called "milt") at the fore part of the pig is large and thick, it means that the weather at the beginning of

<sup>1</sup> Compare Gregor, Notes on the Folk-Lore of the North-East of Scotland (London, 1881), p. 152; Bergen, Current Superstitions (MAFLS 4 : 110 [No. 995]); Fogel, *op. cit.*, p. 241, No. 1248; and Zingerle, *op. cit.*, p. 980.

<sup>2</sup> Also in Brant County (F. W. W.). Compare Bergen, *op. cit.*, No. 996; and Fogel, *op. cit.*, p. 241, No. 1249.

<sup>3</sup> An English Jewess at Drumbo, Ont., also believed this.

<sup>4</sup> Compare Dyer's English Folk-Lore, p. 116; and Fogel, *op. cit.*, p. 235, No. 1215.

<sup>5</sup> The Pennsylvania Germans (Fogel, *op. cit.*, p. 231, No. 1188) and the Tyrolese (Zingerle, *op. cit.*, 1010) believe it means more wet weather. [The belief in Brant County, and doubtless among English-speaking residents of Ontario in general, is the same.—F. W. WAUGH.]

<sup>6</sup> Also in Brant County (F. W. W.). Compare Fogel, *op. cit.*, p. 228, No. 1169. According to his No. 1168, however, "there is no rain in sight."

<sup>7</sup> Also in Brant County. (F. W. W.)

<sup>8</sup> Also in Brant County (F. W. W.). Compare Gregor, *op. cit.*, p. 127; Fogel, *op. cit.*, p. 240, No. 1240; and Andree, Braunschweiger Volkskunde (Braunschweig, 1896), p. 297.

<sup>9</sup> Compare p. 7, No. 22.

the year will be severe. If it is small and thin, it is a sign of mild weather.<sup>1</sup>

## FOLK-LORE ABOUT THE HUMAN BODY.

85. If a bird gets the hair-combings you throw outside, and puts them into its nest, you will be troubled with headache.<sup>2</sup>

86. When the eyes itch, you will weep soon.

87. Black eye, pick a pie,  
Turn around and tell a lie.

Blue-eyed beauty,  
Do your mamma's duty.

Gray-eyed greedy-gut,  
Eat all the world up.

Brown-eyed banty,<sup>3</sup>  
. . . in the shanty.

88. Thick lobes of ears indicate that one will not get consumption.

89. When the left ear burns, some one is saying something bad about you. When it is the right ear, something good is being said about you.<sup>4</sup>

90. If you rub spittle on the burning ear and guess the name of the person vilifying you, the ear will stop burning.

91. If your nose itches, you will be kissed by a fool.

92. Sneeze on Monday,  
Sneeze for danger;  
Sneeze on Tuesday,  
Kiss a stranger;  
Sneeze on Wednesday,  
Get [or For] a letter;  
Sneeze on Thursday,  
Something better;  
Sneeze on Friday,  
Sneeze for sorrow;  
Sneeze on Saturday,  
See your true-love to-morrow;  
Sneeze on Sunday,  
The Devil will get you the rest of the week.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Fogel, *op. cit.*, p. 230, No. 1132; and Helen M. Wheeler, "Illinois Folk-Lore" (*The Folk-Lorist* [Chicago, Ill., 1892], 1 : 57).

<sup>2</sup> Compare p. 23, No. 306.

<sup>3</sup> Remember having heard the second and third couplets in Brant County. (F. W. W.)

<sup>4</sup> Compare p. 14, No. 160.

<sup>5</sup> Compare Phillips, "First Contribution to the Folk-Lore of Philadelphia and its Vicinity" (*Proceedings of the American Philosophical Society*, 25 [1888] : 167); Devonshire and Hertfordshire rhymes given in Dyer's *English Folk-Lore*, p. 239.

93. When a child's teeth are far apart, it indicates that it will live away from home.

94.

A dimple in the chin,  
Many hearts you'll win;  
A dimple in the cheek,  
Many hearts you'll break.<sup>1</sup>

95. Hairy arms are a sign of riches.

96. If the left hand itches, you will get money; if the right hand itches, you will shake hands with a stranger.

97. When your hand itches, you will receive some money; and the saying connected with it is, —

98.

Rub it on wood,  
Make it come good.<sup>2</sup>

99.

A gift on the finger  
Is sure to linger;  
A gift on the thumb  
Is sure to come.<sup>3</sup>

100. Children used to count the white specks on one another's finger-nails, and say, —

101.

A gift [to the thumb],  
A lover [to the index-finger],  
A friend [to the middle-finger],  
A foe [to the ring-finger],  
A journey to go [to the little finger].<sup>4</sup>

102. A person having a *lunula*, or large white spot, at the root of the finger-nail, will be rich.

103.

Cut them on Monday, cut them for news;  
Cut them on Tuesday, a pair of new shoes;  
Cut them on Wednesday, cut them for health;  
Cut them on Thursday, cut them for wealth;  
Cut them on Friday, cut them for woe;  
Cut them on Saturday, a journey you'll go;  
Cut them on Sunday, cut them for evil,  
The rest of the week you'll be ruled by the Devil.<sup>5</sup>

104. If your foot itches, you will travel on strange ground.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Compare Elizabeth M. Wright, *Rustic Speech and Folk-Lore* (London, 1913), p. 224.

<sup>2</sup> Compare Dyer's *Domestic Folk-Lore*, pp. 77-78.

<sup>3</sup> Compare Dyer's *English Folk-Lore*, p. 278.

<sup>4</sup> Compare Nicholson's *Folk-Lore of East Yorkshire* (London, 1890), p. 42; Dyer's *Domestic Folk-Lore*, pp. 141-142; and Wheeler, "Illinois Folk-Lore" (*op. cit.*, p. 62).

<sup>5</sup> Compare Phillips, "First Contribution," etc. (*op. cit.*, pp. 167, 168); Dyer's *Domestic Folk-Lore*, p. 80; *English Folk-Lore*, p. 236; and Addy's *Household Tales and Traditional Remains*, p. 114.

<sup>6</sup> Compare Phillips, "First Contribution," etc. (*op. cit.*, p. 164).

105.

A mole on the arm  
Will do you no harm;  
A mole on the neck  
Brings money by the peck.<sup>1</sup>

106. A person with a bad temper cannot make a good fire.

107. When a person is cross, they say that he (or she) got out on  
the wrong side of the bed that morning.<sup>2</sup>**BIRTH AND CHILDHOOD.**108. A child born with "two crowns" will be lucky or travel much.<sup>3</sup>

109. Children born on Sunday are lucky.

110. According to the rhyme,—

Born on Monday, fair of face;  
Born on Tuesday, full of God's grace;  
Born on Wednesday, merry and glad;  
Born on Thursday, sour and sad;  
Born on Friday, godly given;  
Born on Saturday, work for your living;  
Born on Sunday, never shall want.<sup>4</sup>

111. If a hare crosses the path of an expectant woman, the child  
will have a hare-lip.<sup>5</sup> This once happened when a woman was in the  
woods with another Irish woman. Her companion became quite  
excited, and exclaimed, "Split your shift!" which was supposed to  
prevent the threatened misfortune.

112. It is bad luck to the child if you kiss its feet.

113. It is unlucky to name a baby after a dead person.

114. It is unlucky to cut a baby's finger-nails before it is a year old.<sup>6</sup>115. If a baby's finger-nails are cut before it is a year old, it will be  
a thief.116. It is unlucky to let a child look into a mirror before it is a year  
old.

117. It is unlucky for the child if you rock its empty cradle.

118. Tickling a baby causes stuttering.

119. When the baby smiles in its sleep, it is talking to the angels.  
Others say it is smiling at the angels.

<sup>1</sup> Compare p. 13, No. 136.

<sup>2</sup> Also in Brant County. (F. W. W.)

<sup>3</sup> Also in Brant County (F. W. W.). Compare Wheeler, "Illinois Folk-Lore" (*op. cit.*, p. 64): "The child will set foot in two countries."

<sup>4</sup> Compare Addy, *op. cit.*, p. 119; and Cornish and Devonshire examples in Dyer's English Folk-Lore, p. 238.

<sup>5</sup> Compare p. 25, No. 336; JAFL 7 : 225; and E. M. Wright, *op. cit.*, p. 218. The Shropshire belief is given by the last-named author.

<sup>6</sup> Compare p. 13, No. 140; also p. 136, No. 15.

120. If a child calls a single woman "mother" by mistake, it is a sign that the woman will never become a mother.

121. Coins and other articles are placed within reach of a child, and whatever it grasps will indicate its future vocation or condition in life.

122. The expression formerly heard when a homely thin baby was seen was, "That is a witch's (fairy?) child, you should put it on the shovel."

123. If such a child is put on a shovel, and held in front of the fireplace, it will disappear up the chimney.

124. A seventh son or daughter is always lucky.<sup>1</sup>

125. Children are made to behave by telling them that the Booman will get them.

126.

What are little boys made of,  
Made of, made of?  
What are littly boys made of?  
Snakes and snails,  
And puppy-dog tails;  
That's what little boys are made of.

What are little girls made of,  
Made of, made of?  
What are little girls made of?  
Sugar and spice,  
And all things nice;  
That's what little girls are made of.<sup>2</sup>

#### FOLK-MEDICINE.

127. Goose-grease is a cure for many ailments.<sup>3</sup>

128. Salves should always be applied with the middle finger.<sup>4</sup>

129. When a woman's breast is "bielding" or has the "weed" after the child is born, put on fresh cow-excrement (Mrs. Murphy).<sup>5</sup>

130. Cobwebs stop bleeding.<sup>6</sup>

131. A pulp made from the leaves of the "giant plantain" (*Plantago major* Linn.) was applied as a poultice to boils or felons to make them "come to a head."

132. Horehound-tea is good for a cold.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Compare p. 21, No. 269; p. 22, No. 287.

<sup>2</sup> Common in popular collections of children's rhymes. (F. W. W.)

<sup>3</sup> Compare p. 21, No. 277.

<sup>4</sup> Compare James Mooney, "The Medical Mythology of Ireland" (Proceedings of the American Philosophical Society, 24 [1887] : 159).

<sup>5</sup> Compare Hoffman, "Folk-Medicine of the Pennsylvania Germans" (Proceedings of the American Philosophical Society, 26 [1889] : 343); and Fogel, Beliefs and Superstitions of the Pennsylvania Germans, p. 293, No. 1554.

<sup>6</sup> Compare p. 21, No. 271; and Ellen P. Thompson, "Folk-Lore from Ireland" (JAFL 7 : 225).

<sup>7</sup> Also in Brant County. (F. W. W.)

133. A tea made from the flowers of the "camomile" (probably, judging from the description, *Maruta cotula* DC.) was used for cramps.
134. A tea made from wild-strawberry roots is good for diarrhoea.<sup>1</sup>
135. The hearts of mullein-leaves stewed in milk were used as a cure for the same trouble.
136. For "dropsy" take the silk of corn, "draw" it like tea, and drink a wine-glass full of the liquid three times a day.
137. Wool from a Negro's head is good for earache.<sup>2</sup>
138. Dew is good for freckles.
139. Girls wash their faces with cobweb dew (i.e., dew that collects on cobwebs in the fields) to take away freckles.
140. A cure for goitre is to rub it with the slough or cast skin of a snake.
141. Girls cut their hair on the increase of the moon, expecting the new growth to be longer and thicker.<sup>1</sup>
142. For hiccough take three drops of water in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
143. The lining of the stomach of a hen dried and powdered is good for indigestion.<sup>3</sup>
144. Tea made from sheep-excrement is good to bring out the measles (Mrs. Murphy).<sup>4</sup>
145. A tea made from leaves of the tansy is used to bring on the menses.
146. A tea made from the root of the coltsfoot (*Tressilago farfara* Linn.) is used for the same purpose.
147. It is very unlucky for a child to have her menses before the age of fourteen.
148. The leaves of the live-forever were used as a poultice.
149. Red flannel cures rheumatism.
150. Horse-chestnuts should be picked when green, and carried in the pocket until dried up; then the rheumatism will disappear.
151. For side-stitch, spit on the under side of a stone, and let it drop back to its place.
152. Melted snow which has fallen in May will cure sore eyes.
153. Fasten a soiled sock around the neck to cure sore throat.<sup>5</sup>
154. A tea made from the blossom of the "everlasting white" (Pearly everlasting?) is used for stomach-trouble.
155. To cure a sty put fasting spittle on a wedding-ring, and with it make the sign of the cross over it in the name of the Trinity.

<sup>1</sup> Also in Brant County. (F. W. W.)

<sup>2</sup> Compare p. 22, No. 284; and Fogel, *op. cit.*, p. 292, No. 1547.

<sup>3</sup> Compare Haywood Parker, "Folk-Lore of the Carolina Mountains" (JAFL 20 : 249).

<sup>4</sup> Compare p. 92, No. 129.

<sup>5</sup> Compare p. 21, No. 277.

156. The leaves of the wormwood (*Artemisia absinthium* Linn.) boiled in vinegar are used as a poultice for swellings.
157. A decoction made from the fruit of the sumac is used to reduce swellings.
158. Tansy-leaves steeped in buttermilk are used to remove tan.
159. One should pick his teeth with a sliver from a tree struck by lightning.
160. The gums of a teething child should be rubbed with the mother's wedding-ring.
161. To cure a wart, twist a hair around it.
162. The milk from the common milkweed (*Asclepias syriaca* Linn.) will cure warts.
163. If you come across a stone with a hollow on the upper surface filled with water, rub your warts with the water, at the same time invoking the Trinity. The warts will disappear.<sup>1</sup>
164. It is good for a dog to lick a wound.
165. A hen was killed, cut open, and applied to the face of a man who had been kicked by a horse, to draw out the blackness (Charles Murphy).

#### LOVE, COURTSHIP, AND MARRIAGE.

166. If you find a hairpin on the street, it means that you are going to have a new beau.
167. If the strings of your apron come undone, it is a sign that you are going to lose your lover.<sup>2</sup>
168. If you lose a hairpin, your lover is thinking of you; also if you lose your garter.
169. If you wet yourself while you are washing clothes, you will get a drunken husband.<sup>3</sup>
170. It is a sign of a wedding in the family when four persons shake hands across.<sup>4</sup>
171. It is a sign of a wedding to set two knives too many on a table.<sup>5</sup>
172. To stumble going upstairs shows that your wedding will not take place that year.

<sup>1</sup> Compare Folk-Lore, 4 : 358, and 8 : 15; Rev. W. Gregor, "The Healing Art in the North of Scotland in the Olden Time" (JAI 3 [1874]: 271); James Mooney, "The Medical Mythology of Ireland" (Proceedings of the American Philosophical Society, 24 [1887] : 157); also Wood-Martin, Traces of the Elder Faiths of Ireland, 2 : 283. According to the German belief, "Warzen vertreibt man durch regenwasser, welches sich auf einem eichenstumpf gesammelt hat" (A. Wuttke, Der deutsche Volksaberglaube der Gegenwart [Berlin, 1900], p. 244). The Pennsylvania German belief is similar (Fogel, *op. cit.*, p. 324, No. 1724).

<sup>2</sup> Also in Brant County. (F. W. W.)

<sup>3</sup> Compare Wheeler, "Illinois Folk-Lore" (*op. cit.*, p. 61).

<sup>4</sup> Compare p. 29, No. 416; and Wheeler, *op. cit.*, p. 60.

<sup>5</sup> Wheeler, *Ibid.*, p. 60; also in Brant County (F. W. W.).

173. When a woman has any difficulty in getting a fire lighted, her husband is said to be in a bad humor.<sup>1</sup>

174. Similarly it is said that when a girl cannot start a brisk fire, she will get a cranky husband.

175. If you find a hairpin and put it in your right shoe, the first man you shake hands with will be your future husband.

176. If you find a four-leaved clover, put it over the door, and the first young man that enters beneath it will be your future husband or will have the same name as your future husband.

177. If you dream on a four-leaved clover, you will dream of your future husband.

178. If by accident you find a pea-pod with nine peas in it, put it over the door, and the first man that enters under it will be your future husband.

179. Before breaking a wish-bone, a wish is made, and the one who gets the largest piece will get his wish. The large piece is sometimes put over the door in the belief that the first young man that enters under it will be the girl's intended husband.<sup>2</sup>

180. Peel an apple without breaking the peel, and throw it over your left shoulder, and the letter it forms in falling will be the initial of your future husband's name.<sup>3</sup>

181. Before going to sleep, name the bed-posts after four unmarried young men, and the post first seen when you wake up will be the one named after the man whom you will marry.<sup>4</sup>

182. When eating an apple, count the seeds and repeat the following rhyme:—

One, I love;  
Two, I love;  
Three, I love, I say;  
Four, I love with all my heart;  
Five, I cast away;  
Six, she loves;  
Seven, he loves;  
Eight, they both love;  
Nine, she comes;  
Ten, he tarries;  
Eleven, he wooes;  
Twelve, he marries;  
Thirteen, for riches;  
Fourteen, for stitches;  
Fifteen, he tears a hole in his breeches.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Also in Brant County. (F. W. W.)

<sup>2</sup> Compare p. 31, No. 432.

<sup>3</sup> Compare Addy, *op. cit.*, pp. 82–83; Hewett, *Nummits and Crummits, Devonshire Customs, Characteristics and Folk-Lore* (London, 1900), p. 70; Fogel, *op. cit.*, p. 64, No. 200; and Birlinger, *Volkstümliches aus Schwaben* (Freiburg, 1862), 1 : 478.

<sup>4</sup> Compare p. 30, No. 431.

<sup>5</sup> Compare JAFL 2 1 26 3~3.

183. Another custom is to name two seeds after sweethearts or lovers, place them on the eyelids, and then wink. Whichever one remains on the eyelid after doing this will bear the name of the one whom you will marry.

184. Remove the yolk from a hard-boiled egg, and fill the cavity with salt and eat it. Walk backwards to your bed and lie on it, and some time during the night your destined husband will appear and give you a drink of water.<sup>1</sup>

185. On Hallowe'en take a new-laid egg, perforate one of the ends, and then allow the white to fall into a cup of water, observing the shapes assumed by the drops. If some of the yolk comes out, it indicates that the person will be an old maid.<sup>2</sup>

186. Suspend a ring by a hair in a glass tumbler, notice being taken as to how many times it strikes the sides of the glass without being touched, this being the number of years before you will be married.<sup>3</sup> It has to be done on Hallowe'en.

187. Put a finger-ring in a cake; whoever gets the ring in his slice will be married first.

188. Take a piece of wedding-cake and wrap up with it seven slips of paper bearing the names of five men, a stranger, and an old maid. Then draw out one of the slips each morning for seven successive mornings. Whichever one comes last on the seventh morning will be your future husband. Some also place the names of only three men with the cake.

189. Pieces of wedding-cake are passed through the wedding-ring by the bride, which she gives to her unmarried friends. If they put the piece under their pillows for three successive nights, they will dream of their lover or sweetheart on the third night.<sup>4</sup>

190. To discover whether or not your lover is true to you, pluck off the petals of the daisy, and repeat the words, "He loves me, he loves me not," in turn, the last petal giving the desired information.<sup>5</sup>

191. Divination by the key and Bible was practised as follows: To ascertain the initial letters of one's future husband or wife, the lower part of the key was placed on the sixteenth verse of the first chapter of Ruth, and a string tied around the book to keep the key, with the ring outside, in position. It was then held suspended from the tips of the fingers of two persons, who repeated Ruth's words, "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee," etc., and the

<sup>1</sup> Compare Addy, *Household Tales and Traditional Remains*, p. 82; and J. H. Porter, "Notes on the Folk-Lore of the Mountain Whites of the Alleghanies" (*JAFL* 7 : 108).

<sup>2</sup> Compare Dyer's *Domestic Folk-Lore*, p. 146.

<sup>3</sup> Compare Wilbur W. Bassett, "Illinois Folk-Lore" (*The Folk-Lorist* [Chicago, 1893]).

<sup>4</sup> Compare p. 30, No. 429; and Addy, *op. cit.*, p. 95.

<sup>5</sup> Compare Addy, *op. cit.*, p. 86.

letters of the alphabet. Whatever letter the key and Bible dropped was the initial of the future husband or wife.<sup>1</sup>

192. If the little finger of a woman's hand reaches the first joint of the ring-finger, she will be "boss" of her husband.<sup>2</sup>

193. It is unlucky to remove your wedding-ring.<sup>3</sup>

194. It is bad luck for a wedding-party to meet a funeral.

195. To marry and change the name but not the letter,  
You change for worse, and not for better.<sup>4</sup>

196. Something old and something new,  
Something borrowed and something blue,<sup>5</sup>

brings good luck to the bride.

People say,—

197. Happy is the bride that the sun shines on,  
Happy is the corpse the rain falls on;

and,

198. Marry in Lent,  
And you'll live to repent.<sup>6</sup>

199. Monday for wealth,  
Tuesday for health,  
Wednesday the best day of all;  
Thursday for crosses,  
Friday for losses,  
Saturday no luck at all.<sup>7</sup>

200. Married in red, you'll wish yourself dead;  
Married in blue, he will always prove true;  
Married in white, you've chosen all right;  
Married in green, not fit to be seen;  
Married in yellow, you're ashamed of the fellow;  
Married in brown, you'll live out of town;  
Married in black, you'll wish yourself back;  
Married in gray, you'll live far away;  
Married in pink, your spirits will sink.<sup>8</sup>

201. Dear, dear doctor,  
What will cure love?  
Nothing but the clergy,  
And white kid glove.

<sup>1</sup> Compare Addy, *Household Tales and Traditional Remains*, p. 74.

<sup>2</sup> Compare Wheeler, "Illinois Folk-Lore" (*The Folk-Lorist*, 1 : 61).

<sup>3</sup> Compare Phillips, "First Contribution," etc., p. 161.

<sup>4</sup> Compare p. 28, No. 395; and Dyer's *English Folk-Lore*, p. 200.

<sup>5</sup> Compare Addy, *op. cit.*, p. 121.

<sup>6</sup> For 196 and 197 cf. p. 28, No. 379; p. 27, No. 371. Compare Dyer's *English Folk-Lore*, p. 188.

<sup>7</sup> Compare *Ibid.*, p. 189; and Addy, *op. cit.*, p. 120.

<sup>8</sup> Compare p. 27, No. 373.

202. The following lines were sometimes written on valentines and in the autograph-albums, which were somewhat in vogue twenty and twenty-five years ago:—

The rose is red,  
The violet's blue;  
The honey's sweet,  
And so are you.  
And so is the one that sent you this;  
And when we meet, we'll have a kiss.<sup>1</sup>

203. Another was,—

As long as a monkey has a tail,  
My love for you shall never fail.

204. Young men used to say to the girls,—

"The moon shines bright,  
Can I see you home to-night?"

To which they replied,—

"The stars do too,  
I don't care if you do."<sup>2</sup>

205.

Needles and pins,  
Needles and pins,  
When a man's married,  
His trouble begins.<sup>3</sup>

#### DAYS AND SEASONS.

206. On New Year's Day never throw out anything, not even dirty water.

207. Do not give away anything, particularly money, on New Year's Day.

208. Whatever wrong you do on New Year's Day, you will do for the rest of the year.<sup>1</sup>

209. If you get up late on New Year's morning, you will get up late every morning the rest of the year.

210. It is the custom always to keep a coin in the purse, especially on New Year's Day, for fear one will be short of money during the year.

211. Seeds for plants that are to be transplanted should be planted on Good Friday.

<sup>1</sup> Also in Brant County. (F. W. W.)

<sup>2</sup> Compare JAFL 28 : 185 (No. 53).

<sup>3</sup> A common English verse in popular collections. (F. W. W.)

212. If it rains on Good Friday, it will rain for forty days in succession.

213. The direction in which the wind blows on Good Friday will remain the same for the following forty days.

214. On Hallowe'en do not throw out any dirty water, or you'll see the Devil.

215. If the first Sunday in the month is rainy, the succeeding Sundays in the month will be rainy.

216. If you have many visitors on Monday, so it will be every day in the week.<sup>1</sup>

217. It is bad luck to start on a journey on a Friday.

People say,—

218.                   A Saturday flit,  
                          A short sit;

and also,—

219.                   A Saturday *da*,  
                         Leaves Sunday *ba*.<sup>2</sup>

#### LORE ABOUT ADORNMENT AND ARTICLES OF DRESS.

220. The opal is considered unlucky.

221.                   Find a pin and pick it up,  
                         All the day long you'll have good luck.  
                         See a pin and pass it by,  
                         All day long you'll have to cry.<sup>3</sup>

222. If you scratch yourself with a pin, the length of the scratch indicates the length of journey you are about to go.

223. Rhyme about shoes:

Wear on the heel,  
Spend a good deal;  
Wear on the toe,  
Spend as you go;  
Wear on the side,  
You'll be a rich man's bride.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Also in Brant County. (F. W. W.)

<sup>2</sup> Pronounced as in "haw."

<sup>3</sup> Compare Dyer's English Folk-Lore, p. 270; and Wheeler, "Illinois Folk-Lore" (*op. cit.*, p. 60); also p. 18, No. 237.

<sup>4</sup> Also in Brant County (F. W. W.). The Suffolk doggerel is different:—

Tip at the toe: live to see woe;  
Wear at the side: live to be a bride;  
Wear at the ball: live to spend all;  
Wear at the heel: live to save a deal.

224. It is unlucky to mend your clothes while you are wearing them.
225. It is good luck to put on accidentally a garment wrong-side out. To turn it will spoil the luck.
226. If you put your left shoe or stocking on before the right, you will be disappointed that day.
227. It is unlucky for the recipient of a gift to get anything pointed, such as a knife.<sup>1</sup>

#### **HOUSEHOLD-LORE.**

228. If the door opens of its own accord, it is a sign of a visitor.
229. If you go out one door and come in at another, you will bring a stranger.<sup>2</sup>
230. If you sweep dust out of the door, you sweep out all the luck.<sup>3</sup>
231. It is unlucky to pass another person on the stairs.<sup>4</sup>
232. When the stove-pipes become red-hot, throw salt on the fire.<sup>5</sup>
233. Sparks from the fire flying toward you indicate that there is money coming to you. They say, "Look at the money flying!"<sup>6</sup> This indicates death, according to some people.
234. To sing at the table means a disappointment.<sup>4</sup>
235. If you wish to sleep well, the head of your bed should always be to the north.
236. The breaking of a mirror brings seven years' bad luck.<sup>7</sup>
237. It is unlucky for two or more people to look in a mirror at the same time.
238. The clock should be stopped when there is a death in a house.
239. If a broom falls across the doorway, it is a sign of a stranger.
240. It is bad luck to step across a broomstick, to take a broom with you when you move, to drop an umbrella, to raise an umbrella in the house.
241. Never return empty a borrowed article, such as a dish.<sup>4</sup>
242. If a knife, fork, scissors, or anything pointed, falls and sticks in the floor, it is a sign of a visitor.<sup>8</sup>
243. If any one drops a knife at the table, it is a sign of a woman visitor.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Compare p. 15, No. 183.

<sup>2</sup> Compare Wheeler, "Illinois Folk-Lore" (*op. cit.*, p. 59).

<sup>3</sup> Compare p. 16, No. 190.

<sup>4</sup> Also in Brant County. (F. W. W.)

<sup>5</sup> Compare p. 15, No. 170.

<sup>6</sup> Compare p. 16, No. 194.

<sup>7</sup> Compare p. 15, No. 171.

<sup>8</sup> Also in Brant County (F. W. W.). Compare Wheeler, "Illinois Folk-Lore" (*op. cit.*, p. 59).

244. If any one drops a fork at the table, it is a sign of a male visitor.<sup>1</sup>

245. Drop a dish-cloth, and there will be a visitor or a stranger.<sup>2</sup>

246. It is bad luck to pass under a ladder.<sup>3</sup>

247. It is bad luck for two friends to dry their hands on the same towel.<sup>4</sup>

248. To drop a comb while you are using it means a disappointment.

249. The person who takes the comb from another before she is through combing her hair, and uses it, will get a headache.

250. It is bad luck to spill salt. Throw some over the left shoulder to avert misfortune.<sup>5</sup>

251. When the bread cracks across the top in baking, it is a sign of sickness or death;<sup>6</sup> "bad luck, anyway."

252. If you take a piece of bread when you already have some, a visitor will come who is hungry.<sup>7</sup>

253. Always stir cake-dough in the same direction, or it will not be light.<sup>8</sup>

#### WISHES.

254. Light a match and make a wish. If the match burns as long as you can hold it without breaking off, you will get your wish.

255. If two persons begin to speak on the same subject at the same time, they link their little fingers; and whoever names an author first and makes a wish will have her wish granted.<sup>9</sup>

256. If you find a fallen eyelash, place it on the back of your hand and make a wish. Then turn the hand upside down three times, and, if the eyelash stays on, you will get your wish.

257. Children make a wish when they see a white horse.

258. The first time you kiss a new baby, make a wish, and it will come true.

259. When you first see a new-born baby, make a wish, and you are sure to get it.

#### DREAMS.

260. To dream of a snake means that you have enemies.

261. If you dream of a dog, you have a true friend.

<sup>1</sup> Wheeler, "Illinois Folk-Lore" (*op. cit.*, p. 59). For this and the preceding, cf. p. 18, No. 227.

<sup>2</sup> Wheeler, *Ibid.*; and cf. p. 18, No. 232.

<sup>3</sup> Also in Brant County. (F. W. W.)

<sup>4</sup> Compare p. 15, No. 182; and Addy, *op. cit.*, p. 99.

<sup>5</sup> Compare p. 17, No. 207; and Wheeler, *op. cit.*, pp. 61-62.

<sup>6</sup> Compare Wheeler, *op. cit.*, p. 62.

<sup>7</sup> Compare p. 17, No. 225; and Wheeler, *op. cit.*, p. 60.

<sup>8</sup> Compare Bergen, Current Superstitions (MAFLS 4 : 123 [No. 1144]); Fogel, Beliefs and Superstitions of the Pennsylvania Germans, p. 189, No. 918; and Gregor, Notes on the Folk-Lore of the North-East of Scotland (London, 1881), p. 30.

<sup>9</sup> Compare p. 31, No. 443.

- 262. If you dream of the dead, you will hear from the living.
- 263. It is a sign of trouble when you dream of wading through mud.<sup>1</sup>
- 264. To dream of a wedding is a sign of a funeral.
- 265. To dream of a funeral is a sign of a wedding.
- 266. When you dream of washing clothes, you will move soon.
- 267. To dream of

Fruit out of season,  
Grief out of (or without) reason.

268. If you dream that you lose a front tooth, it is a sign that you will lose one of your near relatives by death. If it is a back tooth, it will be one of your friends.<sup>2</sup>

269. Sleep with a piece of wedding-cake under your pillow for three nights in succession, and whatever you dream of the third night will come true.

#### MISCELLANEOUS LORE.

- 270. It is lucky to find a horseshoe.<sup>3</sup>
- 271. A coin that is found is considered lucky.
- 272. Never watch a departing friend out of sight.
- 273. If you choke while speaking, you are telling a lie.<sup>4</sup>
- 274. On going out in the morning, it is good luck for a woman to meet a man first. It is also good luck for a man to meet a woman first.
- 275. It is unlucky to pass through a funeral procession.
- 276. It is bad luck for two persons walking together to pass on different sides of a post.<sup>5</sup>
- 277. If you have to come back for something after going away, sit down and count ten to avert the threatened ill fortune.<sup>6</sup>
- 278. If you sing before breakfast, you will cry before supper. The saying is, —

Sing before you eat,  
Cry before you sleep.<sup>7</sup>

279. The older Irish used to say that when you eat kidneys, you should eat the two from the same animal, otherwise you will get a hole in your cheek.

#### EXCLAMATIONS AND EXPRESSIONS.

- 280. Cripes all fish-hooks!
- 281. Lord, save us!

<sup>1</sup> Compare Wheeler, "Illinois Folk-Lore" (*op. cit.*, p. 63).

<sup>2</sup> Compare Addy, Household Tales and Traditional Remains (*op. cit.*; p. 93); and Wheeler, *op. cit.*, p. 63.

<sup>3</sup> Compare p. 32, No. 460.

<sup>4</sup> Also in Brant County. (F. W. W.)

<sup>5</sup> Compare p. 33, No. 467.

<sup>6</sup> Compare p. 16, No. 200; p. 140, No. 45.

<sup>7</sup> Compare p. 15, No. 173; p. 16, Nos. 195, 204.

282. To go lickety scoot.<sup>1</sup>  
283. To leg it over (i.e., to walk).  
284. Fly around and crack your shirt (i.e., get busy).  
285. Dressed up to the nines.<sup>2</sup>  
286. This won't buy my child a frock,  
Or pay for the one that's bought.

## PROVERBS.

287. When all fruit fails, welcome haws.  
288. Look out for a sore foot (i.e., lay by for a rainy day).  
289. A green Christmas makes a fat graveyard.<sup>1</sup>  
290. A whistling maid and a crowing hen  
Always come to some bad end.<sup>1</sup>  
291. A whistling maid and a jumping sheep  
Are the two worst things a farmer can keep.  
292. Don't have your pants laughing at your boots (i.e., do not have your pantaloons look better than your boots or have the boots shabby-looking).  
293. Good things are put up in small parcels (said jocularly of small people).<sup>1</sup>

## WITTICISMS.

294. When you die of old age, I'll quake with fear.  
295. A draught is jocularly referred to as being "like the breath of a stepmother."<sup>3</sup>  
296. Never mind, you'll be better before you're twice married and once a widow.

## SIMILES.

297. Fat as a butcher.  
298. Healthy as a trout.  
299. Dry as a bone.<sup>1</sup>  
300. As Irish as Paddy's pig.<sup>1</sup>  
301. You look like a hen drawing rails.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Also in Brant County. (F. W. W.)

<sup>2</sup> "Believe you to the nines" occurs in an Irish tale, "Jack and his Comrades" (Celtic Fairy Tales, by Joseph Jacobs [New York and London, no date], p. 131); also cf. p. 36, No. 543.

<sup>3</sup> Compare E. M. Wright, *op. cit.*, pp. 312-313; used in Brant County to refer to a cold wind (F. W. W.).

<sup>4</sup> Compare p. 36, No. 539.

- 302. Like a hen on a hot griddle (i.e., fidgety).<sup>1</sup>
- 303. Grinning like a basket of chips.<sup>2</sup>
- 304. As handy as a pocket in a shirt.<sup>3</sup>
- 305. As bitter as soot.
- 306. As tight as the bark of a tree.<sup>3</sup>

#### OATHS AND ASSEVERATIVE RHYMES.

- 307. "Cross my heart!" is a child's oath or form of asseveration.<sup>3</sup>
- 308. Another is in rhyme:—

Upon my word an' honor,  
As I went around the corner,  
I met a pig without a wig,  
Upon my word an' honor!

#### FAIRIES AND WITCHES.

- 309. It is claimed that fairies are fallen angels.
- 310. The Nolan family believed in the Banshee.
- 311. An old Irish woman claimed that to sprinkle salt in the churn would keep the fairies or the witches from stealing the milk.
- 312. While a man in Ireland was digging under a hedge, he turned up what appeared to be gold. He looked to see whether any one had seen him; but when he looked back at the spot, the gold had disappeared.
- 313. A fairy once came to a house asking for a dish of meal. The woman gave her some. The dish was returned, and ever after it was never empty.
- 314. An old Irishwoman said that she could see the fairies with their little red caps on their heads. She dared not refuse them anything they asked for; for, even if refused, they would help themselves to whatever they wanted.
- 315. Those who had the temerity to dig into a fairy mound or fort had their heads turned round, and they were kept in this position until they desisted.
- 316. A Tipperary man (William Patterson) told of a man who did not believe in fairies, and who insisted on using a piece of ground fenced off and set aside for their use; but when he stuck his spade into the ground, he found he could not pull it out again.
- 317. Another man found a sixpence in his shoe every morning, but one morning his brother woke up before him and took the coin. On awaking, he found the coin gone, and said to his brother, "You've

<sup>1</sup> "Like a flea on a hot griddle;" Brant County (F. W. W.).

<sup>2</sup> Also in Brant County. (F. W. W.)

<sup>3</sup> Also in Brant County (F. W. W.), and at St. Thomas, Ont.

spoilt my luck." This proved true, for the fairies did not put any more money in his shoe.<sup>1</sup>

318. A beggar and her children once went to a house to beg; but the beggar was told by the woman who came to the door to get away with her little pigs (meaning the children). This woman soon after gave birth to a child with a pig's head.

319. There was formerly a belief in the evil eye. Children were said to become ill when certain persons looked at them.

#### GHOST-LORE.

320. Look between a horse's ears to see spirits.

321. An Irishman's son cheated his father out of his property, and left him penniless. The father died, and afterwards his spirit appeared to the son and slapped him on the side of the face. A cancer started shortly after in the same spot, and caused his death. The spirit also appeared to a neighbor (a Mr. Clark), who, upon returning from his barn, saw it come into his lane and enter the house; but when Mr. Clark arrived there, no one was to be seen. He afterwards heard that his neighbor had died.

#### GAMES AND AMUSEMENTS.

322. Whenever a player wishes to stop in the midst of a game of tag, he says, "I bar!"<sup>2</sup>

323. To count one hundred quickly, children say,—

Ten, ten, double ten,  
Forty-five and fifteen.<sup>3</sup>

324. "PUM, PUM, PULL AWAY!" — This game was played with the familiar rhyme,—

Pum, pum, pull away!  
If you don't come, I'll fetch you away.<sup>4</sup>

325. FOX AND GEESE.<sup>5</sup> — Two vertical lines crossed by the same number of horizontal lines are drawn on a slate or piece of paper (Fig. 1), and one of the players (only two play) begins by marking a cross in one of the square spaces. The other player then puts a circle in another space; and this is kept up, each player marking alternately until all the spaces are filled, the object being to get a horizontal, diagonal, or vertical row of circles or crosses. The one succeeding in this wins the game.

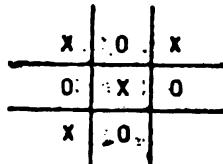


FIG. 1.

<sup>1</sup> Compare E. M. Wright, *Rustic Speech and Folk-Lore* (London, 1913), p. 209.

<sup>2</sup> Also in Brant County. (F. W. W.)

<sup>3</sup> Played in Brant County and other places in Ontario. (F. W. W.) See p. 144. No. 93.

326. TICK, TACK, TOE.—Another game consists in drawing on a piece of paper a circle about five inches in diameter with twelve segments, the segments being numbered 1, 2, 3, etc., up to 12. One of the players then takes a pencil, and, closing his eyes, says,—

“Tick, tack, toe,  
Around I go;  
Hit or miss,  
I stop at this!”

and whatever number is touched last is put down. Two players do this in rotation, and the one whose score is the largest wins the game.

327. MOTHER, MOTHER, THE BREAD'S BURNING!—In this game one of the girl players, representing the bread, lies down on a make-believe oven, made of leaves. The mother, impersonated by another player, goes away to get food for other players, — her children, — leaving the first player in their charge. They all run after her, calling, “Mother, mother, the bread's burning!” and then they all run back to the “bread,” pick her up, and carry her around.<sup>1</sup>

328. OLD BLOODY TOM.—A pen or house is made by hanging a blanket or quilt over several chairs. All but the one representing Old Tom go inside, and call,—

“Who goes round my house this time of night?”

To which the player outside replies,—

“Old Bloody Tom with his nightcap on.”

He is then asked,—

“What does he want?”

He replies,—

“A good fat sheep.”

He is then told,—

“Take the worst and leave the best,  
And never come back to trouble the rest.”

Finally Old Bloody Tom reaches in and grabs a sheep.<sup>2</sup>

329. JACOB AND RACHEL.—One boy, blindfolded, stands in the middle of a ring and calls one of the girls, who goes into the ring with him. He calls, “Where art thou, Rachel?” to which she, in a changed voice, answers, “Here, Jacob!” He has to catch her.<sup>3</sup>

330. RING AROUND A ROSY.—The players, holding each other's hands, move in a circle around another player (Rosy), in the centre.

<sup>1</sup> R. C. MacLagan, in “Additions to the Games of Argyleshire” (*Folk-Lore*, 17 : 103), describes a similar girl's game played in Arran, Scotland.

<sup>2</sup> Compare p. 56, No. 643.

<sup>3</sup> Also in Brant County and Manitoulin Island. (F. W. W.)

The one who squats down last at the conclusion of the song has next to be Rosy.

Ring around a Rosy,  
A pocket full of posy;  
Who sat down last?<sup>1</sup>

### 331. DROP THE HANDKERCHIEF.

I sent a letter to my love,  
And on my way I dropped it;  
A little doggie picked it up,  
And put it in his pocket.  
It won't bite you! [to first child]  
It won't bite you! [to second child]  
But it'll bite you! <sup>2</sup> [to third child]

### 332. SEE-SAW.

See-saw, a bottle of raw.<sup>3</sup> (*bis*)

Said or sung when "sawing" with string figure (Fig. 2).

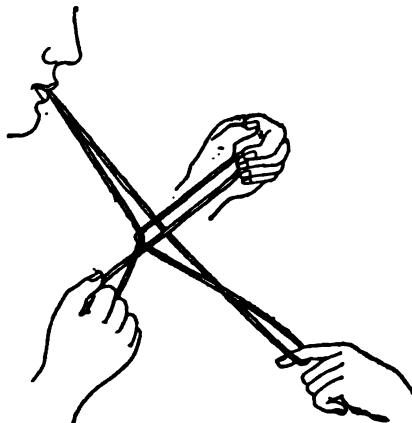


FIG. 2.

### 333. KING OF THE CASTLE.—Standing upon a stone, a player says,—

"I am the king of the castle,  
And you are the dirty rascal,"—

and the other players try to dislodge him. Whoever succeeds in doing so then gets upon the stone and repeats the rhyme.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Compare "Songs and Games of the South" (JAFL 26 : 139 [No. 7]); also p. 57, No. 645.

<sup>2</sup> Compare R. C. MacLagan, *op. cit.*, pp. 101-102; also p. 57, No. 646.

<sup>3</sup> In Argyleshire, Scotland, they say,—

"See saw, Johnny Maw,  
See saw, Johnnie man."

Compare R. C. MacLagan, *The Games and Diversions of Argyleshire* (London, 1901), p. 190.

<sup>4</sup> Also in Brant County. (F. W. W.)

## 334. A GAME OF CATCH.

Where did you come from,  
Shood-a-lack-a-day?  
Paddy's on the railroad;  
Paddy's on the sea;  
Paddy's caught a codfish,  
But he can't catch me.

One of the players sings this, and at the conclusion of the song all the others run, some one being supposed to catch one of them.<sup>1</sup>

## 335. GO TO BED, TOM!

Go to bed, Tom,  
Go to bed, Tom!  
Get up in the morning  
And put your clothes on.<sup>2</sup>

This is said as an accompaniment to a rhythmic drumming-noise made with the fingers and palm on the table.

## 336. HERE COME TWO JOLLY JOVERS.

Here come two jolly jovers,  
Just lately come on shore;  
They jove around, and round and round,  
They jove around once more;  
They jove around, and round and round,  
And kiss her to the floor.<sup>3</sup>

337. JIG, JOG! — The players all join hands in a circle and dance around, repeating the following couplet, until they fall down exhausted: —

Jig, jog,  
A bottle of grog!

338. WHO'S GOT THE BUTTON? — The girl players all sit down; and one goes around with a button, which she slips into some one's hand; and then they have to guess who has the button, saying, —

"Buttany, buttany,  
Who's got the button?"<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Compare p. 61, No. 675.

<sup>2</sup> Thomas Wright (in his *Essays on Subjects connected with the Literature, Popular Superstitions and History of England in the Middle Ages* [London, 1846], 1 : 157-158) gives a similar rhyme which John B. Ker (*An Essay on the Archaeology of our Popular Phrases and Nursery Rhymes* [2d ed., London, 1839], p. 264) thinks was an invective against the monks: —

"Go to bed, Tom!  
Go to bed, Tom!  
Drunk or sober;  
Go to bed, Tom!"

<sup>3</sup> Compare "Jolly Rover" (JAFL 27 : 295 [No. 15]).

<sup>4</sup> Also in Brant County. (F. W. W.)

339. THE CROW'S NEST.—One is asked to put his finger in the "crow's nest." If he incautiously inserts his finger in the opening between the crossed fingers (Fig. 3), he receives a sharp pinch.<sup>1</sup>

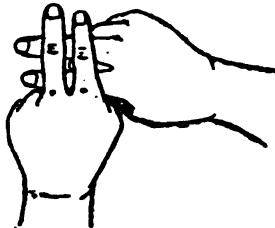


FIG. 3.

#### 340. THE CHURCH.

This is the church,  
This is the steeple,  
Open the door,  
Here are six people.

While repeating the first line, the fingers are placed in the position shown in Fig. 4; with the second line, the tips of the two fingers held in the above position are touched with the lips; as the third line is

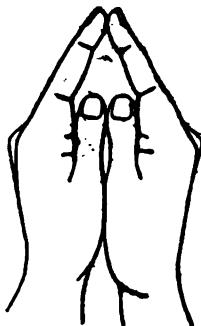


FIG. 4.

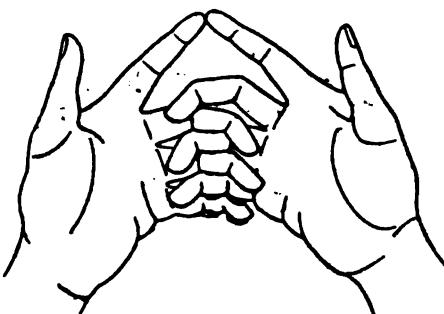


FIG. 5.

said, the hands are swung open like a door (Fig. 5), showing the "six people" (the interlocked fingers of each hand) mentioned in the last line.

341. PIECE OF PUDDING HOT.—The following was a rhyme used in an amusement or game in which two children took part:—

A piece of pudding hot,  
A piece of pudding cold,

<sup>1</sup> Also in Brant County. (F. W. W.)

A piece of pudding in the pot,  
Nine days old.<sup>1</sup>

I like it hot,  
You like it cold;  
I like it in the pot,  
Nine days old.

The two children sat facing each other, and began, with the first line of the rhyme, by placing their hands on their knees, then first clapping their own hands, and then their respective right hands, together. This performance was repeated for the second, third, and fourth lines, except that for the second line the left hands were clapped, and both hands (with each other) for the last line. The performance was the same for the second verse. The lines were repeated quickly, and the motions were gone through with corresponding rapidity.

342. Children say the following rhyme in counting the buttons on each other's dresses to discover the vocation or condition of their future husband:—

Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief,  
Doctor, lawyer, Indian chief.<sup>2</sup>

Similarly they find out what kind of dress the bride will wear:—

### Silk, satin, cotton batten; (bis)

or,

### Silk, satin, muslin, rags; (bis)

and then the kind of equipage in which the bride and groom will ride:—

## Wheelbarrow, wagon, coach, carriage. (bis)

NURSERY RHYMES.

344. There were two blackbirds  
Sitting on a hill;  
One named Jack,  
The other named Jill.  
Fly away, Jack!  
Fly away, Jill!

<sup>1</sup> An English version is, —

"Bean porridge hot,  
Bean porridge cold,  
Bean porridge in the pot  
Nine days old."

<sup>2</sup> Also in Brant County. (F. W. W.)

Come back, Jack!  
Come back, Jill!<sup>1</sup>

345. Baa, baa, black sheep, have you any wool?  
Yes, I have, sir, three bags full;  
One for you, sir, one for the dame,  
And one for the old man that lives in the lane.
346. A little mouse sat down to spin.  
A cat came by and she peeked in;  
"What are you doing there, my good little man?" —  
"Making a coat as fast as I can." —  
"May I come in and wax your thread?" —  
"No, thank you, Miss Puss, you might bite off my head."
347. Hip-a-di-hop to the barber shop  
To buy a stick of candy,  
One for me, and one for you,  
And one for uncle Sandy.<sup>2</sup>
348. "How many miles to Barleytown?" —  
"Three score and ten." —  
"Can I get there by candle-light?" —  
"Yes, and back again,  
If you don't lose any of your men."
349. Little Dame Trot with her little hair broom,  
One morning, was sweeping her little bedroom,  
And, casting her little gray eyes on the ground,  
In a sly little corner a penny she found.  
"Odds, bobbs!" says the dame,  
"Bless my heart, such a prize!  
To the market I'll go and a pig I will buy,  
And little Dame Trumpet she'll build it a sty."  
She washed herself clean and put on her gown,  
Then locked up the house and set off for the town.  
A purchase she made of a little white pig,  
And a penny she paid.

350. TAFFY WAS A WELSHMAN.

Taffy was a Welshman;  
Taffy was a thief;  
Taffy came to my house,  
And stole a leg of beef.

I went to Taffy's house,  
Taffy was in bed;

<sup>1</sup> This was played as a game in Brant County. A piece of paper was pasted on a finger of each hand; the hands were given a flip, and a different finger was substituted, making the birds "fly away;" another flip made them return. An almost identical version is found in *Mother Goose's Book* (J. M. Dent & Sons), p. III. (F. W. Waugh.)

<sup>2</sup> Also in Brant County. (F. W. W.)

I took the poker,  
And hit him on the head.<sup>1</sup>

351. Higgeldy, piggeldy, my black hen;  
You lay four eggs, I lay ten.  
Higgeldy, piggeldy, my black hen.<sup>2</sup>

352. I had a little pony,  
Its name was Dapple Gray,  
I lent it to a lady,  
To ride a mile away.  
She whipped it, she slashed it,  
She rode it through the mire.  
And I'll never lend my pony  
To another lady's hire.<sup>3</sup>

353. "Sing, sing!"  
"What shall I sing?"  
"The cat ran away with my apron-string!"

354. Little breeches,  
Full of stitches,  
Crazy head, the madman.<sup>4</sup>

### 355. RIDE A COCK HORSE.

Ride a cock horse to Banbury Cross,  
To see a fair lady ride on a white horse.  
She had rings on her fingers, and bells on her toes,  
And they would make music wherever she goes.<sup>5</sup>

### 356. CLAP HANDS.

Clap hands,  
Clap hands!  
Daddy comes home;  
Daddy has money,  
And mamma has none.

357. "Make a cake, make a cake, my good man!" —  
"So I do, so I do, fast as I can." —  
"Prick it and stick it, and mark it with B;  
Take it and bake it for Bobby and me."<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> A Brant County version is the same, except that "marrow-bone" is substituted for "poker." (F. W. W.)

<sup>2</sup> A version of this is found in Mother Goose's book, etc. (J. M. Dent & Sons, 1913).

<sup>3</sup> Also in Brant County. (F. W. W.)

<sup>4</sup> A variant is,—

Go to bed,  
You sleepy head,  
You crazy head,  
The madman.

<sup>5</sup> A version is found in Mother Goose's book, etc. (J. M. Dent & Sons), p. 7.

<sup>6</sup> Compare p. 62, No. 683.

## 358. TOM THUMB, THE PIPER'S SON.

Tom Thumb, the piper's son,  
Stole a goose and away he run;  
The goose got caught, and he was shot,  
And that was the end of the piper's son.

359. GOOSEY GANDER.<sup>1</sup>

"Goosey, goosey gander,  
Where do you wander?" —  
"Up stairs and down stairs,  
In my lady's chamber."<sup>2</sup>

360. "Go to bed," said Sleepy-Head.  
"Time enough," said Slow.  
"Put on the pot," said Greedy-Gut,  
"We'll eat before we go."<sup>3</sup>

361. Sally (?) was nimble,  
She sat on a thimble,  
The thimble was small,  
She got a great fall.

## 362. BETTY PRINGLE AND HER PIG.

Betty Pringle had a little pig,  
Not very little, not very big.  
When it was alive, it lived on clover;  
But now it is dead, and that's all over.  
So Billy Pringle he laid down and cried,  
And Betty Pringle she laid down and died.  
And that is the end of one, two, three:  
Betty Pringle, she; Billy Pringle, he;  
And the little piggie, wiggle.<sup>4</sup>

363. Knock at the door [rap with finger on forehead];  
Peek in [point at one of the eyes];  
Lift up latch [put finger under tip of nose and lift];  
Walk in [put finger in mouth];  
Take a chair (*ter*)<sup>5</sup> [chuck under chin three times].

364. Eye winker,  
Tom Tinker,  
Nose hopper,

<sup>1</sup> The song or rhyme of which this is a part is very old, and, according to John B. Ker (*op. cit.*, p. 259), was originally an invective against the monks, written in archaic English, cunningly changed by them to its present form, entirely destroying the meaning and point. The original words are given by Wright (*op. cit.*, 1 : 155).

<sup>2</sup> Versions of 358 and 359 are found in Mother Goose's book (J. M. Dent & Sons), pp. 127 and 5.

<sup>3</sup> Compare p. 59, No. 660.

<sup>4</sup> Emphasis on the final *ie*. A version is found in Mother Goose's book, p. 138.

<sup>5</sup> Also in Brant County. (F. W. W.)

Mouth eater,  
Chinchopper, chinchopper, chin!<sup>1</sup>

### 365. RHYMES FOR THE HAND OR FOOT.

This little pig went to market [thumb or big-toe];  
This little pig staid at home [first finger or toe];  
This little pig got a piece of bread and butter [second finger or toe];  
This little pig got none [third finger or toe];  
And this little pig said, "Wee, wee, wee!" all the way home [little finger or toe].<sup>2</sup>

366. Away she goes to Bella Mashee!  
The quicker she goes, the better for me.

367. You'll get what Paddy gave the drum,  
Two sticks instead of one.<sup>3</sup>

### MISCELLANEOUS RHYMES.

368. Hum, hum, Harry!  
Deep in love and *dursn't* marry.<sup>4</sup>

A variant is,—

Hum, hum, Harry!  
If I was young I'd never, never marry.

369. When there are only two pieces of bread left at the table, they say,—

Two pieces among four of us;  
Thank the Lord! there's no more of us.<sup>5</sup>

370. The following rhyme was said when making a gift of candy:—

Open your mouth and shut your eyes,  
And I'll give you something to make you wise.<sup>6</sup>

371. Roly, poly, pudney pie,  
Kiss the girls and make them cry.

372. Raise Cain and kill Abel,  
And all the people in the stable.

373. Hiccup,  
Ten drops in a cup.

<sup>1</sup> Compare Martinesco Cesaresco, *The Study of Folk-Songs* (Everyman's Library), p. 123; also *Mother Goose's Nursery Rhymes and Songs* (Everyman's Library), p. 39.

<sup>2</sup> For the last line, some say,—

And this little pig said, "Wee, wee, wee! where's my share?"

Compare John Nicholson, *Folk-Lore of East Yorkshire*.

<sup>3</sup> Found in Brant County, though this version has for the last line "a good bating." (F. W. W.)

<sup>4</sup> Compare Wheeler, "Illinois Folk-Lore" (*op. cit.*, p. 67).

<sup>5</sup> Compare p. 35, No. 497.

Also in Brant County. (F. W. W.)

374. The following rhyme was connected with the coat-of-arms at the bottom of the old-fashioned Delft plates:—

The lion and the unicorn,  
Fighting for the crown;  
The lion turned the unicorn  
Upside down.<sup>1</sup>

375. Good-night,  
Good nipp'en,  
The first baby you get,  
I'll buy it a hippen.<sup>2</sup>

376. Good night,  
Sleep tight,  
Don't let the bed bugs bite you!<sup>3</sup>

377. Tit for tat,  
Butter for fat;  
If you kill my dog,  
I'll kill your cat.<sup>4</sup>

378. Once upon a time,  
When dogs ate lime,  
And monkeys chewed tobacco,  
And very good tobacco it was.<sup>5</sup>

379. When about to engage in a game or work, boys say, —

Pully off a coat, boys;  
Rolly up a sleeve;  
Jordan is a hard road  
To travel, I believe.

380. "O mother! may I go to swim?" —  
"Oh, yes! my dearest daughter.  
Just hang your clothes on a hickory limb,  
But don't go near the water."<sup>6</sup>

381. Chicany, chicany, criny, crow,  
Went to the well to wash a big toe;  
When she got there, the well was bare;  
Chicany, chicany, criny, crow.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> A Brant County version is, —

The lion and the unicorn  
Fighting for the crown;  
Along came a black dog,  
And chased them out of town.  
(F. W. Waugh.)

<sup>2</sup> A square or napkin.

<sup>3</sup> A Brant County version leaves out the last word. (F. W. W.)

<sup>4</sup> Also in Brant County. (F. W. W.)

<sup>5</sup> Brant County has a similar version. (F. W. W.)

<sup>6</sup> Compare p. 55, No. 640.

<sup>7</sup> Compare Newell, "The Game of the Child-Stealing Witch" (JAFL 3 : 139); and Wheeler, "Illinois Folk-Lore" (*op. cit.*, p. 68).

382. "Mary, wary, quite contrary,  
How does your garden grow?" —  
"Every apple as big as your thrapple;  
Every plum as big as your thumb;  
And that's the way Mary's garden grows."<sup>1</sup>
383. One, two, buckle my shoe;  
Three, four, shut the door;  
Five, six, pick up sticks;  
Seven, eight, lay them straight;  
Nine, ten, a good fat hen.<sup>2</sup>
384. Arrah, be gob!  
Don't you be talking!  
A soldier's wife must be walking [said to gossip?]
385. TWENTY-FOURTH OF MAY:  
 Twenty-fourth of May  
 Is the Queen's birthday;  
 If you don't give us a holiday,  
 We'll all run away.<sup>3</sup>
- Another was, —  
 Twenty-fourth of May  
 Is the Queen's birthday.  
 We don't give a darn  
 What the old folks say.
386. The following lines are a fragment of another rhyme or song:—  
 Iron nose and wooden toes,  
 . . . . .  
 I pulled and he pulled,  
 And off came his breeches.
387. As I went over London Bridge (?),  
 I met my aunty Kate;  
 She had iron nose and wooden toes,  
 'Pon my word, she'd scare the crows!  
 . . . . .
388. There was an old woman who lived under a hill,  
 And if she's not dead, she lives there still.
389. Hedges and ditches,  
 I tore me old breeches  
 Going over the hedges  
 To see Sarah Ann.

<sup>1</sup> For a version see Mother Goose's book, p. 8.

<sup>2</sup> See Mother Goose's book, p. 114.

<sup>3</sup> Compare p. 62, No. 680.

390. THE OLD WOMAN AND HER PIG.

As I was going to market with a pig,  
I saw a bunch of blackberries;  
But the pig wouldn't cross the bridge,  
And I can't get my blackberries.

Along came a dog.  
"Dog, bite pig!" —  
"No," says the dog,  
"I won't bite no pig!"  
Dog won't bite pig,  
Pig won't go across bridge,  
And I can't get my blackberries.<sup>1</sup>

Along came a stick;  
"Stick, whip dog!" —  
"No," says the stick,  
"I won't whip no dog!"  
Stick won't whip dog,  
Dog won't bite pig,  
Pig won't go across bridge,  
And I can't get my blackberries.

Along came a fire:  
"Fire, burn stick!" —  
"No," says the fire,  
"I burn no stick!"  
Fire won't burn stick,  
Stick won't whip dog,  
Dog won't bite pig,  
Pig won't cross bridge,  
And I can't get my blackberries.

Along came the water.  
"Water, quench fire!" —  
"No," says the water,  
"I quench no fire!"  
Water won't quench fire,  
Fire won't burn stick,  
Stick won't whip dog,  
Dog won't bite pig,  
Pig won't go across bridge,  
And I can't get my blackberries.

Along came a calf.  
"Calf, drink water!" —  
"No," says the calf,  
"I drink no water!"  
Calf won't drink water,  
Water won't quench fire,

<sup>1</sup> The accumulative lines are said as quickly as possible.

Fire won't burn stick,  
 Stick won't whip dog,  
 Dog won't bite pig,  
 Pig won't go across bridge,  
 And I can't get my blackberries.

Along came a butcher.  
 "Butcher, kill calf!" —  
 "No," says the butcher,  
 "I kill no calf!"  
 Butcher won't kill calf,  
 Calf won't drink water,  
 Water won't quench fire,  
 Fire won't burn stick,  
 Stick won't whip dog,  
 Dog won't bite pig,  
 Pig won't go across bridge,  
 And I can't get my blackberries.

Along came a rope.  
 "Rope, hang butcher!" —  
 "No," says the rope,  
 "I hang no butcher!"  
 Rope won't hang butcher,  
 Butcher won't kill calf,  
 Calf won't drink water,  
 Water won't quench fire,  
 Fire won't burn stick,  
 Stick won't whip dog,  
 Dog won't bite pig,  
 Pig won't go across bridge,  
 And I can't get my blackberries.

Along came a rat.  
 "Rat, eat rope!" —  
 "No," says the rat,  
 "I eat no rope!"  
 Rat won't eat rope,  
 Rope won't hang butcher,  
 Butcher won't kill calf,  
 Calf won't drink water,  
 Water won't quench fire,  
 Fire won't burn stick,  
 Stick won't whip dog,  
 Dog won't bite pig,  
 Pig won't go across bridge,  
 And I can't get my blackberries.

Along came a cat.  
 "Cat, eat rat!" —  
 "No," says the cat,  
 "I eat no rat!"

Cat won't eat rat,  
Rat won't eat rope,  
Rope won't hang butcher,  
Butcher won't kill calf,  
Calf won't drink water,  
Water won't quench fire,  
Fire won't burn stick,  
Stick won't whip dog,  
Dog won't bite pig,  
Pig won't go across bridge,  
And I can't get my blackberries.

Along came the wind.

Away flew the cat,  
Away flew the rat,  
Away flew the rope,  
Away flew the butcher,  
Away flew the calf,  
Away flew the water,  
Away flew the fire,  
Away flew the stick,  
Away flew the dog,  
Away flew the pig,  
And I got my blackberries.

#### BOOK RHYMES.

391. On the fly-leaf of the book was written, —

If my name you want to find,  
Turn to page 109.

Then on page 109, —

If my name you cannot see,  
Turn to page 103.

And there one was confronted with, —

Oh, you fool, you cannot find it,  
Close the book and never mind it.<sup>1</sup>

392. Another ran as follows: —

When I am dead and in my grave,  
And all my bones are rotten,  
This little book shall tell my name,  
When I am quite forgotten.

393. Some wrote the following couplet on the fly-leaf: —

Don't steal this book for fear of strife,  
For here you see my butcher-knife.

<sup>1</sup> Compare p. 149, No. 120; also in Brant County (F. W. W.).

394. Another was,—

Don't steal this book for fear of shame,  
For here you see the owner's name.<sup>1</sup>

395. The following was said or written for "Contents." Cows  
Ought Not To Eat Nasty Turnip-Stalks.<sup>2</sup>

396. For "Preface," they said or wrote,—

P for Peter,  
R for row,  
E for Elizabeth,  
F for foe,  
A for Ann,  
C for can,  
E for Elizabeth wants a man.

397.

Multiplication is vexation,  
Subtraction is as bad;  
The rule of three it puzzles me,  
And fractions set me mad.<sup>3</sup>

#### SATIRIC AND TEASING RHYMES.

398.

Tom, tom, toddy,  
Big head and no body.<sup>4</sup>

399.

You're off your dot,  
You ought to be shot.

400. To a red-headed person:—

Red-head, fire-skull,  
Caught a louse as big as a bull.

401. The following rhyme was said to a boy who came to school  
with a "new" haircut:—

Johnny on the wood-pile,  
Johnny on the fence,  
Johnny get your hair cut  
For fifteen cents.<sup>5</sup>

402.

Dilly, Dilly Dout,  
With his shirt-tail out,  
Five yards in  
And ten yards out.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Compare Bassett, *op. cit.*, p. 158.

<sup>2</sup> Also in Brant County. (F. W. W.)

<sup>3</sup> For a version, see Mother Goose's book, p. 144.

<sup>4</sup> Resembles a familiar riddle; cf. p. 70, No. 804; also E. M. Wright, *op. cit.*; p. 178.

<sup>5</sup> Compare p. 61, No. 674; p. 150, No. 124.

<sup>6</sup> A Brant County version begins, "Giddy, giddy, gout." (F. W. W.)

403. A scholar who came late to school was greeted by the other children with,—

A dollar, a dollar,  
A ten-o'clock scholar!  
Why do you come so soon?  
You used to come at nine o'clock,  
But now you come at noon.

404.

Willie, the billy,  
The rick, stick, stilly,  
The reebo, the ribo,  
The ..... Billy.

A variant:

Tommy, the rommy,  
The rick, stick, stomy,  
The reebo, the ribo,  
The ..... Tommy.<sup>1</sup>

405.

Tell, tell, tattle tale,  
Hang to the bull's tail;  
When the bull begins to run,  
You will get the sugar-plum.

406.

Doctor, doctor, can you tell  
What will make poor X — well?  
She is sick and she will die,  
And that will make poor Y — cry.

407.

X — is mad, and I am glad;  
And I know how to please him,  
A bottle of wine to make him shine,  
And Y — to squeeze him.<sup>2</sup>

The last name was usually that of some girl he disliked.

408. The following rhyme was said to Negroes:—

Nigger, nigger, never die,  
Black face and shiny eye;  
Teapot nose and turned-up toes,  
That's the way the nigger goes.<sup>3</sup>

409. The old and bitter antagonism between Orangeman and Catholic is reflected in the lines,—

Teeter, totter,  
Holy water,  
Sprinkle the Catholics every one;

<sup>1</sup> These two versions are found also in Brant County. (F. W. W.)

<sup>2</sup> Compare Perrow's "Songs and Rhymes of the South" (JAFL 26 : 154 [No. 22 and note]).

<sup>3</sup> Compare p. 61, No. 671; p. 166, No. 19.

Take them to battle,  
And shoot them like cattle,  
And let them lie under the Protestant drum.

This was said by Protestants in derision of Catholics.<sup>1</sup>

Here's a needle,  
Here's a thread,  
To sew a pig's tail  
To an Orangeman's head,

was said by Catholics in reply.

**410. Another is a little more vigorous:—**

Up the long ladder,<sup>2</sup>  
Down the short rope,  
To hell with King Billy!  
Three cheers for the Pope!<sup>3</sup>

**COUNTING-OUT RHYMES.**

**411.**                      Pig's snout,  
                                Walk out.<sup>4</sup>

**412.**                      Eeny, meeny, miny mo,  
                                Cas-a-lara, bina, bo,  
                                Eggs, butter, cheese, bread,  
                                Stick, stack, stone dead.<sup>5</sup>

**413.**                      One, two, three, four, five,  
                                I caught a hare alive;  
                                Six, seven, eight, nine, ten,  
                                I let it go again.

**414.**                      Monkey, monkey, barley, beer;  
                                How many monkeys are there here?

<sup>1</sup> A Brant County version is,—

Teeter, totter,  
Holy milk and water;  
Sprinkle the Catholics every one.  
If that won't do,  
We'll cut them in two  
And put them under the Protestants' drum.

(F. W. Waugh.)

<sup>2</sup> A somewhat similar line occurs in a rhyme used by boys from Totley, in Derbyshire, England, to revile the boys from the neighboring hamlet of Dore (Addy, *Household Tales and Traditional Remains*, p. 131).

<sup>3</sup> This is found in Brant County and elsewhere, but usually with the sentiment in the last two lines reversed. (F. W. W.)

<sup>4</sup> Compare p. 46, No. 626.

<sup>5</sup> The other formula (cf. p. 42) is also used here.

One, two, three,  
Out goes she.<sup>1</sup>

415. One, two, three,  
The bumble-bee;  
The rooster crows;  
And away she goes.<sup>2</sup>

416. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven,  
All good children go to heaven;  
All bad children go below,  
Keep company with Gooderow.<sup>3</sup>

#### TONGUE-TWISTERS.

417. Six, thick, thistle-sticks.

418. I slit the sheet, and the sheet slit me.<sup>4</sup>

419. Peter Pippen picked a peck of pickled peppers; and if Peter Pippen picked a peck of pickled peppers, where's the peck of pickled peppers Peter Pippen picked?<sup>4</sup>

#### RIDDLES.

420. What goes round and round the house and makes but one track? — A wheelbarrow.

421. What goes round and round the house and peeks in every window? — The sun.

422. Two crooks,  
Four stiff-standers,  
Four diddle-danders,  
And a wigam-wagem.  
A cow.<sup>5</sup>

423. Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,  
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall;  
All the king's horses, all the king's men,  
Cannot put Humpty Dumpty back again.  
An egg.<sup>6</sup>

424. In spring I am gay,  
In handsome array;  
In summer more clothing I wear;  
When colder it grows,  
I fling off my clothes;  
And in winter quite naked appear.  
A tree.

<sup>1</sup> Compare p. 44, No. 605.

<sup>2</sup> Also in Brant County. (F. W. W.)

<sup>3</sup> Compare p. 43, No. 599.

<sup>4</sup> Compare p. 62, No. 684.

<sup>5</sup> Compare E. M. Wright, *op. cit.*, p. 311; Westmoreland and Lancashire variants.

<sup>6</sup> See version in Mother Goose's book, p. 195.

425.

Elizabeth, Eliza, Betsy, and Bess  
Went to the woods to find a bird's nest.  
They found a nest with four eggs in it;  
Each took an egg apiece.  
How many were left?

Three, all being names of one person.

426.

Narrow at the bottom,  
Wide at the top.<sup>1</sup>  
A thing in the middle  
Goes whippity-whop.  
Old-fashioned dash-churn.<sup>1</sup>

OTTAWA, CAN.

<sup>1</sup> All the dash-churns I have ever seen were wide at the bottom, and narrow at the top.

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# THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN FOLK-LORE.

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## FOLK-LORE COLLECTED IN TORONTO AND VICINITY.

BY W. J. WINTEMBERG.

THE following collection of folk-lore material is not the result of a systematic effort. It was made as occasion offered during the period extending from 1898 to 1911. Except where otherwise stated, all the data were obtained from people of British extraction, most of the purely English material being communicated by J. K. Matthews (JKM) and Frances and Minnie Matthews (FM and MM). Two extracts from local newspapers are also included.

### PLANT-LORE.

1. Sweet-clover drives away flies or kills them. (FM.)
2. The effects of poison ivy will be felt for seven years. (FM.)
3. There is a plant we call "the devil-flower." If you touch it, you will go to the devil. (FM.)
4. There is a blue flower we call the "wild stock." If you touch it, you will be poisoned. (FM.)
5. An Irish woman (Westmoreland Street, Toronto) believes that "snake-cactus" brings bad luck. (FM.)

### ANIMAL-LORE.

6. Grandfather, grandfather Graveyard,  
Tell me where the cows are, or I'll kill you.

This is said to the "daddy-long-legs" spider. (John Day, Comber, Essex County, Ontario.)

7. Grasshopper, grasshopper,  
Give me some "bacca,"  
And then I'll let you go.

This is said to grasshoppers. (FM.)

8. Hunters, in York County, believe that if they miss the first rabbit, they will have no luck all day. (E. R. Boniface.)
9. It is unlucky to buy a horse with three white feet or legs. I heard of a man going all the way from Toronto to Napanee, in 1903, to buy

a fine team of horses, but who refused to take them because one of them had three white feet. (J. Deans.)

#### WEATHER-LORE.

10. Winter thunder is a sign of more cold weather.
11. "To turn a tub upside down will bring thunder." (Said by a woman on Westmoreland Street, Toronto. — FM.)
12. When cats or dogs eat grass, it forecasts a storm.
13. When pigs run about with straw in their mouths, it indicates a coming storm. (E. R. Boniface.)
14. When the snow disappears by the sun's aid alone, thunderstorms are frequent during the summer.
15. When earthworms appear about the ground in large numbers, one may expect a shower. (Told by an old farmer attending the Toronto Exhibition, in 1898.)
16. The same man told me that when cranes (blue herons) fly northward, rain is to be expected.
17. The crying of the night-hawk (*Chordeiles virginianus* Gmel.) is a sign of warm weather.

#### LORE ABOUT THE HUMAN BODY.

18. If your nose itches, you will kiss a fool.
19. If your nose itches before breakfast, you will see some one before dinner; if before dinner, you will see some one before supper; if before supper, you will see some one before bed-time. (FM.)
20. Left-handed people do not get consumption.
21. Itching hands betoken a visitor with whom you will shake hands.
22. If your right foot itches, you are wanted and are welcome somewhere. If your left foot itches, you are not welcome. (FM.)

#### BIRTH AND CHILDHOOD.

23. A child with the incisor teeth far apart will become rich.
24. To rock an empty cradle is a sign of sickness (to the baby?).

#### FOLK-MEDICINE.

##### *Cures for Various Diseases.*

25. An infusion of yarrow-leaves is good for a cold. (FM.)
26. Smoking dried mullein-leaves is recommended as a cure for catarrh. (FM.)
27. A tea made from leaves of the black currant is good for diarrhoea. (JKM.)
28. A man formerly living in Brant County, Ontario, stated that when one was bitten by a pig as it was being killed, grease should be put on the pig's teeth to keep the wound from becoming sore.

29. The same informant spoke of a family living in the same county who believed that by wearing a string of beads around the neck one was kept free of disease. The kind and color of beads was not specified.

#### *Rheumatism-Cures.*

30. Horse-radish will cure rheumatism. (MM.)

31. A poultice made of cow-excrement will also cure it. (MM.)

#### *Wart-Cures.*

32. The milk of milkweed will cure warts. (MM.)

33. Rub a raw piece of fat on a wart, and it will also disappear.<sup>1</sup> (MM.)

34. Rub raw meat on the warts and throw it away. Then you will have no more warts. (MM.)

35. Take a black snail and rub it on the wart. Then throw the snail in a hedge. Same result.<sup>2</sup> (FM.)

36. Another way of getting rid of warts is to let a grasshopper bite them. (FM.)

#### *LOVE, COURTSHIP, AND MARRIAGE.*

37. When your apron-strings come undone, it is a sign that your lover is thinking of you. (FM.)

38. If you find a hairpin and put it in your right shoe, the first man you shake hands with will be your husband. (FM.)

39. "Church weddings were almost unheard of, . . . and most happy pairs were united in the best room of the bride's parents,—wedding-trips are a modern nuptial feature,—and the young couple usually settled down under the roof of the bride's father until they were able to make a home of their own. One of the old-time marriage customs, which has not survived, is that of throwing a stocking from the bridal chamber into the crowd of young friends gathered beneath the window, with the same significance as the present casting of the bride's bouquet; namely, that the lucky one who [catches] it [will] be the first of the band to be caught in the matrimonial net." (In Eglinton, north of Toronto. *The Globe*, Toronto, June 23, 1911.)

40. To sit on a table is a sign that the person doing so wishes to be married that year. Another variant has it that it is a sign that one will not marry during that year.

#### *GUY FAWKES' DAY.*

41. Up to within ten years ago children in Earlscourt, a suburb of Toronto, celebrated Guy Fawkes' Day. They lighted bonfires and marched through the streets, some of them carrying pumpkin lanterns (with eyes, nose, and mouth cut through the sides to represent a

<sup>1</sup> Compare JAFL 7 : 227.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*; and Addy, *Household Tales and Traditional Remains*, p. 89.

human face). Others carried torches made of bulrushes which had been dipped in kerosene. The following rhyme was sung or chanted:—

Remember, remember, the fifth of November,  
When Gunpowder treason, and plot;  
There is no reason why Gunpowder treason  
Should ever be forgot.  
Stick and a stake,  
For Queen Victoria's sake!  
Pray, dame, won't you give me a fagot?  
If you won't give me one, I'll take two;  
That's the way the other boys do.  
A loaf of bread to feed old Polk;  
A penn'orth of cheese to choke him;  
A bottle of wine to make him drunk;  
And a good old fagot to burn him,  
To burn his body from his head.  
Then we'll cry old Polk is dead.

Hurrah!<sup>1</sup>

(FM.)

#### LORE ABOUT ADORNMENT AND ARTICLES OF DRESS.

42. If you lose a hairpin, some one wants you. (FM.)
43. If you find a button, it is a sure sign of good luck. (FM.)
44. If you find a button and keep it, it is a sure sign of good luck. (FM.)

#### HOUSEHOLD-LORE.

45. It is a sign of disappointment to sing at the table.
46. To upset a chair means a disappointment. (From a waitress in a restaurant.)
47. It is said that one will be sure to break three dishes in succession.
48. Crushing egg-shells in the hand will give one warts. (FM.)
49. Card-players sometimes get up and walk around their chair to change their luck.

#### MISCELLANEOUS LORE.

50. An acquaintance says that to dream of muddy water is to him a warning of trouble. (W. Collins.)
51. It is unlucky to present any one with a pointed or edged tool, such as a knife. The recipient should give a cent for it to prevent the impending ill luck.
52. I have seen children wet their left palm with the index-finger, and then strike the wet spot with their fist. This was done three times for good luck. Some also make a cross on the palm with the wet finger. They do this for every wedding-ring they see; others do so for every white horse, and when they have "marked" a hundred horses in this way, they believe that they will be lucky and find something.

<sup>1</sup> Compare *FL* 14 : 90-91, 175-176; 24 : 85; also *Notes and Queries*, 10 S., X (1908): 384, 433-434.

53. A woman of Irish extraction, Mrs. Meader, believes in forewarnings. The harbinger of illness in the family is a strange dog which comes to her house. One time she woke up in the middle of the night after hearing several (three, I think) distinct knocks at the door. She roused her husband, who found no one in sight, and no tracks in the snow to indicate that any one had been there. A few days later they heard of the death of her cousin.

PROVERBS, SAYINGS, AND EXPRESSIONS.

54. "The old woman is plucking her geese," is said when it snows. (MM.)

55. "One breed of pups keeps as clean as another;" i.e., one person is as good as another. (J. Robinson.)

56. "To look like a stewed owl." (JKM.)

57. "How's the state of your segatiation?" jocularly. (JKM.)

FAIRY-LORE.

58. In response to my query, "Do you believe in fairies, Robert?" an Irishman from Kilkenny, living in Toronto, told me of a man near Kilkenny who built a stone wall across the front of his place, and in so doing unwittingly blocked a road or path used by the "little people," thus incurring their resentment. Although they could have used a gate at each end of the wall, the fairies promptly tore down the wall. The man rebuilt it, and it was torn down again; so he let the fairies have their way. Robert firmly believed this, because he had seen the place, and seeing is believing.<sup>1</sup>

GHOST-LORE.

*The Mass of the Ghost.*<sup>2</sup>

59. About this tale of the spook: One evening a man who was in the church, praying, fell asleep. When he awoke, it was midnight. A priest was on the altar, and the church was all lighted up. He asked if there was any one to answer mass. The man did not answer. The lights went out; all was darkness.

The following day this man went to the priest of the parish and related his experience of the night before. The priest decided to go the next night, so that, if the dead priest appeared, he might answer, "Yes!" when the question was put. The spirit came as usual, and

<sup>1</sup> Compare "John Cokeley and the Fairy" (Jeremiah Curtin, *Tales of the Fairies* London, 1895).

<sup>2</sup> Compare an Irish story in Folk-Lore, 15 : 338; and French-Canadian and Breton, versions given by Louis Fréchette in his "French-Canadian Folk-Lore" (*The Canadian Magazine* [Toronto, 1908], 30 : 215-216).

the parish priest answered, "Yes!" He went to the front of the church and answered mass. When it was over, the spirit shook hands with him. The priest, who had rolled a handkerchief around his hand, found it burnt.<sup>1</sup> The departed priest had told him that this was a mass he should have said when he was on this earth. (Communicated to Mr. D. E. Jackson, formerly of Toronto, in a letter by a friend living in Victoria County, Ontario.)

#### AMUSEMENTS.

**60. THE CROW'S NEST.** — I remember seeing a small boy laying the two first fingers of one hand across the same fingers of the other, and saying, —

"Stick your finger in the crow's nest,  
The crow is not at home;  
The crow is at the back door,  
Picking at a bone."

If you put your finger into the opening, he pinched it, crying, —

"The crow's at home."

**61. DO YOU WANT TO SEE LONDON?** — I once heard the father of the same boy ask a child, "Do you want to see London?"<sup>2</sup> at the same time lifting her up by placing his hands to the side of her head.

**62. BINGO.** — It is played after this fashion: One is chosen to stand in the ring, and the rest strike up the interesting ditty, —

"There was a farmer owned a dog,  
Bingo was his name;  
Bingo, Bingo, Bingo,  
Bingo was his name."

Then the proud person in the centre, starting anywhere in the ring, counts out, "B-i-n-g-o!" and the one fortunate enough to be "o" is given the post of honor, and the game proceeds as before. (Toronto, from *The Star*, June 28, 1907.)

#### GAME-SONGS.

**63. HERE COMES A KING ARRIVING.**

Here comes a king arriving  
With an ansy, tansy, tisivio,  
Here comes a King arriving,  
With an ansy, tansy, tee.

<sup>1</sup> Compare E. M. Fogel, *Beliefs and Superstitions of the Pennsylvania Germans* (Philadelphia, 1915), p. 375; and A. Wuttke, *Der deutsche Volksaberglaube der Gegenwart* (Berlin, 1900), p. 483.

<sup>2</sup> In Denmark this is called "showing them Kjøge hens." (Note to "Little Tuk," in Andersen's *Fairy Tales* [Dulcken trans.]).

"Pray, what do you want, sir, (*bis*)  
With an ansy, tansy, tisivio,  
With an ansy, tansy tee?" —

"I want to get married, (*bis*)  
With an ansy, tansy, tisivio,  
With an ansy, tansy tee."

"Take one of my fine daughters, (*bis*)  
With an ansy" . . .

"They're all too black and dirty, (*bis*)  
With an ansy" . . .

"They're just as clean as you, sir, (*bis*)  
With an ansy" . . .

"Then, I think, I will take this one, (*bis*)  
With an ansy" . . .

"And now we are married,  
With an ansy, tansy, tee."

(FM.)

#### 64. OLY, OLY, EE.

Oly, oly, ee,  
As we go rolling down the hill,  
So sweet and tolling,  
Choose your own, your own true-lover.  
See that you don't choose no other.  
Down fare well!  
These two people are married together;  
Must obey their father and mother.  
Down fare well!

(FM.)

#### 65. KING WILLIAM WAS KING GEORGE'S SON.

King William was King George's son,  
And all the royal races run.  
Upon his breast he wore a star,  
Which was called the sign of war.  
Come, choose to the east,  
Come, choose to the west,  
Come, choose to the very one you love best.  
If she's not there to take your part,  
Come, choose the next one to your heart.  
Down on this carpet you must kneel,  
As sure as grass grows in the field,  
And kiss your bride, and kiss your sweet.  
Rise, rise upon your feet!

(FM.)

66. NUTS IN MAY.<sup>1</sup>

"Here we come gathering nuts in May, nuts in May,  
 Here we come gathering nuts in May,  
 On a cold and frosty morning."

"Who'll you have for nuts in May, nuts in May,  
 Who'll you have for nuts in May,  
 On a cold and frosty morning?"

"We'll have N. N. for nuts in May, nuts in May,  
 We'll have N. N. for nuts in May,  
 On a cold and frosty morning."

"Who'll you have to pull him away, pull him away,  
 Who'll you have to pull him away,  
 On a cold and frosty morning?"

(FM.)

## 67. WE ARE ALL SO GAY.

Go round and round the valley, (*ter*)  
 For we are all so gay.

Go in and out the window, (*ter*)  
 For we are all so gay.

Turn round and face your lover, (*ter*)  
 For we are all so gay.

Then measure your love to show me, (*ter*)  
 For we are all so gay.

(FM.)

## 68. POOR MARY WAS A-WEEEPING.

Poor Mary was a-weeping, a-weeping, a-weeping,  
 Poor Mary was a-weeping on a bright summer's day.

"Pray! what are you weeping for, weeping for, weeping for,  
 On a bright summer's day?"

"I am weeping for a lover, a lover, a lover,  
 I am weeping for a lover on a bright summer's day."

"Then get up and choose one, and choose one, and choose one,  
 Pray get up and choose one, on a bright summer's day."

(FM.)

## 69. NURSERY RHYME.

Ninkelty, pinkelty,  
 Needles and pins.  
 When matrimony,  
 Then trouble begins, (*bis*)

<sup>1</sup> Compare C. M. Barbeau, p. 178, No. 6.

When matrimony,  
Then trouble begins.  
I'm ninety-five, (*bis*)  
To keep single,  
I'll contrive!<sup>1</sup>

(FM.)

## 70. BOOK RHYME.

*Hic liber est meus*, and to this will I stick,  
*Si aliquis rapit*, I'll give him a kick.

(Written in the book of an Upper-Canada College student of 1859.)

## RIDDLES.

71. What goes up when the rain comes down? — An umbrella. (MM.)
72. What goes through the bush and through the bush, yet never touches the bush? — A watch in a man's pocket. (MM.)
73. What goes through the bush and through the bush and leaves a rag on every bush? — Snow. (MM.)
74. What goes over the water and under the water, yet never touches the water? — An egg inside a duck. (MM.)

## ITALIAN GOOD-LUCK AND EVIL-EYE CHARMS.

Although the belief in good luck and *jettadura*, *mal occhio*, or the evil eye, is perhaps not as prevalent among Italian residents of Toronto as in some parts of Italy, the wearing of amulets shows that their new environment has not made them discard some of their old beliefs.

I have seen horseshoes nailed to the front ends of Italian fruit-venders' push-carts. A horseshoe, of course, has always been considered a charm for good luck even with us; and with the Italians it possibly is even more so, especially on account of its resemblance to the *corni* symbol, made by extending the index and little fingers of the hand, and known as the *mano cornuta*.

Red coral, small branches of which are usually worn in Italy, is a potent protection against the evil eye. A three-pronged piece especially possessed, so it is believed, the power of keeping off evil spirits, and also of neutralizing the effect of the eye. This material is also fashioned into small *mano cornutas* or charm hands. The more superstitious Neapolitans almost constantly have their hand in this position; and whenever the influence of the *jettadura* is felt, they point their hand toward themselves, or toward the one supposed to cast the evil glance, to avert the dreaded influence. Some years ago I saw a

<sup>1</sup> Compare Notes and Queries, 10 S., X (1908): 457.

woman wearing an exquisitely carved specimen, which is the only one I ever saw made of coral. On another occasion I saw a woman who wore two *mano cornutas* made of metal (gold-plated brass, possibly) in the form of stick-pins. They looked like two-pronged forks.

A horn, by virtue of its shape as well as by virtue of its substance, is regarded as an excellent preservative against the evil eye, and I have seen several worn as charms by Italian women in Toronto. They were made of coral or of some composition resembling it in color.<sup>1</sup> I once saw a charm, curved like a cow's horn, on the breast of a baby. It was made of silver or some other white metal. Another kind of charm was seen on a child in 1911. It consisted of a metal key (possibly gold-plated brass) attached to about half a dozen metal horns which were about one and three-fourths inches long and spirally grooved like a shell or cornucopia, only they were straight. Pieces, or perhaps a bow, of narrow blue ribbon, were attached to them.

#### A JEWISH CUSTOM.

One day in 1904 a Jewish woman called at the house where I was boarding in Toronto, and asked for some water, which she poured over her hands. On being pressed for an explanation, she said it was customary to do so before returning home after seeing a corpse.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> I have two such amulets in my collection. These were bought in a Syrian store. One of these is a closed hand made of pearl, capped at the wrist-end with metal (perhaps silver), with four metal-capped coral or composition horns suspended from it by a wire loop. Around the wrist is a metal bracelet with a blue-bead setting. The other charm consists of a small brass ring from which hang four similar horns, but without metal caps. I was told that they came from Italy and were for good luck.

<sup>2</sup> Compare Numbers, xix, 11; Potter's *Antiquities of the Greeks* (New York, 1825), p. 539; and Adams's *Roman Antiquities* (London, 1825), pp. 448-449.

## FOLK-LORE COLLECTED IN THE COUNTIES OF OXFORD AND WATERLOO, ONTARIO.

BY W. J. WINTEMBERG.

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THE following data have been obtained at random in these two counties, most of them being personal recollections.

The names of Washington, Plattsburg, Woodstock, and East Oxford township, attached to some of the facts to indicate their provenience, are names of places and localities in Oxford County; and those of Baden, Galt, Roseville, and New Dundee are in Waterloo County.

### LORE ABOUT NATURAL PHENOMENA.

1. In Devonshire it is believed that the ninth wave is always the strongest.<sup>1</sup> (Washington; S. Horrel, a native of Devonshire.)

<sup>1</sup> It might be of general interest to note here that this belief probably explains Tennyson's lines, —

"Wave after wave, each mightier than the last.  
Till last, a ninth one, gathering half the deep  
. . . . . slowly rose and plunged," —

in his *Idylls of the King* ("The Coming of Arthur," XV, ll. 379-381); and Holmes's, —

"Where waves on waves in long succession pour,  
Till the ninth billow melts along the shore," —

in A Metrical Essay, I, xii, ll. 15-16; and also in the Finnish *Kalevala* (Kirby Trans.), Runo V, l. 96. See also Danilevski's novel *The Ninth Wave*, in which the original Latin quotation is given.

## PLANT AND ANIMAL LORE.

2. Wherever you find a patch of field horse-tail (*Equisetum* sp.), you will strike water at no great depth, even if the spot is on a high hill. (Washington.)
3. It is generally believed that the hair-worm is a metamorphosed horse-hair.<sup>1</sup>
4. It is said that the skunk's effluvium will blind a man if it gets into his eyes.<sup>2</sup>
5. In the country near Washington I have often seen dead crows exposed on the sides of barns or hanging from clothes-lines. This was done to scare away other crows.<sup>3</sup>

## WEATHER-LORE.

6. When one's hat keeps on blowing off, it is a sign of rain. (Samuel Horrel; Washington.)
7. When cattle congregate in the fields, it is also a sign of rain. (Same informant.)
8. When many toads are seen, it is a sign of rain. (Washington.)
9. It is a sign of rain when you dream of a dead person. (Washington.)
10. The number of stars within the ring around the moon indicates how many days will elapse before it rains.<sup>4</sup> (Washington.)
11. A flock of wild geese seen in the spring is a sign of approaching rough weather. (Washington.)

## FOLK-LORE ABOUT THE HUMAN BODY.

12. If your right hand itches, you will shake hands with some person; if it is the left hand, you will receive money. (Baden, 1898.)
13. Three moles in a row on one's neck indicate that one is destined to be hanged. (Mrs. R. W. B., Woodstock, Jan. 1, 1908.)

## CHILD-LORE.

14. A child weaned in any sign below Libra will never have colic. Above this sign it will always have more or less pain. (English; Washington.)
15. Cut a child's nails before it is a year old, and it will be a thief. They should be bitten off by the mother. (Washington.)<sup>5</sup>
16. The late Mrs. E. Bourchier, a woman of Irish descent, living in

<sup>1</sup> Compare p. 9; believed also by E. B., Ottawa, Ont.

<sup>2</sup> Compare JAFL 7 (1894) : 139.

<sup>3</sup> Compare Notes and Queries, 10 S., X (1908) : 149.

<sup>4</sup> Also in Brant County. (F. W. W.)

<sup>5</sup> Compare p. 91, Nos. 114, 115; and p. 13, No. 140.

Washington, claimed that years ago her employer's child was seen feeding a snake; the snake was killed, and the child soon afterwards died.

**FOLK-MEDICINE.**

17. **WART-CURES.** — Take a hair from a horse's mane and wind it around the wart.

18. Pick up as many pebbles as you have warts and wrap them in a piece of paper, then place the parcel where some one is sure to find it. It is believed that in this manner the warts will be transferred to the finder. (Washington; by a lad from Guelph.)

19. Get some one to count the warts, and then forget about them. They will disappear. (Washington.)<sup>1</sup>

20. Look at the new moon, and while so doing pick up anything that lies in the road, no matter what it is; rub it on the wart, then throw it away, and do not look back at it. (Washington.)

21. Tie knots in a string, — a knot for every wart, — and then bury the string. (Washington.)<sup>2</sup>

22. Boys used to let a grasshopper deposit some of its "tobacco" on the wart. (New Dundee.)

23. **GOITRE-CURES.** — The cure by stroking or rubbing the goitre with a dead man's hand was tried quite recently in East Oxford township, the woman who had it coming from some distance to where the corpse lay. (Mrs. R. W. B., Woodstock, Jan. 1, 1908.)<sup>3</sup>

24. The same woman also once allowed a live snake to be wound around her neck.

25. **CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.** — A resident of Brantford, in 1911, gave to the author, to add to his collection of charms and amulets, a dried and hardened potato which he had carried on him for a year as a cure for rheumatism. A fresh potato, he explained, had to be put in one's pocket at the end of every year.

**LOVE, COURTSHIP, AND MARRIAGE.**

26. If you are married in black, you will be in mourning before the year is out. (Baden, 1898.)

27. An engaged couple should not present each other with either a handkerchief or a knife, as that will cut the engagement. (Baden, 1898.)

28. Married couples seldom escaped the charivari (pronounced *shivaree*). The din was kept up until the groom appeared and gave the

<sup>1</sup> Also in Brant County. (F. W. W.)

<sup>2</sup> Compare p. 23, No. 295.

<sup>3</sup> Compare W. J. Hoffman, "Folk-Medicine of the Pennsylvania Germans" (Proceedings of the American Philosophical Society [Philadelphia, 1889], 26 : 338).

boys some money. One of the instruments that added greatly to the noise was what is called a "horse-fiddle." It was made by fastening a large cog-wheel with a crank to a board, and attaching a thin piece of hickory or other strong wood as a clapper to one end of the board, the free end resting like a "dog" on the cogs of the wheel<sup>1</sup> (Fig. 6).

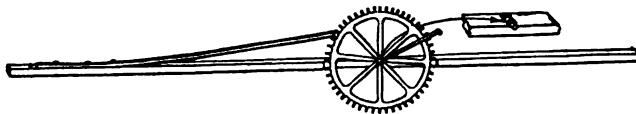


FIG. 6.

29. A toad is to be placed in a cardboard box in which small holes are made, and buried in an ant-hill. After the bones are picked clean, a certain bone must be found, and the possession of this will cause the object of your affections to reciprocate your love. The information about this charm must be imparted by a girl to a boy, and *vice versa*; for, if given by a girl to a member of her own sex, the charm will lack potency.<sup>2</sup> (Washington, 1900.)

30. A puerile amusement or method of finding out the respective attachments of two persons consisted in writing their names, one below the other, on a piece of paper or a slate, and in crossing out the corresponding letters in each name: thus,—

*William Baker  
Mary Jackson*

Then the word "love" was said to the first letter left uncrossed in the first name, "friendship" to the next letter, "marriage" to the next, "hate" to the following one; and so on, beginning over with "love," until the end.<sup>3</sup> The result for the first name here is *marriage*; i.e., William Baker is destined to marry Mary Jackson, but Mary Jackson is found to have only *friendship* for William Baker. (New Dundee.)

#### DAYS AND SEASONS.

31. 1ST OF APRIL.—One of the "fool" errands was to send some one to the harness-maker for five cents' worth of strap-oil, which of

<sup>1</sup> In Illinois the "horse-fiddle" was "a large box covered with resin, across which a rough pole was rasped."—HELEN M. WHEELER, "Illinois Folk-Lore" (*The Folk-Lorist* [Chicago, Ill., 1892], 1 : 64).

<sup>2</sup> This and other drawings have been prepared by O. E. Prud'homme, Geological Survey, Ottawa.

<sup>3</sup> Compare Addy, *Household Tales and Traditional Remains*, p. 79.

<sup>4</sup> The formula used in Ottawa is "Friendship, love, indifference, hate; kiss, court, marry!" (E. B.); in Illinois it is "Friendship, love, indifference, hate" (Wheeler, *op. cit.*, p. 63); and in Berkshire, England, it is "Friendship, courtship, marriage" (E. M. Wright, *l. c.*, p. 258).

course was interpreted by the harness-maker to mean a liberal application of a strap. (New Dundee.)

32. Should any one, forgetting the date, unwittingly attempt to "fool" a person before the 1st of April, he was greeted with the derivative,—

"April fool is coming,  
An' you're the greatest fool that's running."<sup>1</sup>

If it was after the 1st, he was told, what was expected to be equally humiliating,—

"April fool is past,  
You're the greatest fool at last."<sup>2</sup>

(New Dundee.)

33. **LOCK-OUT DAY.**—This was an annual event. If I remember rightly, it was on the twenty-first day of December, the shortest day in the year. On this day the scholars locked out the teacher, and he was not allowed to enter the school-house until he had declared the rest of the day a holiday. (New Dundee.)

34. **OTHER DAYS.**—On New Year's eve young men went around the village firing off guns, singing, and soliciting from householders money, which was afterwards spent in drink to celebrate the birth of the new year. (New Dundee.)

35. On the 24th of May it was customary, for some years prior to 1890, to fire the anvil; that is, setting off a charge of gunpowder placed in the square hole in the bottom of a blacksmith's anvil. (New Dundee.)

#### LORE ABOUT ARTICLES OF DRESS.

36. If a girl drops her apron, she will lose her "fellow." (Baden, 1898.)

37. If your shoe-string comes untied, your beau is thinking of you. (Baden, 1898.)

#### HOUSEHOLD-LORE.

38. A woman in Woodstock never lets her guests leave her house by any other door than the one through which they entered. To go out of another door would mean the death of the person doing so. One of her friends who did this on one occasion, died soon afterwards. The woman who believes it formerly laughed at the belief; but after the death of her friend she was convinced, although she pretends not to be superstitious.<sup>3</sup> (Mrs. R. W. B., Woodstock, Jan. 1, 1908.)

<sup>1</sup> Commonly known in Brant County, Ontario. (F. W. Waugh.)

<sup>2</sup> A slightly different version, known at Ottawa, Ont. (by E. B.), is, —

April fool is past and gone,  
And you're the biggest fool in town.

<sup>3</sup> Dyer, in his Domestic Folk-Lore, gives a somewhat analogous belief current in the neighborhood of Hull, England, which is to this effect: "Be sure when you get married that you don't go in at one door and out at another, or you will always be unlucky" (p. 41); also Henry Phillips, Jr., "First Contribution," etc. (*l. c.*, p. 165).

## WISHES AND DREAMS.

39. Two persons seize the forks of a wish-bone with their respective little fingers and break it, each one at the same time secretly making a wish. The one who gets the longest piece will see his wish "come true."<sup>1</sup> (New Dundee.)

40. When you see a white horse, make a wish and repeat the following rhyme:—

Lucky, lucky white horse,  
Lucky, lucky, lee,  
Lucky, lucky white horse,  
Bring my wish to me.

(New Dundee and Washington, 1899-1900.)

41. To make a dreaming person reveal what the dream is about, place his or her hand in a cup of warm water. (Washington.)

## DIVINATION.

42. As many times as the divining-rod dips downward, so many feet will you have to dig for water. (Washington, 1902.)

43. Spread sheep's wool over the spot where you suspect the existence of water, and, if after a time the wool is found to be moist, you will most certainly find water there at no great depth from the surface. (New Dundee.)

44. THE ORACLE OF THE SIEVE AND SHEARS. — The late John Day of Washington told me the following, which happened to William Hayward, his maternal uncle, in Castleacre, Norfolkshire, England, some time in the thirties. One day, in a spirit of mischief, he threw some turnips down an old woman's chimney. With a view to discovering whether he was the culprit, the old woman, after she had adjusted the sieve and scissors, repeated the following words:—

"By St. Peter,  
By St. Paul,  
By the God that made us all,  
If William Hayward did do this,  
Turn round, sieve and scissors, all."

Another woman who was present at the time said the sieve would certainly have turned had she not stopped it with her foot.

## MISCELLANEOUS LORE.

45. Going out, and coming back again for something you have forgotten, means a disappointment. (Baden, 1898.)

46. A disappointment will result if a young couple walking together allow another person to pass between them. (Baden, 1898.)<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Also in Brant County, Ontario (F. W. W.); and in Ottawa, Ont. (E. B.)

<sup>2</sup> Nos. 46, 47, 48, and 49 are commonly known in Brant County, Ontario. (F. W. W.)

47. The young woman who gave me the above information told me that the girls in a laundry, in Hamilton, Ont., believed that if one of them let an iron fall, one of the girls would leave the laundry before long.

48. It is bad luck to bid a person good-by twice. (Washington.)

49. Boys look for water-worn limestone pebbles with linear, angular, or curved letter-like cavities, and select one on which they fancy they can see the letters of "l-u-c-k" or "l-u-c-k-y." These do not necessarily have to occur in order, as long as they are somewhere on the stone. Whatever luck they have is ascribed to the carrying of this charm as a pocket-piece. (New Dundee.)

#### PROVERBS, SAYINGS, EXPRESSIONS, AND WITTICISMS.

50. A fool for luck. (Washington.)  
 51. We had more fun than you can shake a stick at. (Washington.)  
 52. More fun than a box of monkeys. (Washington.)  
 53. What you do see when you haven't a gun!<sup>1</sup> (Washington.)  
 54. A whistling maid and a *crawling* hen is neither *guid* nor *cannie*  
*about ony poor mon's hoose.* (Galt.)  
 55. Make a spoon or spoil the horn (to make a try at it). (It was considered a good test of a man's ingenuity to make a porridge-spoon out of a horn. The man who showed me one of these spoons near Washington, in 1902, told me he had often heard his father, a Lowland Scotchman, use this expression.<sup>2</sup>)  
 56. Don't throw away your dirty water before you know you can get fresh. (Washington.)  
 57. One often heard the reply, "Half-past kissing-time, time to kiss again," in reply to the query, "What time is it?"<sup>3</sup> (New Dundee.)  
 58. "Does your mother know you are out?"<sup>4</sup> Said to one who gets "too fresh." (Washington and Plattsburg.)  
 59. "Go to grass!" is a vulgar form of dismissal frequently heard, and is equivalent to the trite "Go to Halifax!" (New Dundee.<sup>5</sup>)  
 60. To go full lickety belt; i.e., rapidly. (Washington.)  
 61. Raining to beat the band. (Washington.)

<sup>1</sup> Compare "What you but see when you haven't a gun!" (*Notes and Queries*, 10 S., IX [1908] : 108). All the preceding sayings are found also in Brant County (F. W. W.).

<sup>2</sup> Also in Brant County. (F. W. W.)

<sup>3</sup> This bit of mockery is merely recrudescent, and was popular in the neighborhood for a few years only. It seems to have originated in London, England. (See *Memoirs of Extraordinary Popular Delusions*, by Charles Mackay [Philadelphia, 1850], 1 : 219-220.)

<sup>4</sup> Also in Brant County (F. W. W.). Compare also American Negro expression "lickety-switch" (*Old Rabbit, the Voodoo, and other Sorcerers*, by Mary A. Owen, [London, 1893], p. 101).

62. Raining to beat all of a kind. (Washington.)
63. Running to beat the band. (Washington.)
64. I'll be with you in two shakes of a dead lamb's tail; i.e., quickly. (Washington.<sup>1</sup>)
65. Go it, Gallagher!<sup>2</sup>
66. "By hickory!" "By cracky!" and "By Jinks!" are some mild expletives or exclamations I have heard in the Washington neighborhood.<sup>3</sup>
67. If "ifs" and "ands"  
Made pots and pans,  
The tinkers would have nothing to do.  
(New Dundee.)
68. If the dog wouldn't a's — t, he would have caught the rabbit. (Washington.)<sup>4</sup>
69. As crooked as a dog's hind leg.
70. He would talk your leg off (said of a loquacious person).
71. Let her flicker! i.e., let her go! (Washington.) Another is, Let her went! (Washington.)
72. The whole shooting-match. (Washington.)
73. The whole camboodle. (Washington.)
74. "How many wells make a river?" (said to one who prefaces everything he says with, "Well!") (Washington.)
75. You'll be a man before your mother (said jocularly to boys). (Washington.)
76. I am sick on two chairs (jocularly, in reply to, "How are you?") (Washington.)<sup>5</sup>
77. As Dutch (German) as saurkraut. (New Dundee.)
78. As welcome as flowers in May. (Washington?)<sup>6</sup>
79. To fill your bread-basket; i.e., to eat. (Washington.)
80. Slow as a funeral. (Washington.)
81. Slow as molasses in January. (Washington.)
82. Slow as the seven-years itch. (Washington.)

## PISKIES.

83. Samuel Horrel, a native of Devonshire, England, living near Washington, told me of an experience he once had with the piskies,<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> In England they say, "In two claps of a lamb's tail." (E. M. Wright, *l. c.*, p. 174.)

<sup>2</sup> Also in Brant County. (F. W. W.)

<sup>3</sup> Also in Brant County (F. W. W.) and in Ottawa (E. B.).

<sup>4</sup> A very similar version, but with "fox" substituted for "rabbit," is found in Brant County. (F. W. W.)

<sup>5</sup> The preceding six expressions are used also in Brant County. (F. W. W.)

<sup>6</sup> Compare E. M. Wright, *l. c.*, p. 160.

<sup>7</sup> Dialectic form for "pixies."

but I have forgotten the exact details of the story. In substance, however, it is as follows: One night, as he was coming home, he was misled by the piskies, who so bewildered him that he did not even know his own home village. To discover where he was, it was necessary for him to turn his pockets inside out.

#### COMPACT WITH THE DEVIL.

84. Louis Mudge, locally pronounced "Mutch," a notorious character living in the southern part of Waterloo County in the middle part of the last century, was believed to have made a compact for forty years with the Devil. He was much dreaded by the people living in the neighborhood. It is said that he once escaped from a moving train with a woman, and took flight across a lake, with the officers of the law in hot pursuit. He was never caught, however, because the Devil always helped him. (Roseville.)

#### GAMES.

85. When playing "I Spy" (the "I" is aspirated), the one who is "it," after counting one hundred, calls out, —

"Ready or not,  
You must be caught,  
All around the base or not."<sup>1</sup>  
(New Dundee.)

The one who succeeds in reaching the base without being spied calls, "Home free!" (New Dundee.)

86. Others count to one hundred quickly by saying, —

"Ten, ten, double ten,  
Forty-five and fifteen."<sup>2</sup>  
(New Dundee.)

87. While playing tag, if a child wishes to stop to speak to a companion or to tie his shoe-string, he calls out, "Barley." (New Dundee.)

88. PUM, PUM, PULL AWAY! — A number of players line up at one end of the yard or field, while one player stands in the middle of the field and calls, —

"Pum, pum, pull away!  
If you don't come, I'll fetch you away."

The others then all run to the other side of the field, while he tries

<sup>1</sup> The word "den" is substituted for the word "base" in a version from Ottawa, Ont.; otherwise the words are the same. (E. B.)

<sup>2</sup> Also in Brant County (F. W. W.) and in Ottawa (E. B.).

to catch them as they pass. If he catches one, he has to strike him two or three times on the back. The one captured then assists him, and so it keeps on till all are caught. (New Dundee.<sup>1</sup>)

89. GUESSING-GAME.—To see who will be "it" first, or who can choose first in a game, a number of objects are held concealed in the hand; and one of the other players is asked, "Odd or even?" If he guesses right, he is "it," or he can choose first. (New Dundee.)

90. To see who gets the first play in a baseball-match, the bat is thrown in the air and caught by the captain of one of the teams. He and the captain of the other side grasp it alternately, hand over hand; and the side of the one who gets the last hold has the first play. (New Dundee and Washington.<sup>2</sup>)

91. TRADING.—When trading knives, only the bolsters or ends of which are shown, the boys say, "On sight and unseen!" The one who gets an inferior knife cannot compel the other to "trade back."<sup>3</sup> (New Dundee.)

92. ANTE, ANTE, OVER!—Two players take part in this game, standing on opposite sides of the schoolhouse. One of them calls out, "Ante, ante, over!" and the other throws a ball over the roof. When the one calling succeeds in catching it, he runs around the building and tries to touch the other player, thus, if my memory serves me correctly, scoring one count. They also, I think, take turns about in calling, and change places from one side of the building to the other.<sup>4</sup> (New Dundee.)

93. CRISS-CROSS.—The game known as "Fox and Geese," described on another page,<sup>5</sup> was called "Criss-cross." (New Dundee.)

#### AMUSEMENTS.

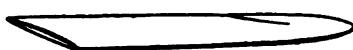


FIG. 7.

94. A whistle is made by cutting a slit in a goose-quill, as shown in Fig. 7. (New Dundee).

95. Another whistle is made by placing the two hands, with the fingers closed upon the palm, together, the thumbs lying parallel but vertically, and holding a broad grass-leaf in the elliptical space between (see Fig. 8). (New Dundee and Washington.<sup>6</sup>)

<sup>1</sup> Also in Brant County. (F. W. W.)

<sup>2</sup> Also in Brant County (F. W. W.) and in Ottawa (E. B.).

<sup>3</sup> Brant County, "sight unseen." (F. W. W.)

<sup>4</sup> Noted on Manitoulin Island (F. W. W.). Said also to have been played at Port Hope, Ontario.

<sup>5</sup> See p. 105.

<sup>6</sup> Also in Brant County (F. W. W.) and in Ottawa vicinity (E. B.).

96. Boys used to amuse themselves exploding leaves. A leaf, preferably that of the maple and basswood, is placed over the opening

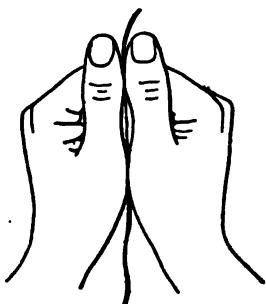


FIG. 8.

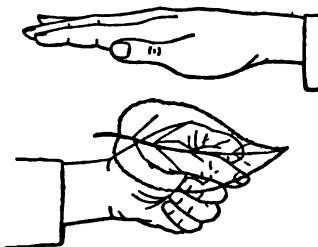


FIG. 9.

made by loosely closing the fingers, and a smart blow is struck with the flat of the other hand, which produces a loud report (see Fig. 9). (New Dundee.)

97. A buzzer is made by piercing two small holes about half an inch apart through a circular piece of tin, and then putting a string through the holes and tying the ends together on one side. To make it buzz, a motion is given to it by swinging the disk, as is shown by the dotted outline in Fig. 10, until the cord becomes wound; and then, by pulling the loops left at each end, it is made to revolve. Sometimes the disk is provided with teeth for use as a saw.<sup>1</sup> (New Dundee.)

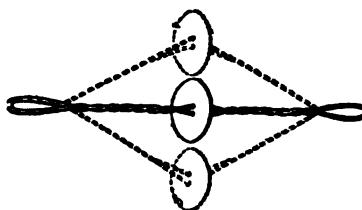


FIG. 10.

98. Another buzzer is made as follows: The meat of a large acorn (*a*, Fig. 11) is removed, and a hole made through the centre from end to end. Another but smaller hole is made through the side. A pointed wooden pin (*b*) two or more inches long, to which a cord (*c*) is attached, is thrust through the large hole, the cord coming through the small hole in the side. The pointed end is then driven into a symmetrically-formed apple (*d*) used to give momentum. A whirling motion is given to the apple by alternately pulling the string its full length and then releasing it to wind itself on the pin, as in Fig. 12. (New Dundee.)

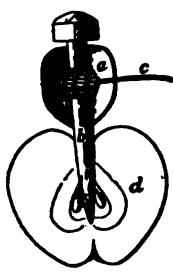


FIG. 11.

<sup>1</sup> Also in Brant County. (F. W. W.)

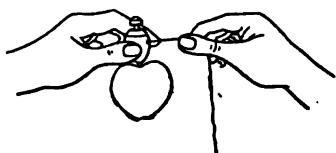


FIG. 12.



FIG. 13.

99. A "chair" is made by two children joining their hands as in Fig. 13. This is done, I think, in a game which I have forgotten.<sup>1</sup> (New Dundee.)

100. Children on their birthday are pounded on the back by schoolmates, receiving as many blows as they are years old, and a final and heavier one "to make them grow."<sup>2</sup> (New Dundee.)

101. Boys near Roseville had a method of wrestling which they called the "Indian wrestle." Two contestants would lie flat on their

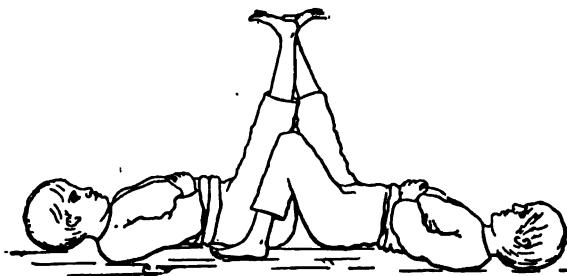


FIG. 14.

backs, one with his right leg held vertically against the right leg of the other, as in Fig. 14. The wrestling consisted in one of them "downing" the leg of the other while their arms were folded on the chest.

#### GAME-SONGS.

##### 102. LONDON BRIDGE.

London Bridge is falling down,  
Falling down, falling down,  
London Bridge is falling down,  
My fair lady.

(New Dundee.)

##### 103. DUSTY MILLER.

There was an old miller who lived by himself.  
The turning of the wheel was the beginning of his wealth.  
A hand in the hopper, and the other in the bag,  
The wheel goes round, and we all cry grab.

(New Dundee.)

<sup>1</sup> Also in Brant County. (F. W. W.)

<sup>2</sup> Also in Brant County (F. W. W.) and in Ottawa, where kisses were sometimes substituted for blows (E. B.).

104. NUTS IN MAY.—I recollect only the first verse of this game-song.

Here we come gathering nuts in May,  
Nuts in May, nuts in May,  
Here we come gathering nuts in May,  
So early in the morning.

(New Dundee.)

105. TEETER, TOTTER.

Teeter, totter,  
Milk and water.

(New Dundee.)

106. LITTLE SALLY SAUCER.

Little Sally Saucer,  
Sitting in the sun,  
Crying and weeping,  
For a young man.  
Rise up, Sally!  
Wipe away your eyes;  
Choose to the east,  
And choose to the west,  
Choose to the very one  
You love best.

(New Dundee.)<sup>1</sup>

#### NURSERY RHYMES.

107. I heard the following at New Dundee when I was a schoolboy:—

Fishie, fishie, in the brook,  
Papa catch him by the hook,  
Mamma fries them in the pan,  
Baby eats them like a man.<sup>2</sup>

- 108.

Hip-a-de-hop  
To the barber shop,  
To buy a stick of candy;  
One for me, and one for you,  
And one for sister Sally.<sup>3</sup>

(New Dundee.)

#### MISCELLANEOUS RHYMES.

The following rhyme was used when planting corn by an old lady from the Southern States living in Washington, in 1907.

<sup>1</sup> For different versions of 102, 103, 104, and 106, see p. 55, No. 639; and E. Bleakney, p. 159.

<sup>2</sup> Also in Brant County. (F. W. W.)

109. Three for the chicken,  
Three for the crow,  
And three to grow.
110. Rain, rain, go away;  
Come another day.  
(New Dundee.)
111. Once upon a time,  
When birds s — t lime,  
And monkeys chewed tobacco.<sup>1</sup>  
(Washington.)
112. This was said to the Daddy-long-legs spider:—  
Daddy, daddy long-legs  
Couldn't say his prayers;  
Took him by the left leg  
And threw him down stairs.  
(Washington.)
113. One, two, three,  
The bumble-bee,  
The rooster crows,  
And away she goes.<sup>2</sup>  
(Washington.)
- This sounds like a counting-out rhyme, but I do not recollect ever having heard it used as a "nominee."
114. There was a bee sat on a wall,  
And it went b-u-z-z, and that is all.  
(Woodstock.)
115. Lady-bird, lady-bird,  
Fly away home;  
Your house is afire,  
Your children alone.<sup>1</sup>  
(New Dundee.)
116. Good-night,  
Sleep tight,  
Don't let the bed-bugs bite you.<sup>3</sup>  
(New Dundee.)
117. I recollect only the following lines of another rhyme:—  
One jumped in,  
The other jumped out;  
One jumped into the saurkraut.  
(Washington.)

<sup>1</sup> Also in Brant County. (F. W. W.)

<sup>2</sup> Also in Brant County (F. W. W.) and in Ottawa (E. B.).

<sup>3</sup> A variant of this was heard by C. M. B. from an American girl: ". . . don't let the bugs bite;" also known in Brant County (F. W. W.).

118.

The thunder rolled;  
The clouds looked big;  
The lightning flashed  
And ——— killed a pig.

This was once said by a man at a social gathering, in response to the request for a speech. The last line was said impressively with a long pause after the "and." (Washington.)

## BOOK RHYMES.

119. On the fly-leaf of a book was written, —

If my name you wish to see,  
Turn to page one hundred and three;

and on page 103, —

And now for the trouble you have taken,  
Turn to the back of the book.

Here the seeker was often confronted with the dire threat, —

Steal not this book for fear of life,  
For here you see my butcher-knife,<sup>1</sup> —

accompanied by a drawing of a knife. (New Dundee.)

120. In another rhyme from the same locality, the last entry was, —

Oh, you fool! you cannot find it,  
Shut the book and never mind it!<sup>2</sup>

## TEASING RHYMES.

121.

Cry baby cripsey,  
Suck your mammy's titsy.<sup>3</sup>  
(New Dundee.)

122.

Gray-eyed greedy-gut,  
Eat all the world up.<sup>3</sup>  
(New Dundee.)

123.

Doctor, doctor, can you tell  
What will make poor X well?  
He is sick and he will die,  
And that will make poor Y cry.  
(New Dundee.)

<sup>1</sup> Compare "Illinois Folk-Lore," by Wilbur W. Bassett (*The Folk-Lorist* [Chicago, 1893], 1 : 158).

<sup>2</sup> Nos. 119-122 are all found in Brant County. (F. W. W.)

(Said when a boy came to school with his hair cut.)

- I25.** Nigger, nigger, never die,  
Black face and shiny eye! <sup>2</sup>  
(New Dundee.)

(Said to Negroes.)

## COUNTING-OUT RHYMES.<sup>3</sup>

- 126.** Ink, pink, penny wink,  
Oh, how you do stink!  
(New Dundee.)

- 127.**      Monkey, monkey, barley beer,  
How many monkeys are there here?  
One, two, three,  
Out goes he.                            (New Dundee.)





- I 30.                   Engine,<sup>5</sup> engine, number nine,  
Running on Chicago line,  
O-u-t spells out.                   (Washington.)

RIDDLE

131. Down in a green lane there stands a red cow; she eats and she eats, and yet she never gets full. — A threshing-machine. (New Dundee.)

<sup>1</sup> Similar rhyme found in Brant County (F. W. W.); see p. 120; also in Ottawa (E. B.).

<sup>2</sup> Compare p. 121, No. 408.

<sup>8</sup> For other versions and rhymes, cf. pp. 41–44 and 122.

<sup>1</sup> Compare IAEL, 36 : 141-143 (No. 13 B, lines 4-7).

¶ Pronounced "ingen." Compare p. 43, No. 694.

**"GAGS."**

132. *First child.* "As I was going along the road, I found a dead horse. I one'd him." To the second child: "You say, 'I two'd him.'"

*Second child.* "I two'd him."

*First child.* "I three'd him."

*Second child.* "I four'd him."

*First child.* "I five'd him."

*Second child.* "I six'd him."

*First child.* "I seven'd him."

*Second child.* "I eight [ate] him."

And then, of course, the laugh was on the second child.<sup>1</sup> (New Dundee.)

133. A great "gag" among boys was for one of them to get another to spell "mad dog" backwards.<sup>2</sup> (New Dundee.)

134. One child said to another, —

"Adam and Eve and Pinchme  
Went down to the river to bathe.  
Adam and Eve got drowned,  
And who was saved?"<sup>3</sup>

To which the other unsuspectingly replied, "Pinchme," and he got severely pinched. (New Dundee.)

**SONGS.***When I was a maiden.*

I recollect only the following lines of a song I heard in New Dundee some time in 1886 or 1887.

When I was a maiden, a maiden, a maiden;  
When I was a maiden, 'twas this way, I know;  
'Twas this way and that way; (*ter*)  
'Twas this way, I know.<sup>4</sup>

*Popy goes the weasel!*<sup>5</sup>

I went around to the tailor's shop  
To buy a tailor's needle.  
That's the way the money goes,  
And popy goes the weasel!

(New Dundee.)

<sup>1</sup> Known also in Ottawa and vicinity (E. B.). Compare p. 43.

<sup>2</sup> Also in Brant County. (F. W. W.)

<sup>3</sup> Also in Ottawa, the last line being, "And who do you think was saved?" (E. B.)

<sup>4</sup> Compare "Sweet Sixteen," in Some Songs Traditional in the United States (JAFL 29 : 189-190).

<sup>5</sup> See Notes and Queries, 10 S., III : 430, and IV : 211.

*Dance-Songs.*

A hole in my stocking,  
A hole in my shoe.

Sung in time to the polka.

Heel toe, heel toe, toe,  
Heel toe, heel toe, toe.

Sung in time to the polka. (New Dundee.)

*The Irishman's Shanty.*

I recollect only the two following lines of this song, which is all I may ever have heard. (New Dundee.)

As I went into an Irishman's shanty,  
Where whiskey was plenty and money was scanty<sup>1</sup>. . .

*My mother and father were Irish.*

My mother and father were Irish, (ter)  
And I am Irish too.<sup>2</sup>

(New Dundee.)

*My aunt Sally Ann.*

My aunt Sally Ann  
Is good enough for any man;  
My aunt Sally Ann  
Is good enough for me.<sup>3</sup>

(New Dundee.)

*Old Dan Tucker.*

Old Dan Tucker was a fine old man,  
He washed his face in the frying pan,  
Combed his hair in the wagon wheel,  
And died with the toothache in his heel.<sup>4</sup>

(New Dundee.)

*I had a banjo.*

I had a banjo,  
And the strings were made of twine;  
And all the tunes that I could play  
Was "I wish that girl was mine!"

(Woodstock.)

<sup>1</sup> Known also in Ottawa. (E. B.)

<sup>2</sup> Also in Brant County (F. W. W.) and in Ottawa (E. B.).

<sup>3</sup> Also in Brant County. (F. W. W.)

<sup>4</sup> Compare Waugh, p. 61.

*Religious Song.*

The following is the burthen of a "New" Mennonite camp-meeting and revival-meeting song, repeated almost *ad infinitum*:—

Oh, you can't go to heaven with a mustache on; (*ter*)<sup>1</sup>  
Oh, you can't go to heaven when you die.

GEOLOGICAL SURVEY, OTTAWA.

<sup>1</sup> A mustache is considered a badge of worldliness, as it is among other sects, such as the Mennonites, Amish, Herrenleute, and Tunkers (Dunkards).

FOLK-LORE COLLECTED AT ROEBUCK, GRENVILLE COUNTY, ONTARIO.

BY W. J. WINTEMBERG.

I COLLECTED the following notes on folk-lore in the summer of 1912, while I was engaged in archaeological field-work for the Geological Survey of Canada. Much more material could have been collected had time permitted.

The people at Roebuck are mostly Irish Protestants; there are also a few Scotch; and many of the people of English descent are of the United Empire Loyalist stock.

I also cite some data from Lanark and Leeds Counties.

LORE ABOUT NATURAL PHENOMENA.

1. An old couple living near Mountain, fifteen miles or more north-east of Roebuck, under whose roof I took shelter during a rainstorm, told me that if there was a rainbow in the morning, there would be another storm, and gave me the following rhyme:—

Rainbow in the morning,  
Sailor's warning;  
Rainbow at night,  
Sailor's delight.

ANIMAL-LORE.

2. If you kill crickets, other crickets will eat holes in your clothes.
3. To kill toads causes the cows to give bloody milk.

FOLK-MEDICINE.

4. One of our old neighbors is said to have always put a Bible under his pillow, so that he would not get the nightmare.

5. If you cut your finger-nails every Friday, you will never have a toothache.<sup>1</sup>

6. To cure rheumatism, cut your finger-nails, put the parings with a lock of your hair in a hole bored in a maple-tree, and then plug up the hole. Do this secretly, and as long as the tree lives you will be free from rheumatism.

7. To cure a snake-bite, kill a hen, open its breast, and put the entrails around the wound.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Compare John G. Bourke, "Popular Medicine, Customs, and Superstitions of the Rio Grande" (*JAFL* 7 : 136); and Hoffman, *op. cit.*, p. 242.

<sup>2</sup> In Devonshire, England, according to Dyer's *English Folk-Lore* (p. 137), "a chicken is killed, and the wound thrust into the stomach, and there allowed to remain till the

## MISCELLANEOUS LORE.

8. ANCIENT GRAVES.—The occurrence of graves on the Roebuck site made the spot uncanny to a few of the people, and after nightfall, as Scott says,—

"Grey superstition's whisper dread,  
Debarr'd the spot to vulgar tread."

During my stay at Roebuck I lived in a tent amid the graves in the middle of the site, and was regarded by some as very courageous. A local Irishman, in fact, informed me that no amount of money would tempt him to sleep on the hill. An old Irish woman formerly residing in the neighborhood claimed that any one living on the place would be unlucky, and that whoever ventured to plough the site would die soon after.<sup>1</sup> It is said that, as this warning was not heeded by the owner of one of the fields covered by the site, he died shortly afterwards. The son also ploughed the field, and received the same warning.

9. The same woman once told a man who had dug up the upper part of a human skull, and placed it on top of his head in sport, that he would meet with some misfortune.

10. THE DEVIL'S FOOTSTEP.—"The Indians had discovered, about a mile west of the Court-House, Brockville, a sloping rock in which appeared a track made apparently by indenture in the rock of the foot of a man with a moccasin on. This rock became known as the Devil's Rock."<sup>2</sup>

11. BURIED TREASURE.—Two old Irishmen once dug for a treasure supposedly buried near the western end of the Roebuck prehistoric Indian village site. It seems that the location of the spot had been revealed by a clairvoyant. The two men repaired to the spot at midnight, and dug down until they heard their shovels on the treasure-chest; but just then a yoke of spectral oxen and their driver appeared. One of the men exclaimed, "By God, look at that!" and with that the treasure disappeared. The hole these men dug may still be seen.

I was told that the man, in speaking, broke the spell; for, in order successfully to raise a treasure, absolute silence must be maintained.

bird becomes cold. If the flesh of the bird, when cold, assumes a dark color, it is believed that the cure is effected, and that the virus has been extracted from the sufferer; if, however, . . . the flesh retains its natural color, then the poison has been absorbed into the system of the bitten person." See also Bourke, *op. cit.*, p. 140, for a similar cure for insect-bites.

<sup>1</sup> This, of course, is merely a transference of the Irish belief in the inviolability of the fairy forts or raths.

<sup>2</sup> From History of Leeds and Grenville, Ontario, 1749-1879, by T. W. H. Leavitt (Brockville, 1879), p. 197.

The story is also told of another spot a short distance southwest of the Roebuck village site. Here, however, the apparition consisted of two large sows.<sup>1</sup>

12. THE GIFT OF FORESIGHT. — "At an early date there lived in the vicinity of Kilmarnock, on the north side of the Rideau River, a man by the name of Crouch, who claimed to have the gift of foresight. Many old and respected settlers believed that he received warnings of the approaching death of any person who resided in the settlement. According to the testimony of his wife, who bore the reputation of being a Christian woman, Crouch would frequently retire to bed, where in vain would he seek slumber; restless and uneasy, he would toss from side to side, at times groaning and muttering names of the departed. Do what he would to shake off the mysterious spell, in the end he was compelled to submit. Rising, he would quickly dress himself, take his canoe and paddle across the river, where he declared he always found waiting a spectral funeral-procession, which he would follow to the graveyard, where all the rites and ceremonies would be performed. Crouch, having watched the ghostly mourners fade away, would then return home, retire to rest, and sink into a profound slumber. It was always with the greatest difficulty that Mrs. Crouch could ever elicit from her husband the name of the party whose death had been heralded. It is related of the late Samuel Rose, that upon one occasion [when] he was in the company of Crouch, in crossing a common, both saw a light. Crouch exclaimed, "Did you hear that cry?" — "No!" replied Mr. Rose. "Oh!" said the fatalist, "it was the cry of a child," the name of which he gave. In a few days the child breathed its last. Upon another occasion he predicted the death of a man named McIntyre. Colonel Hurd of Burritt's Rapids informs us that he knew Crouch, and that far and wide he was regarded with terror by the children, who had learned from their parents his supposed power of communing with the spirits of the departed."<sup>2</sup>

#### BOOK RHYMES.

(For "Preface.")

13.

P for Peter,  
R for roe,  
E for Elizabeth,  
F for foe,  
A for Anne,  
C for cat,  
E for Elizabeth,  
Long-tailed rat.

(V. B. Hutton.)

<sup>1</sup> In many of these buried-treasure stories the apparitions usually appear in order to draw forth some exclamation from the diggers.

<sup>2</sup> History of Leeds and Grenville, etc., p. 88.

14.

Peter  
Ross  
Eats  
Fish,  
Alligators  
Catch  
Eels,  
Eels  
Catch  
Alligators,  
Father  
Eats  
Raw  
Potatoes.<sup>1</sup>

(V. B. H.)

## COUNTING-OUT RHYMES.

15. Eeeny, meeny, miny, moe, etc. (Same as in Oxford and Waterloo Counties, No. 127, p. 150; from V. B. H.)

16.

Eeny, meeny, mony, my,  
Bacelony, bony, sty,  
Ara-wara, brown bear,  
Acka-wacka, we, wo, wack.

(J. Hutton.)

17.

Airy, ebery, ickory, Ann,  
Fillicy, fallacy, Nicholas, John,  
Avey, quavey, Nicholas, Navy,  
Stickelum, stackelum, buck.

(V. B. H.)

18.

Mumbly, mumbly in the pot,  
How many monkeys have I got?  
One, two, three, and out goes he.

(V. B. H.)

19. In another, one of the players says, "My mother sent me down street to buy a new dress," and then, pointing at one of the others, asks, "Which color do you like best?" The player responds with the name of a color, say, "white." The first player then spells it out, and the one on whom the last letter falls is "out." (V. B. H.)

GEOLOGICAL SURVEY, OTTAWA.

<sup>1</sup> I collected the same rhyme at Mahone Bay, Nova Scotia, in 1913.

## FOLK-LORE FROM OTTAWA AND VICINITY.

BY F. EILEEN BLEAKNEY.

THE following folk-lore data are remembered from childhood (1898-1907). The majority of these were learned at home or at school, and were known orally only; a few may perhaps have been derived from books of nursery-rhymes. The melodies were recorded and prepared by Mr. C. M. Barbeau.

RIGMAROLES.<sup>1</sup>1. *The Ragman and the Bagman.*

A ragman and a bagman came to a farmer's barn.  
Said the ragman to the bagman, "I'll do ye nae harm."  
  
do — ye nae harm. There are forty verses to my song,  
And this is the first one just gone along.

A ragman and a bagman came to a farmer's barn.  
Said the ragman to the bagman, "I'll do ye nae harm."  
There are forty verses to my song,  
And this is the first one just gone along.

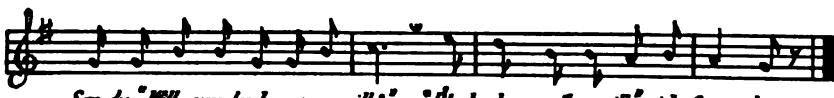
A ragman and a bagman came to a farmer's barn,  
Said the ragman to the bagman, "I'll do ye nae harm."  
There are forty verses to my song,  
And this is the second one just gone along. . . .

This rigmarole, as well as the following one, were used as cradle-songs. That of the ragman is repeated again and again, each time substituting, in the last line, the next consecutive number up to forty, if desired.

2. *Sandy's Mill.*

Sandy had the man the mill, And the man got the loan of Sandy's mill.  
Said the man to

<sup>1</sup> Both these rigmaroles were learned from Mr. J. R. Jackson, Ottawa, who remembers having first heard the former at college in Toronto about thirty years ago, and the latter at Kingston. Neither of them has appeared in print so far as is known.



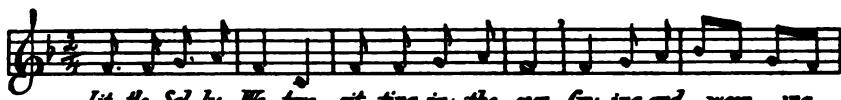
Sandy, "Will you lend me your mill?" — "I'll lend you the mill," said Sandy.

Sandy lent the man the mill,  
And the man got the loan of Sandy's mill.  
Said the man to Sandy, "Will you lend me your mill?" —  
"I'll lend you the mill," said Sandy.  
Sandy lent the man the mill, etc.<sup>1</sup>

#### GAMES AND GAME-SONGS.

##### 3. Little Sally Waters.<sup>2</sup>

A number of children join hands and form a circle. In the centre sits "little Sally Waters," one of the children previously chosen by some counting-out rhyme. The children circle about, singing; and as they sing, "little Sally Waters" acts out the words of the song: —



*Lit-tle Sal-ly Wa-ters, sit-ting in the sun, cry-ing and weep-ing—*



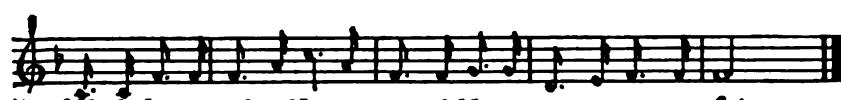
*For a young man. "Rise up, Sal-ly! Wipe a-way your tears;*



*Fly to the east, And fly to the west, And fly to the ver-ry one that*



*you love best." On the car-pet you must kneel so fast as grass grows in the*



*field. So kiss your wife and kiss your sweet, and then rise up upon your feet.*

Little Sally Waters,  
Sitting in the sun,  
Crying and weeping  
For a young man.

<sup>1</sup> Repeated indefinitely.

<sup>2</sup> Compare pp. 55 and 147.

"Rise up, Sally!  
Wipe away your tears;  
Fly to the east,  
And fly to the west,  
And fly to the very one  
That you love best."

Sally then chooses a partner, who now stands beside her in the centre, and the other children continue, —

"Now you're married,  
You must agree.  
Feed your wife  
On sugar and tea.  
You must be kind,  
You must be good,  
And make your wife  
Chop all the wood.  
And on the carpet you must kneel  
As fast as grass grows in the field.  
Salute your wife and kiss your sweet,  
And then rise up upon your feet."

The game is then repeated, with the chosen partner this time as "little Sally Waters."

#### *4. The Farmer in the Dell.*

For a description of the game, see p. 51, No. 635.

The musical notation consists of two staves of music in common time, treble clef, and G major. The first staff has lyrics: "The farmer in the dell, The farmer in the dell,". The second staff has lyrics: "Heigho the derry-o! The farmer in the dell." The music features eighth-note patterns and rests.

The farmer in the dell,  
The farmer in the dell,  
Heigho the derry-o!  
The farmer in the dell.

#### *5. Billy Boy.<sup>1</sup>*

The following stanza is the only one remembered of several in the original version. The other stanzas referred to sweeping, washing,

<sup>1</sup> Compare p. 78.

and other household duties, each one of which was imitated by the child singing the song.

"Can you make a cherry-pie,  
Billy boy, Billy boy?  
Can you make a cherry-pie,  
Charming Billy?"  
"I can make a cherry-pie  
Quick as a cat can wink its eye,  
I can make a cherry-pie,  
Charming Billy."

#### *6. French and English.*

The game of "French and English" is played by any even number of girls and boys, usually ten or twelve. Two captains are first designated, and each alternately chooses his partners. The game is played on a large rectangular lawn or lot, and a dividing-line is distinctly marked out in the middle. Some conspicuous object, usually an old hat, called the "gag," is placed by each captain at the back of his lot. The object of the players on each side is to capture the "gag" of their opponents and bring it "home" without himself being captured or even touched by any of "the enemy." If touched or caught while trying to capture the "gag," a player is made prisoner, and must stand beside the "gag" of his opponents until he is freed by one of his own partners. Sometimes there is a long line of prisoners on one side, each one of whom, though he must be touching another, stretches out his arms as far as he can, thus getting as near as possible to the dividing-line. It is then an easy matter to "free" them all by merely touching the last man in the line. The winning of the game consists in the successful capture of the "gag" of the opponents by either side. It is repeated over and over until the players are tired out.

7. *Haul away, pull away.*

A game somewhat similar to No. 6, and much more commonly known, is that of "Haul away, pull away." In this game there is no "gag." The object of the opposing sides is merely to capture prisoners by hauling them over to their own sides, where they must remain, as in the foregoing game, until they are freed by one of their own partners. The game in this case is won when one side has captured all the players of the opposing side.

## SONGS, RHYMES, AND FORMULÆ.

8. *The Sailor Boy.<sup>1</sup>*

"O fa-ther, fa-ther! get me a boat,  
That on the oce-an I may float, To watch the  
  
small boats as they pass by, That I may in-quire for my sail-or boy."

"O father, father! get me a boat,  
That on the ocean I may float,  
To watch the small boats as they pass by,  
That I may inquire for my sailor boy."

They had not long sail'd on the deep  
Till a boat of Frenchmen they chanced to meet.  
"O captain, captain! tell me true,  
Does my love Willie sail on board with you?"

"What kind of clothes does your Willie wear?  
What kind of a lad is your Willie dear?" —  
"A jacket of the royal blue.  
He is easily known, for his heart is true."

"'Twas on yon green isle as we passed by:  
'Twas there we lost a fine sailor-boy.  
He wore a jacket of the royal blue,  
....."

"Make me a grave both broad and long,  
And at head and feet put a marble stone;  
And in the middle a turtle-dove,  
To show the world that I died of love."

<sup>1</sup> This song, and also Nos. 9 and 10, have been taught me by my aunts, the Misses Boville, who learned them about forty years ago from ballad-singers in the streets of Belfast, Ireland. These singers, who were often old sailors or soldiers, went about from place to place with their ballads, printed on loose sheets, slung over their arm. The saying, "There is a hole in the ballad," meaning that one has partly forgotten a song, probably originated from this custom, and the fact that such sheets were sometimes torn. (Compare p. 170.)

9. *The Tinner.*

Come, all ye decent fellows, And listen to my song! I---ib is about a  
 tinner; And it won't detain you long. The tinner had a wife, And he loved her very  
 dear; But --- ev'ry op...por...tu...ni...ty He went up...on the beer.

Come, all ye decent fellows,  
 And listen to my song!  
 It is about a tinner,  
 And it won't detain you long.

The tinner had a wife,  
 And he loved her very dear;  
 But every opportunity  
 He went upon the beer.

10. *At Sebastopol.*

At Se...basto...pol the Russians fled. They left their wounded and their dead, And when  
 sun that day the rivers ran red With the blood that was shed at all...nd. They  
 had to lie on the cold ground, No tent nor shelter could be found. Next  
 morning rose a burn...ing sun To clear the hearts at all...me.

At Sebastopol the Russians fled.  
They left their wounded and their dead;  
And I am sure that day the rivers ran red  
With the blood that was shed at Alma.

They had to lie on the cold ground;  
No tent nor shelter could be found.  
Next morning rose a burning sun  
To cheer the hearts, at Alma.

*II. Widdy Dunn.<sup>1</sup>*

There's a charming little mid-on, and her name is on the door, And that's  
 where the children buy their chewing-gum. — She sells taffy for a penny, and her  
 name is on the door, and there's music in the face of Widdy Dunn. Leena lanna,  
 starry banna, Happy day, boys, for every one! Little buttercup,  
 Put your shutters up, For there's music in the face of Widdy Dunn.

There's a charming little widow,  
And her name is on the door,  
And that's where the children buy their chewing-gum.  
She sells taffy for a penny,  
And her name is on the door,  
And there's music in the face of Widdy Dunn.

*Refrain.*

Leena lanna, starry banna,  
Happy day, boys, for every one!  
Little buttercup,  
Put your shutters up,  
For there's music in the face of Widdy Dunn.

<sup>1</sup> Learned by my mother about twenty-five years ago, in the vicinity of Ottawa.

12. *Ikey Daw.*<sup>1</sup>

There was a man named Ikey Daw,  
Who bought a goat just from the stall. He bought that  
goat, oh yes he.... No cried a-gain, he cried in pain, coughed up the shirt, and flagged the train.

There was a man named Ikey Daw,  
Who bought a goat just from the stall.  
He bought that goat, — oh, yes! he did, —  
He bought that goat just for the kid.

One day that goat so slick and fine  
Stole a red shirt from off the line.  
When Ikey Daw missed that red shirt,  
He vowed he'd pound that goat to dirt.

He took him to a railway-track,  
And tied him there not very slack.  
But when that goat heard the big train come,  
He cried so hard he lost a lung;

He cried again, he cried in pain,  
Coughed up the shirt, and flagged the train.

13. *Valentine's Day.*

The rose is red, the violet's blue,  
Sugar is sweet and so are you;  
And so is the one who sends you this,  
And when we meet we'll have a kiss.<sup>2</sup>

*Nursery Rhymes.*

14.

Eye-winker,  
Eye-blinker,  
Nose-dropper,  
Mouth-eater,  
Chinchopper, chinchopper, chinchopper.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This song was taught to me about fifteen years ago by a nurse who had learned it at Saranac Lake, N.Y.

<sup>2</sup> Compare p. 98, No. 202.

<sup>3</sup> A variant is, —

Eye-winker,  
Tantinker,  
Nose-dropper,  
Mouth-taster,  
Chinchopper, chinchopper, chinchopper.

This rhyme is said to small children. With the first line, lift up the child's eyelid, close it with the second, touch the tip of the nose and mouth with the third and fourth respectively, and with the fifth lift the chin up and down several times, imitating a chopping noise.

15. A similar nursery rhyme is, —

Knock at the door,  
Peep in,  
Lift the latch,  
And walk right in.

16. Open your mouth and shut your eyes,  
And in your mouth you'll find a prize.

17. Peas porridge hot,  
Peas porridge cold,  
Peas porridge in the pot,  
Nine days old.<sup>1</sup>

Two people repeat this rhyme, clapping both hands on the table at the word "peas," the hands together at "porridge," and both hands against the open palms of the other at the word "hot." This is done rhythmically throughout the verse, which is repeated many times with increasing speed.

18. Tom, Tom, the piper's son,  
Stole a pig and away he run.  
The pig was eat,  
And Tom was beat,  
And Tom went roaring down the street.<sup>2</sup>

#### *Taunting Rhymes.*

19. Nigger, nigger, never die,  
Black face and shiny eye,  
Turned-up nose and pointed toes,<sup>3</sup>  
That's the way the nigger goes.

20. Giddy, giddy gout,  
With your shirt-tail out!  
Giddy, giddy gin,  
With your shirt-tail in!<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Compare p. 110.

<sup>2</sup> Compare p. 113. The following version is found in Lincolnshire (cf. *Rustic Speech and Folklore*, by M. E. Wright, p. 120): —

"Tom, Tom, the baker's son,  
Stole a wig, and away he run;  
The wig was eat, and Tom was beat,  
And Tom went roaring down the street."

<sup>3</sup> Compare p. 61, No. 671.

<sup>4</sup> Compare p. 149.

21.

A diller, a dollar,  
 A ten o'clock scholar,  
 Why did you come so late? <sup>1</sup>

## BELIEFS, OMENS, AND SUPERSTITIONS.

1. It is believed by some people that toads fall with the rain. This belief was also held by the natives of New France in Colonial days, according to Lescarbot.<sup>2</sup>

2. Bites of an unusual appearance on the hands or face are usually attributed to spiders.

3. The crying of a loon in the sky is a sign of rain within a few hours.

4. The appearance of crows forecasts good or evil, according to the following dictum:—

One for sorrow;  
 Two for joy;  
 Three for a wedding.

5. When black ducks migrate early in the autumn, it is a sign of the near approach of winter.

6. Wearing rubber in any form on the feet in fine weather will cause inflammation of the eyes. If a layer of leather is between the sole of the foot and the rubber, it counteracts the ill effects.

7. If a small piece of uncooked beefsteak is rubbed on a wart and then buried, the wart will disappear.<sup>3</sup>

8. If the same match is used to light the cigarettes of three men, one of them is sure to die. This is believed especially among soldiers. (Probably English.)

9. To tell the time when without a watch, blow off the down from a ripe dandelion, counting the number of times required to remove it all. The hour of day will be indicated by the number of the last blow.

## LOVE, COURTSHIP, AND MARRIAGE.

10. The following formula is used for fortune-telling when one is cutting open an apple, the number of seeds determining the result. The ending has been forgotten.

One, I love; Two, I love; Three, I love, I say; Four, I love with  
 all my heart, and fire, I cast a-way. See, she loves; See-er, he loves....

<sup>1</sup> Compare p. 121.

<sup>2</sup> Reference made from memory.

<sup>3</sup> This was often practised by a maid in the household, who stated that it was a positive cure.

One, I love;  
 Two, I love;  
 Three, I love, I say;  
 Four, I love with all my heart;  
 Five, I cast away.  
 Six, she loves;  
 Seven, he loves;  
 Eight, they both love;  
 Nine, they marry;  
 Ten, they tarry;  
 That's what the daisies say.

(Compare p. 95.)

11. To determine whether or not a lover is faithful, one by one pick off the petals of a daisy, saying alternately, "He loves me," "he loves me not," with each petal. The last one will give a truthful verdict.

12. To determine which of two lovers one should marry, a piece of loaf-sugar is placed upright in a teaspoon partly submerged in a cup of tea, and the names of the respective lovers given to the left and right side of the sugar. Melting at the bottom, the sugar will fall to one side, thus determining the name of the fortunate lover.

13. A lighted match is sometimes used in a similar way for fortune-telling. The charred part of the burning match will soon fall either to the right or the left, and thus decide the fate of the two lovers indicated.

#### CHRISTMAS.

14. On Christmas eve, in the neighborhood of Belfast, Ireland, young boys gather together and dress themselves up, supposedly in imitation of cavaliers, by pulling their shirts out over their trousers, and wearing on their heads large hats made from folded newspaper, with paper fringes and a large paper tassel on top. The boys go from house to house, bursting noisily in at the door, and in turn each one steps out and recites his verse. They are given money, apples, nuts, etc., by the people whose houses they enter.<sup>1</sup>

#### *First boy.*

Here comes I, Beelzebub,  
 And over my shoulder I carry my club,  
 And in my hand a dripping-pan,  
 I think myself a jolly old man.

#### *Second boy [carrying broom over his shoulder].*

Here comes I, wee devil Doubt.  
 If you don't give me money, I'll sweep you all out.  
 For it's money I want, and money I crave.  
 If you don't give me money, I'll sweep you all to your grave.

<sup>1</sup> The information is from the Misses Boville, who well remember the ceremony from their childhood in Ireland, about forty years ago.

*Third boy [representing Oliver Cromwell].*

Here comes I, long Copper Nose,  
I fought the jolly Dutchmen, as you may well suppose.  
I fought the jolly Dutchmen until their hearts did quake.

. . . . .

#### WISHING.

15.

Star light, star bright,  
First star I've seen to-night.  
I wish I may, I wish I might,  
Get the wish I wish to-night.<sup>1</sup>

16. If one wishes on seeing a load of hay, the wish will be realized, provided one does not look up again until the load is out of sight.

#### COLLOQUIAL SAYINGS.

17. Anything that cannot easily be classified is said disparagingly to be "neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring."

18. When a sarcastic remark has no effect whatever on the person to whom it is addressed, it is said to "roll like water off a duck's back."

#### TONGUE-TWISTERS.

19.

(Q.) How much wood would a woodchuck chuck,  
If a woodchuck could chuck wood?  
(A.) Just as much wood as a woodchuck would  
If a woodchuck could chuck wood.<sup>2</sup>

20.

Bread and butter, bread and butter,  
Thith, thith, thith!

21. She sells sea-shells down by the seashore.<sup>3</sup>

#### RIDDLES.

22. Why is a crow? — Because (*be-caws*).

23.

Four fingers and a thumb,  
Yet flesh and bone have I none.<sup>4</sup>  
A glove.

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<sup>1</sup> Compare Wintemberg, Grey County, p. 84, No. 12.

<sup>2</sup> Compare p. 63.

<sup>3</sup> Compare Waugh, p. 62.

<sup>4</sup> Compare p. 70, No. 806.

## FOLK-SONGS.

BY C. M. BARBEAU.

I. THE SAILOR BOY.<sup>1</sup>

The musical notation consists of six staves of music in common time, with a key signature of one sharp. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a tempo of 120. The second staff begins with a bass clef. The third staff begins with a treble clef and is labeled "2nd". The fourth staff begins with a bass clef. The fifth staff begins with a treble clef. The sixth staff begins with a bass clef. The lyrics are written below each staff, corresponding to the music. The first two staves contain the first two lines of the song. The third staff contains the third line, starting with "lore and I". The fourth staff contains the fourth line, starting with "sturm-y". The fifth staff contains the fifth line, starting with "and my". The sixth staff contains the final line, starting with "get me a boat".

*It was ear...ly, — ear....ly, — ear....ly in the spring, — Me  
lore and I — went to serve — the King. The night [had] been  
sturm-y, and the wind b[low] high, Which part...ed me —  
and my sai.....lor boy. "O fa---ther, — fa---ther:  
get me a boat; — For it's on the o-----cean / will  
float, And watch the French fleet — [while it  
sails by]; And if there I must / in-quire — for — my — sai---lor boy."*

<sup>1</sup> Recorded in September, 1917, at Tadousac, Quebec, from Edward Hovington, aged 90, formerly a lumber-jack and canoeeman in the employ of the Hudson Bay Company. While Hovington's father was a Scotch-Canadian, his mother—named Auclair—was a French-Canadian from Beauce County, P.Q. Among his large repertory of French ballads and songs, Hovington happened to remember a few English or American ones, which we are presenting here. Hovington learned "The Sailor Boy" over seventy years ago, while spending the winter at Sept-Iles, Quebec, from an old-country Irishman named Patrick McGouch, a laborer, who knew a large number of songs. (Phonograph record No. 447, Victoria Museum, Ottawa.) (Compare p. 162.)

It was early, early in the spring,  
Me love and I went to serve the King.  
The night [had] been stormy, and the wind bl[ew] high,  
Which parted me and my sailor boy.

"O father, father! get me a boat;  
For it's on the ocean I will float,  
And watch the French fleet [while it sails by];  
[There I must] inquire for my sailor boy."

I had not sailed far on to the deep  
Till a French frigate I chanced to meet.  
"Come, tell me, tell me, my jovial crew!  
Is my love Jummy on board with you?" —

"Oh, no, dear lady! he is not here;  
For he was drownded not far from here.  
'Twas [near] that green island, as we pass by.  
'Tis there we lost your fine sailor boy."

She wrung her hands and [tore] her hair  
Like a virgin that falls into despair.  
Her little boat began to *rake* around.  
"What shall I do when my Jimmy is gone?

"Come, all [the] young ladies dressed in black,  
And all the young sailors dressed in blue!  
And the sail tip toppers all dressed in blue!  
For 'tis now w'will mourn for my sailor boy!"

## 2. AN AMERICAN FRIGATE.<sup>1</sup>

The musical notation consists of three staves of music in common time, G major, with a tempo of 78 BPM. The lyrics are written below each staff:

An Amer...i ----- can frig....ate, Called Bridg-

et by name, Mount-ed guns --- for-----ty-----four, And

from New---York she --- came For a cruise in the

<sup>1</sup> From Edward Hovington, who learned it in the Chicoutimi lumber-camps, seventy-three years ago, from a middle-aged American workman, whose sister was married to Fabien Boulianne, a Canadian living at Tadousac. (Phonograph record No. 449, Victoria Museum, Ottawa.)

Chan--nel of Old Eng----land's fame. [Proud was] its  
 no-----ble command---er; — Paul Jo[nes] was he  
 named. We — had not sailed to-gether long—Be-fore two  
 sails we spied. A large for-ty.... four And a twen--ty.....

NOTE.— The zigzag sign at the end means "etc." in music script.

An American frigate,  
 Called "Rich[ard]"<sup>1</sup> by name,  
 Mounted guns forty-four,  
 From New York *she* came  
 For a cruise in the Channel  
 Of Old England's fame.  
 [Proud was] its noble commander;  
 Paul Jo[nes] was he named.

We had not sailed together long  
 Before two sails we spied, —  
 A large forty-four  
 And a twenty likewise;  
 And fifty bright ships  
 In were loaded with stores.  
 The convoys stood in  
 For the old Yorkshire shore.

At twelve the next day  
 We came alongside.  
 What a loud-speaking trumpet  
 Whence came [what she] cried:  
 "Come and serve me quick!  
 I'll hail you no more;  
 Or else a broadside  
 Into you I'll pour."

<sup>1</sup> We have been informed at the last moment that the text here refers to "Bonhomme Richard."

We fought four glasses,  
 Four glasses so hard,  
 Till forty sailor men  
 Were dead on the spot;  
 And fifty-five more  
 Lay bleeding, while  
 The thundering loud cannon  
 From Paul Jo[nes] did roar.

Our carpenter being frightened,  
 To Paul Jo[nes] he s[aid],  
 "Our ship, she leaks water  
 Since fighting to-day."  
 And Paul Jo[nes] made answer  
 In the height of his pride,  
 "If we can do no better,  
 W'll sink alongside!"

The "Capress"<sup>1</sup> went around  
 Our ship for to rake;  
 Which made the proud heart  
 Of the English to wake.  
 For the shot flew so hot,  
 We could not stand it long,  
 Till the bold British colors  
 For the English came down.

"Oh, now, me brave boys!  
 We have taken a rich prize, —  
 A launch forty-four,  
 And twenty likewise,  
 And fifty bright ships  
 In well-loaded with stores,  
 For to convoy  
 To the Yorkshire shore."

Lord help the poor mother  
 That ha[s] risen for to weep!  
 For the last of her sons  
 Lays in the fathomless deep!

### 3. OVER THE MOUNTAINS.<sup>2</sup>



<sup>1</sup> An English frigate.

<sup>2</sup> Sung by E. Hovington, Tadoussac, who learned it from an English sailor seventy-two years ago. (Phonograph record No. 448, Victoria Museum, Ottawa.)

I first took a notion to marry. I put on me hat, a-way I did go.  
 You think I'd be in a hurry When I drew to the  
 place Where she often had been! Me heart gave a bounce When my charmer I  
 saw; But I took off me hat And I bade her good-day. [Would you come]  
 with me over the mountains? — "Oh! what a notion is this You have got in  
 your head? I'm glad to see you soon marry." — "Oh! it \_\_\_ is  
 twelve o'clock, And we should be in bed." — "Speak closer man-a will hear you!"  
 The Saturday night,  
 The moon it shined bright;  
 I first took a notion to marry.  
 I put on me hat, away I did go.  
 You think I'd be in a hurry  
 When I drew to the place  
 Where she often had been!  
 Me heart gave a bounce  
 When my charmer I saw;  
 But I took off me hat  
 And I bade her good-day.  
 "[Would you come] with me over the mountains?" —  
 "Oh! what a notion is this

You have got in your head?  
 I'm glad to see you soon marry." —  
 "Oh! it is twelve o'clock,  
 And we should be in bed." —  
 "Speak close, or mama will hear you!" —  
 "Oh! but just right, it is [now] time;  
 We courted a year; I think it will do.  
 And before I go to bed  
 I'll get married with you,  
 If you wander with me over the mountains." —

"Oh! if I had any love with you,  
 It might be with pride,  
 It might be with wonder.  
 [But] my parents . . .  
 Will swear revenge on me,  
 My parents with pr[ide]" . . .

• • • • •

"Oh! but let them, let them  
 Talken and talken away.  
 Consult with yourself,  
 For 'tis very near day.  
 I don't care a fig  
 What the whole of them says,  
 If I once had you over the mountains." —  
 "Oh! but now I'll reserve,  
 For at home I will stay.  
 I think it's *much and better*." —  
 "Oh, well! Farewell again,  
 My love! I'm away,  
 For that puts an end to the matter." —  
 "Oh, stop, stop for a moment,  
 Till I get my shoes!" —  
 Me heart gave a bounce  
 When I hea[rd] the glad news.  
 And she drew to the lad.  
 "I hope you will excuse  
 My sensibility, over the mountains!"

4. MARY ANN.<sup>1</sup>

*♩ = 98*

Oh far---e---well, my own true---love! Far-----well for a  
 while! For the ship is ready, And the wind blows high, And

<sup>1</sup> Edward Hovington, Tadoussac, our informant, learned this song about seventy years ago from an Irish sailor whom a colonel had brought with him from Quebec, on board his yacht. (Phonograph record No. 447, Victoria Museum, Ottawa.)

I am bound — a-way For the sea, Ma-ry Ann; And I am  
 bound — a-way For the sea, Ma-ry Ann. Oh, don't you see [the]  
 dove, you know, Her sit-ting on yon-der stile, La-mont-ing the  
 loss of her own true-love? And so am I — for you, Ma-ry Ann.

Farewell, my own true-love!  
 Farewell for a while!  
 For the ship is ready,  
 And the wind blows high,  
 And I am bound away  
 For the sea, Mary Ann.<sup>1</sup>

Oh, don't you see [the] dove, you know,  
 Her sitting on yon-der stile,  
 Lamenting the loss  
 Of h[er] own true-love?  
 And so am I for you, Mary Ann.

A lobster in the lobster-pot,  
 And a bluefish in the brook,  
 Might suffer some;  
 But [it] cannot compare  
 [To what] I bear for you, Mary Ann.  
 Farewell, my own true-love!

I wish I had a bottle of gin,  
 Sugar enough for two,  
 And a great big bowl  
 For to mix it in,  
 [And] to make a drink  
 To my own Mary Ann!

My Mary Ann, my Mary Ann!  
 Mary Ann, Mary Ann, Mary Ann! [bis]  
 My dear little own Mary Ann!

<sup>1</sup> The last two lines are repeated twice.

<sup>2</sup> The text of this verse is incoherent.

5. COME, COME!<sup>1</sup>

(Wonder-song for a child.)

Come, com---e, pret-ty maid! Will you come a-round[*for*] me? Come and  
 take me fa---ther's — snock. There's a snock, snock, there, There's a snock, snock,  
 there, There's a snoc-ke, there's a snocke, There is a nother snock there. Come, com - e, pretty  
 maid! Will you come around[*for*] me? Come and take me — fa---ther's boo.  
 (The last two lines are repeated in a higher key.)

Come, come, pretty maid!  
 Will you come around [to] me?  
 Come and take me father's snock.  
 There's a snock, snock, there, (bis)  
 There's a snocke, there's a snocke,  
 There is another snock there.

Come, come, pretty maid!  
 Will you come around [to] me?  
 Come and take me father's boo.  
 There's a boo, woo, there, (bis)  
 There's a booe, there's a booe,  
 There is another boo there.

Come, come, pretty maid!  
 Will you come around [to] me?  
 Come and take me father's quack.  
 There's a quack, quack, there, (bis)  
 There's a quacke, there's a quacke,  
 There is another quack there.

Come, come, pretty maid!  
 Will you come around [to] me?  
 Come and take me father's hnff.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Recorded at Tadoussac from Edward Hovington, who learned it when a child from his father. (Phonograph record No. 459, Victoria Museum, Ottawa.)

<sup>2</sup> Brief but energetic aspirations through the nose, like snoring.

There's a *hnff, hnff*, there, (bis)  
 There's a *hnff*, there's a *hnff*,  
 There is another *hnff* there.

Come, come, pretty maid!  
 Will you come around [to] me?  
 Will you take me father's *quink*?  
 There's a *quink, quink*, there, (bis)  
 There's a *quinke*, there's a *quinke*,  
 There is another *quinke* there.

Come, come, pretty maid!  
 Will you come around [to] me?  
 Come and take me father's *cock*.  
 There's a *cock, cock*, there, (bis)  
 There's a *cocke*, there's a *cocke*,  
 There is another *cock* there.

6. NUTS IN MAY.<sup>1</sup>

Here we go gathering nuts in May, Nuts in May, nuts in May, Here we go  
 gathering nuts in May, On a bright and sunny morn...ing.

7. THE MULBERRY-BUSH.<sup>2</sup>

This is the way we go to school, Go to school, go to  
 school, This is the way we go to school, we go to school, in the morning.

<sup>1</sup> The words of two complete versions of this song have been recorded by Messrs. Waugh and Wintemberg (see pp. 47, 147). We recorded the tune from children on Second Avenue, Ottawa, who were singing it while going through the appropriate motions (June, 1917). The song was also known with slight variants to at least three other Ottawa informants in our vicinity.

<sup>2</sup> Recorded from Miss Ernestine Larocque of Ottawa, Ont., who learned it at school about twenty years ago. Every action spoken of in the different verses was dramatized. Compare p. 54, No. 637.

This is the way we go to school,  
Go to school, go to school,  
This is the way we go to school,  
We go to school, in the morning.

This is the way we wash our hands,  
Wash our hands, etc.

This is the way we wash our face,  
Wash our face, etc.

VICTORIA MUSEUM, OTTAWA.

**WATER-BEINGS IN SHETLANDIC FOLK-LORE, AS RE-  
MEMBERED BY SHETLANDERS IN BRITISH  
COLUMBIA.**

BY J. A. TEIT.

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**INTRODUCTION.**

IT has often been pointed out that two or three generations ago the Shetland Islands would have yielded a rich harvest to the folklorist. This would have proved almost equally true only a generation ago; but all is now fast passing away under modern conditions and the new environment. Although most of the practices have now fallen into disuse, and little or no faith is preserved in the old beliefs, much valuable material is still retained in the memory of the people.

Many writers have in recent years collected and published much of the folk-lore of the Islands,<sup>1</sup> but no systematic and adequate efforts

<sup>1</sup> The following publications have been quoted: —

Black, G. F. *County Folk-Lore, Orkney and Shetland Islands* (Publications of the Folk-Lore Society, London, 1901). This is a compilation of the folk-lore of the islands, chiefly from the writings of Blind, Saxby, Edmonston, Burgess, Laurenson, Stewart, Tudor, and many others. Cited Black, quoting Blind, Laurenson, or Saxby, etc., as the case may be.

have been made in this direction. Thus, no doubt, much has either been lost or remains unrecorded. This is particularly true, I believe, of the traditional narratives and of practices of various kinds. No scientific comparative study of the available printed information as a whole has been undertaken up to the present time, so far as my knowledge goes.<sup>1</sup>

Shetlandic folk-lore, in my opinion, is decidedly Scandinavian in character, as many of the surviving beliefs, practices, and tales are identical with those lately current in the Færöe Islands, Iceland, and Norway. This is, moreover, in accord with the history of the country.

Settlement from Norway was commenced by the Vikings probably late in the sixth or early in the seventh century,<sup>2</sup> and was continued, no doubt, throughout the next three centuries. From the ninth century (commencing with the subjugation of the Viking inhabitants by King Harald Harfagri) to late in the fifteenth century, the country formed part of the kingdom of Norway under Norwegian and Danish sovereignty, being ruled part of the time by the Jarls of Orkney, and for about two hundred years directly from Norway in conjunction with the Færöe Islands. After the country was mortgaged to Scotland, the Shetlanders still kept up very close relations with Norway until the beginning of the nineteenth century.

The Shetland folk-lore is also very closely related to that of the Orkney Islands, the history of the two groups of islands being much alike. How far south into Scotland this stream of Scandinavian oral traditions extends, I am unable to say; but certain beliefs and practices along the east and west coasts of Scotland appear to be closely related to those obtaining in the Orkney and Shetland Islands. Nevertheless the folk-lore of these districts may generally differ quite considerably from that of the Shetland Islands.

Spence, John. *Shetland Folk-Lore*. Published by Johnson & Greig. Lerwick, 1899.  
Cited Spence, *Shetland Folk-Lore*.

Old-Lore Series of the Viking Club, London, 1907, to the present time. This series contains important data contributed by various informants. Cited Viking Club, Old-Lore Series.

Jakobsen, Jakob. *The Old Shetland Dialect and Place Names of Shetland*. Published by T. and J. Manson. Lerwick, 1897. Cited Jakobsen, *Old Shetland Dialect*.

— *Det Narröne Sprog paa Shetland*. Wilhelm Priors Hofboghandel. Copenhagen, 1897. Cited Jakobsen. *Det Norröne Sprog paa Shetland*.

— *Shetlandsöernes Stednavne*. Thieles Bogtrykkeri. Copenhagen, 1901. Cited Jakobsen, *Shetlandsöernes Stednavne*.

The last three publications contain valuable incidental information on Shetland folk-lore.

<sup>1</sup> The only studies of this kind known to me are by Karl Blind: for instance, "Scottish, Shetlandic, and Germanic Water Tales;" "A Grimm's Tale in a Shetland Folk-lore Version;" "Shetland Folk-lore and the Old Faith of the Teutons;" and other papers. See Black (references to the writings of Blind).

<sup>2</sup> Compare A. W. Johnston, *Saga-book of the Viking Society*, 8: pt. 2 (1914).

Whether there are any survivals in Shetland of distinctively Celtic or Finnish folk-lore, is doubtful.<sup>1</sup> It is quite unlikely, however, that traditions from these practically prehistoric races in the Islands survived the settlement of the Norsemen and the many centuries of close Norwegian connection.

Increasing contact with Scotland since about the beginning of the seventeenth century has brought in new elements from the south. When the Scottish or English language became generally understood, this increment seems to have consisted almost entirely of ballads, folk-songs, and certain sayings and proverbs. Probably little in the nature of practices, beliefs, and folk-tales has been added from this source; and therefore the general folk-lore of the country is not likely to have been much altered since pre-Scottish times. As the ancient Norse language gradually fell into disuse, during the eighteenth century, the popular old Norse Sagas, ballads, and songs were superseded almost entirely by those of Lowland Scottish and English origin. Only fragments in partly corrupted forms of the Norse language<sup>2</sup> have been handed down to the present day, while some others with native Norse themes appear in English garb.

In the following notes I have confined myself to the description of the beliefs in water-beings until recently current in Shetland. These beliefs are, on the whole, well known to most Shetlanders, and much has already been printed thereon. I do not claim, therefore, to offer very much new material in these notes. A part of the information here given is based on what I remember having heard in Shetland when I was young; and perhaps quite as much is derived from discussions with elderly Shetlanders residing in America, particularly in British Columbia.<sup>3</sup>

It may be noted that there is practically no such thing as a Shetland-Canadian folk-lore, or a Scandinavian-Canadian folk-lore, in the sense, for instance, of French-Canadian, or even German- and Scotch-Cana-

<sup>1</sup> Norwegian culture and tales were, it seems, influenced to some extent by this contact. Compare Viking Club, Old-lore Series (reference to various notes and articles of Professor Bugge); also Saga-books and Year-books of the Viking Club (London).

<sup>2</sup> For rhymes, ballads, proverbs, riddles, sayings, etc., in the old Norse language of Shetland, see Black, who quotes Saxby, Low, and others; also Jakobeen, in *The Old Shetland Dialect*, 51-53; and in *Det Norrøne Språk paa Shetland*, 8-12, 16-20, 147-155.

<sup>3</sup> As some of the information is general and derived from current knowledge of existing beliefs and traditions, I can hardly give any definite sources or authorities for it. On the other hand, some of it is more special, and derived from persons I can name; but I refrain from doing so, as many Shetlanders are averse to having their names mentioned as informants on these matters, while others rather resent the printing of the old beliefs and folk-tales of their country, thinking that their publication exposes Shetlanders in general to the ridicule of strangers. A few old people who still make use of certain formulæ are quite averse to relating them, for fear that they may be printed or made public; in this case, they claim, their value to them would at once cease.

dian folk-lore, as Scandinavian settlement in Canada is as a whole quite recent and until lately has never been compact enough to allow the homeland lore to take root.<sup>1</sup> For this reason the Canadian of Scandinavian descent, when born in Canada, retains generally little or nothing of the lore of his ancestral land. Only the immigrant of European birth and raising retains some knowledge of the traditions of his native country, but very little of it is transferred to the succeeding generation.

#### THE WATER-HORSE.<sup>2</sup>

**THE NJOHEL.** — A being or spirit formerly believed in was the water-horse, generally known in Shetland as the *njogel*, *njuggel*, *njogli*, or water-*njogel*, and also sometimes called *nikker*, *sjopeltin*, or *sjupilti*.<sup>3</sup> The last term is confined chiefly to North Shetland. This being is described as similar in size and shape to a horse or pony of the Shetland type, well proportioned, and of great strength and fleetness. Generally he was fat and sleek, and of handsome appearance; but occasionally he appeared as a very thin, worn-out, old horse. His color was gray, usually rather dark gray, but sometimes lighter or darker, and approximating to white or black. He differed from ordinary horses in that his hair grew and lay in the opposite direction to the hair of other horses; his fetlocks grew upwards instead of downwards; his mane was stiff and erect; his hoofs were also reversed and pointed backwards; and his tail was shaped like the rim of a wheel. Why the tail was so peculiar in form seems to be unknown; but the people say that it must have been of special utility to him in some way, perhaps used for propulsion in the water or to accelerate his speed on land, or perhaps to stop water-mills in some way. Some claim that his naturally very long tail was dragged behind, and occasionally rolled up like a hoop or

<sup>1</sup> There are a few recent compact settlements, notably the Icelandic settlements in Manitoba and a few small Norwegian settlements in British Columbia and elsewhere.

<sup>2</sup> Compare E. M. Wright, Rustic Speech and Folk-Lore, 195: ". . . Then there is the phantom horse under its various names: Aughisky (Irel.), the fairy water-horse that preys on cattle; Phooka (Irel.), the spectral horse which carries off belated travellers on its back; Neugle (Sh. I.), the water-kelpie which appears in the form of a sleek horse, and vanishes in a 'blue lowe,' also known by the name of De Shoopiltie; Shagfoal (Lin. Nhp.), a hobgoblin in the shape of a small, rough horse, with eyes like tea-saucers; Tangie (Sh. & Or. I.), a sea-spirit which sometimes assumes the appearance of a horse, and at other times that of an old man. Taroo-ushtey (I. Ma.) is a fabulous water-bull." The apparition of one of those mysterious horses on l'Ile-aux-Grues, Quebec, is reported by A. Paré, in Le Parler français (Université Laval, Québec), (novembre 16, 1917): 113-114.

<sup>3</sup> The latter term seems to mean "Sea-boy" (see Jakobsen, *Ordbog*). For the derivations of the Shetland names used in this paper see Jakobsen, *Etymologisk Ordbog over det Norrøne Sprog paa Shetland* (Prior, Copenhagen, 1908), etc.

<sup>4</sup> I use the past tense in speaking of all these beings. Shetlanders, at least nowadays, never speak of them as "are," but always as "were," thus implying that they once existed.

the rim of a wheel, between his legs, or on his back. He could roll it up at will.

Partly because of these peculiarities, by which he could be detected, the water-horse was rarely seen in the day-time, but appeared generally at dusk or at night. When out of the water, he usually frequented the edge of lakes and streams, or paths in lonely dales near the water. The *njogel* was mischievous and fond of playing pranks. According to some, he was evil and revengeful, and sometimes intentionally tried to harm or even to kill people.

Perhaps his most common trick consisted in lying in wait for foot-travellers in the dusk of the evening, when he would stand meekly close to some trail, with his tail hidden between his legs. When the weary traveller would mount him to ride some distance, the horse would first go slowly, but soon he quickened his pace; and before long the astonished rider would find out that he was being carried at an ever-increasing break-neck speed towards some lake. As the horse's speed increased, a haze rose around him, lighting up the darkness. Streaks of fire or blue flames burst from his feet, and fiery smoke or blue flames issued from his nostrils and mouth. His distended eyes became fierce and flashed fire. Paralyzed with fright, the luckless rider was finally plunged into the lake, where the horse disappeared from under him, and he was left to drown. The horse continued to the opposite side of the lake, and vanished in a blue light.

Sometimes the *njogel* approached men as if he were a very tame horse; at other times, when a man had passed by without attempting to catch him or mount him, unobserved he would run ahead and wait for him again at some other part of the trail, trying thus again to entice him. He would occasionally change his appearance, the better to deceive, first showing himself as a young fat horse, and then as an old, lean or bony horse.

Although the *njogel* generally carried people into lakes, he also took them sometimes to the middle of streams, into dams, over waterfalls, or into rough, swift water. As a rule, he ran a straight course to the nearest deep water, occasionally taking people into the sea or to the mouths of streams, and even jumping with them off cliffs into the sea, presumably causing them to be drowned, although no stories actually relate such an occurrence. The *njogel* never seems to have attacked people, although he frightened them or tried to drown them, as stated above.

He had the power at will to make anything that touched him stick to him. Thus any one who mounted him could not escape, unless he had the presence of mind to call on God's name or call the *njogel* by his own name. In either case the *njogel* at once vanished from under the rider.

I have known at least three or four people who thoroughly believed in the existence of the *njogel*. One of these, an old man, had seen him on several occasions. Once in South Shetland, while he was travelling in the dusk of evening, on nearing a lake, he saw a horse emerging from the water at the far end of the lake, and running swiftly over a hill which ended in a precipice over the sea. The horse passed over the top, and disappeared in a blue light. The same informant relates, that on another occasion, on a dark night while passing a lonely lake in West Shetland, a peculiar creepy feeling came over him. Thinking that "trolls" might be near, he said aloud, "God be near me!" Immediately something dimly visible, in the form of a horse, started from his side, and rushed away towards the lake. He heard a great splash in the water, and soon afterwards a blue light passed over the hill on the opposite side of the lake. He then knew that the utterance of God's name had made the *njogel* run away. The calling of the *njogel* by his own name would have had the same effect, as his identity was thus exposed. He was also afraid of iron, it appears, and particularly of a knife.

Another old man who had once ridden the *njogel* told his experience as follows (I have now forgotten a few details of the narrative): "One night, when (the narrator was) a young man, he was going west through a lonely part of the district of Tingwal. At that time there were no roads; and, not being well acquainted with the country, he was cutting across the hills, trying to reach his destination. While skirting some mossy-boggy ground in a little dale, he ran against a horse apparently grazing there. As it was somewhat dark, he did not see him until rather close to him. The horse seemed to be rather old and very gentle, and made no effort to move away when he went to catch him. After rigging up some kind of rope bridle or halter<sup>1</sup> on the horse, he mounted him, intending to ride a few miles. Soon after, the *njogel* became alert, and began to act like a young horse. Without any urging he quickened his pace, and soon developed a high rate of speed. Becoming suspicious, the man felt of the horse's back with one hand, and noted that the hair grew the wrong way. Upon detecting that it was the water-horse, he at once thought of a Whalsey man who, in a like predicament, had stabbed him. The horse was now going so fast that he seemed to be travelling in the air. Blue sparks were emitted from his feet, and the sound of rushing water could be heard ahead. Seizing his knife, he stabbed the horse in the side between the right ribs. Immediately he fell in a heap on the ground, in a soft marshy place, in which he stuck fast. The horse continued on his course, and disappeared in the direction of the water, bright streaks marking his path. Dazed as

<sup>1</sup> He had a rope with him, for he was carrying a small bundle; he also had a belt and sheath-knife.

he was, the man took some time to extricate himself and get on firm ground; and he could not reach his destination until after daylight. He then made up his mind never again to attempt riding a horse in the dark without first feeling of his tail, or ascertaining by some other means that it was not the *njogel*.<sup>1</sup>

Another common prank of the water-horse was to ascend streams and stop water-mills. This was generally done when milling was going on at night; but it is known to have been done in the evening or even in the day-time, when the horse was seen, and driven away by the miller, who came out, and said, "God be here, and the Devil take the *njogel!*" At night, fire was generally used to drive him away, a burning peat or torch being thrown down the shaft-hole of the mill. According to some, a knife thrown down had the same effect. On some occasions (probably when neither fire nor knife was at hand) the horse would not let the mill-wheel go until an offering of meal had been made. When milling, some people always gave small offerings of meal in order to avoid trouble or interference from him. These offerings were placed inside the mill or just outside, or thrown from the mill into the water below.<sup>1</sup>

It is said that whenever fire or sparks struck the water in which the *njogel* happened to be, he at once ran out to the nearest stream or lake, or to the sea.

Very many stories were formerly current relating to the *njogel* stopping mills or deceiving people in various ways.

Unlike trolls, mermen, etc., this being was always spoken of in the singular; so it seems that in the popular mind there was just the one *njogel*, or *njogel*-spirit, which could appear at any time in many places widely apart, much in the same way as the Devil. Some people believed the *njogel* was one of the fallen angels doomed to inhabit the water in the form of the water-horse, either for all time or for a long period of probation. Somewhat similar ideas, however, were held to account for the origin of nearly all the supernatural beings commonly believed in.

**TANGI.**—Another kind of water-horse or water-spirit is called "Tangi."<sup>2</sup> In Shetland folk-lore, "Tangi" and the *njogel* are generally considered as different. The latter is more of a fresh-water being, while the former is usually connected with the sea. There are some, however, who declare that the two are one, and that "Tangi" is

<sup>1</sup> Spence states that an annual offering was made to the *njogel* in order to insure his good services (probably in milling); also that the corn offering was put in a *toyeg* ("small straw basket") and placed in a corner of the *ladr* ("meal-room") inside the mill (Spence, Shetland Folk-Lore, 173, 174).

<sup>2</sup> "Tangi" seems to be a personal name or a nickname; as people never say "the Tangi," but simply "Tangi." On the other hand, the *njogel* is never called simply "*njogel*," but always "the *njogel*."

merely another name for "the *njogel*." Although the characteristics of the two are on the whole much alike, they differ in some important points, and it is clear that in the minds of some people they are quite distinct. Inquiry in different parts of Shetland might perhaps clear up this point.

I have heard the following characteristics ascribed to Tangi. He is described as generally appearing in the shape of a small and beautiful horse of a dark gray or black color. In size and outward appearance he was almost the same as the *njogel*, but usually darker in color (sometimes pure black). He apparently did not possess the wheel-like appendage of the latter. Although usually seen in horse-form, Tangi not infrequently appeared as a man; and, according to some, he could also assume the form of a cow or other animals. When he assumed a human form, he generally appeared as a good-looking young man. When in this guise, he often had amorous propensities towards young women, and tried to deceive them as to his true character.

His usual haunts were the seashores, where he was sometimes seen in daylight ascending and descending the "banks" overlooking the sea. He also frequented the mouths of streams, and often went inland, along the stream, into the lakes. Some claim that his real abode was in *heljers* ("caves into which the sea flows") and below the sea underneath high cliffs. He seems to have had a preference for wild and lonely parts of the coast. Crews of boats approaching the land at night, and others fishing offshore under high slopes and cliffs, have frequently seen Tangi moving rapidly up and down, or along these steeps, in the shape of a small fire or blue light. As in the case of the *njogel*, flames darted out from his feet when he travelled rapidly; and at times he seemed to be wholly enveloped in a kind of vivid halo, which could be seen at a considerable distance on a dark night. At closer range, the figure of a dark horse could often be observed within this halo. One person once told me that Tangi had wings of some kind; but no doubt this was merely a personal notion, based upon Tangi's rapid movements on land and his ability to jump over high cliffs. According to the same informant, he could prevent anything thrown over a cliff from reaching the sea; and he could find anything thrown into the sea, no matter how deep. Such information has not so far been substantiated by others.

Tangi had the power of casting a spell over people and animals, which made them insane and led them to drown themselves by jumping over cliffs into the sea. This spell, I have been told, was especially potent if he ran in circles around people. This caused them to become insensible. On awaking, they would be in a dazed condition, which lasted sometimes for days.

Although harmful (probably even in greater degree than the *njogel*), there seems to be not as many tales about Tangi as about the *njogel*. Like him, he was afraid of fire, a knife (or iron?), the naming of God (and his own name).

Once a man, at the *Ness* (or at the *Westin*?) in the hills, met a black horse at dusk. The horse started to run around him in circles and with increasing speed. The man struck him with a knife, or some iron instrument that he was carrying, thus saving himself from becoming spellbound. The horse then ran off, and, enveloped in a blue light, disappeared over the edge of a high cliff.

Another story, very similar to the one just related, is told of a man alone in the hills who had some kind of encounter with Tangi in human form. I have now forgotten the details; but somehow or other the man beat Tangi, who thereupon became transformed into a horse, and ran off.

**BEINGS HALF HORSE AND HALF FISH.** — I have heard stories of beings half horse and half fish occasionally caught by fishermen on lines in deep water. Their upper parts, it seems, were formed like those of a horse; and their lower parts, like those of a fish. They were rather small, and not all exactly alike. One was caught in North or East Shetland Waters, I am told, some time in the seventies or eighties. This was probably the last one taken. I have forgotten the exact notions held regarding these beings; but I think that (in North Shetland) they were supposed to have some connection with the *sjupelti* (or Tangi?), possibly being its offspring. These creatures had a special name, which I do not remember. A Norwegian told me that such beings were occasionally caught by Norwegian fishermen off the northwest coast of Norway. I was told by another Norwegian that in some Norwegian tales of the water-horse or water-man, who is generally called "Nok," he is described as playing sweet music in the water, which has the effect of making all those listening to it lose their senses and become crazy. In Shetland folk-lore this is true, it seems, only of mermaids and trolls.

#### SEA-PEOPLE, OR MERMEN AND MERMAIDS.

It was believed that a light and beautiful land, underneath the watery wastes of the ocean, was inhabited by *mar-men* or *mar-folk*, who lived in beautiful halls and spacious caves of coral, amidst groves of aquatic trees and plants.

These beings were like people when in their homes; but when they were travelling through the sea, they became half man and half fish; their upper parts remaining man-like, while their nether parts became fish-like, or were enveloped in a fish-like covering. Without this fish-like covering, these people could not travel the seas; but, as it

was of no use to them in other elements, they immediately discarded it upon arriving home, and also when they came ashore in the upper world.

They were about the size of the smallest people among us, and very well proportioned. Of a mild disposition, they were much attached to one another. They are known to have been fond of music, singing, dancing, and story-telling, when at home; and some of them played flutes and harp-like instruments.

The men were darker in complexion than the women, and had hair and beards of various colors; for instance, brown, black, gray, and reddish. Their beards and hair were generally rather long. The women had fine features, light skins, and very long yellow hair, which floated around them when they were in the water. They sometimes came ashore in fine moonlight nights and sat on the rocks, combing their hair. They could sing very sweetly, and their singing enchanted men, and perhaps other beings. If a man heard her song and saw her, he became spell-bound. It is said that men became so insanely in love with mermaids, that they followed them into the sea, and were drowned. When a mermaid sang, seals also came crowding around, and remained listening as if spell-bound. Mermen, unlike mermaids, very rarely came ashore.

These sea-people occasionally played tricks on fishermen (especially when lines were set over their abodes) by fastening their hooks to the bottom or to seaweeds, or by taking the bait and sometimes the fish also off the hooks.

To see mermen at sea generally meant some kind of bad luck, bad weather, or danger. In fair weather, fishermen have seen what at first appeared to be a large seal rise out of the water and look intently at their boat. On further observing the creature, they would see that it had human features and long hair. Then they realized that it was one of the sea-people watching them; and this always foreboded a storm. If they were not noticed by the sea-being, no evil result need be predicted.

Stories are told of these people having been caught on hooks and hauled up to the surface or into boats. When thus caught, they begged to be released, and offered good luck or a reward for their release. Captors who had released them have afterwards been lucky, while those who retained them or harmed them have been drowned or have experienced bad luck. A story relates how a *Norden* man (North Shetlander), one of the crew of a boat engaged in *haf*-fishing (deep-sea fishing), found, when hauling in the lines, a mermaid (caught by the hand?) on one of the hooks. As she was brought alongside the boat, she begged not to be harmed, and prayed to be released; but before releasing her from the hook, the man stabbed her in the breast

with a *toll* ("sheath-knife") and she sank out of sight, moaning pitifully. A severe storm came on shortly afterwards, and the boat barely made the land. The man was afterwards haunted, and eventually he was drowned.

It was believed that these people could foretell the future. Thus, when one was caught at sea, he (or she) was asked before being released to tell the fortunes of the men. The *mar*-folk according to some, could not live long ashore or in the sea, the atmosphere of their own element beneath the sea being different from either. Others say that they could live a long time ashore, but that they were always unhappy, and sooner or later died of grief, if not returned to the sea. There seems to be some confusion in Shetland folk-lore between these sea-people, or *mar*-folk, and the *selki*-folk;<sup>1</sup> as some people say of the former that they could assume seal-form as well as fish-form when travelling in the sea, or that they could more frequently assume the shape of a seal than that of a fish. In both cases real transformations were not involved, but mere coverings were adjusted to enable them to roam the seas. To travel under water they enveloped themselves entirely in these contrivances; but on the surface of the sea their heads, necks, shoulders, and breast were uncovered, being out of water, and only the lower parts of necessity retained their fish or seal envelope. When they came ashore, they entirely discarded them, but never went very far; and in the case of alarm or some one approaching, they at once resumed their sea-forms and jumped into the sea. The loss of these possessions meant that they could no longer travel in the sea.

Some people even say that all had seal coverings, and that their body ended in hind flippers and that these have probably been mistaken for fish-tails. Stories are told of mermaids having married Shetlanders, and these narratives do not differ materially from similar ones referring to seal-folk. Sometimes the same narrative, in fact, refers to both kinds, the woman being a mermaid in one version, and a seal-woman in another.<sup>2</sup> It seems, however, that most people differentiate them quite clearly.

#### SEAL-PEOPLE OR SELKI-FOLK.

There was a current belief that seals, under certain circumstances (or at will?), could assume human form. This they accomplished at their homes or chief haunts, such as distant rocks and breeding-places, and also where they basked in the sun. It would generally happen on definite days or nights in the year, at certain tides, and during certain

<sup>1</sup> See seal or *selki* folk, below.

<sup>2</sup> In some cases there is still greater confusion, a Finn woman being spoken of instead of either a mermaid or seal-woman.

kinds of weather.<sup>1</sup> Many stories were told of seals coming ashore, divesting themselves of their skins, and then dancing, gamboling, and enjoying themselves in human form. On the approach of man, they rushed for their skins and ran to the sea. There are narratives also about naked seal-women captured by men, who, unobserved, had obtained possession of their skins; without these, the women were unable to return to the sea, and were doomed to remain on land until they could recover them. As seal-folk were very comely and well-proportioned, whoever saw them in human form was almost invariably enamoured of them. In certain accounts, seal-men are described as having had children by daughters of men, and men are said to have married seal-women. Several of these stories differ only in minor details, and relate how a man hid a seal-woman's skin, and compelled her to marry him. After having had a number of children, one day she discovered the skin when her husband was away (or one of her children told her where it was concealed), whereupon she deserted her home and children, and returned to the sea. Her husband went to the seashore and entreated her to return, but without avail. The husband, in one story, committed suicide by throwing himself into the sea.

The following story belonging to this type was related to me.<sup>2</sup> "Once an unmarried man went to a place where the flat rocks on the shore were a haunt for seals. As he wanted to see the seals in their human form, he hid himself and waited until evening, when he saw a number of seals come ashore, throw off their seal coverings, and play and dance in human form. A pretty young woman disrobed near his hiding-place, and left her skin near by neatly folded up. He managed to seize the skin unobserved by any of the seal-people, and sat down on it. The woman danced with a young seal-man who, he thought, must be her lover. At daybreak a great clamor of gulls alarmed the seals, who ran for their skins and made for the sea. The young woman, unable to find her skin and return to the sea with her friends, began to cry bitterly. A single seal, no doubt the lover with whom she had danced, remained near the shore in the sea, waiting for her after all the others had disappeared. Soon the man came up and tried to comfort her, saying that she would be better off on the land, and in him would find a better lover than she could find in the sea. Seeing

<sup>1</sup> Information differs on these points. Some say, "particularly (or only) every ninth night;" others say, "particularly (or only) at very high and very low tides," "with full moon (or new moon?)," "on special days, such as certain feast-days (or saint's days?)," "especially in fine weather (or fine nights), in the summer-time," "at night, between sunset and sunrise," "once or twice a year, especially on Twenty-fourth night or *Op-helli-ea* (*upp-heli-a*) on "Eastern e'en."

<sup>2</sup> This is apparently a common story, as several slightly different versions of it occur in many parts of Shetland, and in Orkney, Færoe, and Norway.

that he had possession of her skin, she begged him to give it back to her, offering to do anything for him in return. He refused, and went off carrying the skin. She followed him, and at last had to consent to remain with him as his wife. He kept her seal-skin in his trunk, and always concealed the key or carried it on his person. When he was absent, she often looked for the skin, but could never find it. Many years she lived with him, and bore a number of children. Often her lover, the lone seal, came to the shore, looking for her, and the woman was seen going there and talking with him. Some neighbors (or her children?) reported this to her husband. One day the man went fishing, and forgot the key in his trunk. The woman (or one of her children?) noticed this, and opened the trunk. There she found the skin; and when the man came home, his wife was gone. He went down to the shore, and found her in the water, with a seal at her side. She called to him, 'Good-by!' and told him to look well after their children. She also asked him not to kill any seals, because by doing so he might kill her, her seal-husband, or her seal-children. If he heeded not this request, he would have bad luck. After she had departed in seal-form with her companion, he saw her no more."

Stories about men making journeys across channels of the sea on the backs of seals were also current. Some of these from the west of Shetland, already in print, relate how a party of seal-hunters, owing to a sudden storm, had to leave one of their number on the rocky reef where they had been clubbing seals. One of the seals, having only been stunned, came to consciousness again after his skin had been removed, and finding himself skinless, lamented his wretched state. His mother (or mate, according to one version), seeing the deserted hunter, offered him a passage across the sound on her back if he would promise to obtain the skin of her son. The man made hand-holds in her skin with his knife, and crossed on her back. He found the skin, and returned it to her for her son.<sup>1</sup>

Offsprings of the seal-folk with human beings are just like other people, except that some of them may have their hands slightly bent in somewhat the same way as seals' flippers, and others may have rather large and hard webs of skin between their fingers (and toes?). According to some, the descendants of these unions usually have a darker complexion, and many of them have some defect of the skin, such as rough, dark, hard spots of varying size, on some part of their body (sometimes the neck and face). Persons descended from mermaids also usually had rough patches of skin — sometimes more or less completely covered with scales — on some part of the body. I remember that when I was a boy, two or three persons were pointed out as being affected with these skin-blemishes, which, it was said,

<sup>1</sup> See Black, quoting Hibbert and Capt. Thomas, 180-184.

proved their descent. Transmitted through a number of generations, these characteristics did not appear in all individuals.

*Selki-folk*, it is believed, nearly always appeared in groups when they came ashore to take human form, while *mar-folk* and *Finn-folk* generally appeared singly. Some kind of bond was supposed to exist between sea-gulls, seal-people, and sea-people or mermaids, etc. Thus gulls watched over the welfare of the seals when they were ashore, and warned them of the approach of danger; and seals did the same for mermaids.

It was also believed that seals were fallen angels doomed to continue their existence in the sea. This belief, however, also refers to *trolls* and other supernatural beings. Mermen or mermaids and seal-people, as well as seal-people and *Finn*-people, are confused in the minds of some informants. Seals of the larger kinds, called "*haf-fish*," were credited with the power of doing people harm or bewitching them. In some cases they were *Finn*-men in seal-form (see under "*Finn-folk*").

#### FINN-FOLK.

In the minds of some people, *Finn-folk* or *Finn*-men were large seals that took on human form, rather than men (or Finns) who could transform themselves into seals; while the small seals were the real seal or *selki-folk*. It seems, however, that the great majority of people hold the reverse to be true; i. e., that the *Finn-folk* were real people who had the power of assuming seal-form.

Many stories were known about these *Finns*, who were great magicians and wizards, who could make themselves visible or invisible as they chose, or transform themselves into seals, particularly the large varieties called "*haaf-* or *haf-fish*."<sup>1</sup> The seal-form was assumed by these people at will, especially when they wanted to go fishing, to travel rapidly from island to island, or to journey to and fro from Norway and elsewhere.

Some claim that each *Finn* possessed a seal-skin garment, covering, or envelope wherewith he clothed or enclosed himself when he went into the sea. If he lost this skin, he could no longer go into the water. I have heard of *Finns* having journeyed to or from Norway in only a few hours, and of long journeys between islands occupying only a few minutes. While these journeys were made in seal-form, it seems that *Finns* could also travel rapidly in boats,<sup>2</sup> for it is stated that in rowing

<sup>1</sup> So called because they frequent the deep water. The common seal dwelling in the shallower water near the shores is, in distinction, often called "*Tang-fish*." In Shetland, the term "fish" is also often applied to whales.

<sup>2</sup> According to some printed statements, these were skin boats; and the Shetland and Orkney traditions of *Finn*-people casting off their skins on coming ashore, it is thought,

they advanced nine miles at a stroke. According to Spence,<sup>1</sup> they were the only people who could ride the *njogel* or water-horse, and they sometimes utilized him in their rapid movements.

The *Finn*-folk were secretive, wise, and gifted with magical powers. They understood the languages of birds and animals; and, besides enjoying the power of assuming seal-form, they (or at least some of them) could also transform themselves into porpoises, ravens, dogs (?), beetles, etc. These powers, however, were also ascribed to some wizards and witches who were not *Finns*. The *Finn*-folk could to a great extent control the weather, making it fine or stormy as they wished: therefore they were good weather-prophets. They also knew the future, and could foretell calamities,—what was to happen to people, animals, boats or ships, when people were to die or be sick, and so forth. They were acquainted with all kinds of charms to ward off trouble, obtain good luck, prevent sickness, cure diseases of men and cattle, bring about the recovery of cattle that had been "elf-shot" (i. e., bewitched or hurt by fairies or elves), and drive away *trous* or *trolls* (fairies) or *elfs* (elves), etc., or counteract their evil deeds. They could find objects lost in the ocean or on land, and indicate where stolen goods were. Payment was often offered them for services rendered in some of these matters. Acknowledged as lucky fishermen, they could catch fish whenever they wanted, as they could tell where and how many fish were to be caught. On the whole, it seems that they seldom used their powers to do people harm, although some have been known to cause storms which overturned boats. Partly on account of a belief that they were not exactly human, but were in some way related to seals, they — like wizards and witches — were feared, and to some extent shunned, or at least looked upon with suspicion.

Some *Finn*-folk were well known as such, because of their open practice of magic. They, moreover, never tried to deny their identity. Others were known to be *Finns* only on account of certain peculiarities, physical or other, such as their rather small stature, dark complexion, odd appearance, and the blemishes of their skin resembling that of the descendants of *selki*-folk (cf. p. 192).

All these peculiarities do not seem to have prevented intermarriage between them and other people. Some *Finn*-folk, moreover, were so much like other people in physique and behavior, that they lived all their lives among them without betraying their identity. Some stories relate the harpooning, shooting, or wounding of *Finn*-folk by men who had mistaken them for large seals, the external appearance of which

point to the former use of skin boats or kayaks by the Finn (or Lapp) race of Europe. See McRitchie, "The Kayak in North Western Europe" (*Journal of the Royal Anthropological Institute* [London, 1912], 42 : 501, 503, 510, etc.).

<sup>1</sup> See Spence, *Shetland Folk-Lore*, 23.

they had temporarily assumed. The true character and race of certain men hitherto quite unsuspected of being Finns have thus been discovered. I shall now give as an example what I can remember of such a story: "Somewhere in the east of Shetland, a man came upon a large seal lying asleep among some rocks on a beach, and stabbed him with his *toll* ['large knife']. The seal managed to get away to the sea with the knife sticking in him. When at Bergen (or some other part in the west of Norway) some time afterwards, this man called on an old friend there whom he had known well for years. In the course of conversation, the old man inquired as to whether he had lost a knife at such a date and place. Answering in the affirmative, the Shetlander then related how the seal had escaped with it. The old man then showed his visitor a knife, which was at once recognized as the one he had lost, with the remark, 'It would not have been so bad if you had not twisted the knife when you put it in.' It was thus made clear that the old man was a Finn who had been stabbed while he was disguised as a seal."

In another story a man wounded a large seal, which succeeded in escaping. Shortly afterwards it was discovered that a man living in a neighboring district had been wounded in some mysterious way in the very part of the body where the seal had been hit. The wounded man was thus discovered to be a Finn. For this reason some men had an aversion to killing the large seals or *haf-fish*, for fear that they might kill some Finn in seal-form.

In stories about men hunting large seals with guns, it is said that each time a certain seal was aimed at, the gun missed fire; this was considered a sure sign that a Finn in seal guise had by his magic prevented the gun from going off; no further attempt was then made to shoot at him. It was said to be very unlucky to shoot or wound a Finn in disguise.

In order better to conceal their identity, some Finn people from Norway, when visiting Shetland, would say that they were from Orkney or from Færöe; likewise others in Norway asserted that they were from Shetland.<sup>1</sup> In this connection, I have heard it said that Dr. Westermark, when on his way to visit Shetland some years ago, disclosed to a Shetlander aboard the steamer that he was a Finn (i.e., a native of Finland). The Shetlander at once advised him not to call himself a Finn when in Shetland, as some of the people there might look upon him with suspicion on account of the old ideas entertained regarding Finns, adding that it would be all right if he called himself a Swede or a Scandinavian.

<sup>1</sup> A reason for Finn-folk trying to conceal their origin or race may be found in the laws promulgated against them in Norway, in Mediæval times. See McRitchie, quoting Dr. Nansen, *The Kayak in North Western Europe*, 504.

Shetland tales and traditions seem to point to Norway as the original home of the Finns; they show that intercourse was kept up between *Finn*-folk there and in Shetland until comparatively recent times.<sup>1</sup> According to some informants, Finns versed in magic were still living in western Norway at the end of the eighteenth century, or even later. Shetlanders going there to buy boats sometimes consulted them as to the future, and had their fortunes told. In the "Journal of the Royal Anthropological Institute" (London, Eng., vol. 42 [1912]), there is an article by David McRitchie on the kayak in northwestern Europe, which is of much interest in this connection. The beliefs of the Shetlanders and others in *Finn*-men are there discussed with the questions of the probable survival until lately of Finns<sup>2</sup> (or Lapps), in southwestern Norway, Shetland, etc.; and of the possible former use of the seal-skin kayak by these people.

#### **SEA-TROLLS OR SEA-TROWS (FAIRIES OR ELVES OF THE SEA).**

This term, as a rule, it seems, is applied to no particular kind of being or beings, but is rather a loose designation for sea-beings of any or all kinds. Some, however, appear to apply the term more particularly to mermen and *selki*-folk, who were believed to be fallen angels inhabiting the sea, while the real *trolls* or *trows*<sup>3</sup> were fallen angels frequenting the land. Whales, etc., that went through nets and spoiled them were considered by some as *sea-trolls*, or agents of the Devil in whale-shape. I have also heard people speak of "*da mokkl sea-trow*" ("the big sea-troll"), a kind of evil spirit that haunted the deep, and apparently sometimes made storms and brought bad luck for fishermen. An old man once told me of a kind of *sea-trow* in the form of a woman, who uttered wailing cries which were heard on the sea by fishermen, both near and far from shore. To hear the wailing usually portended sorrow or distress to those hearing it (see under "sea-spirits").

#### **SEA-MONSTERS.**

Many strange and awful monsters, it was believed, dwelled in the deep sea. About these beings I have heard many stories.

**THE BRIGDI.** — The *brigdi* was a kind of whale or "fish" of large

<sup>1</sup> Some writers apparently hold the opinion that the Finns must have been one of the aboriginal races in the islands, while others think it more likely that they came into the country along with (or as thralls of) the Norwegian settlers. Compare Spence, Shetland Folk-Lore, 18-27, 55; Jakobsen, Old Shetland Dialect, 71, 72; McRitchie, 504, 509.

<sup>2</sup> Some Norwegians use the term "Finn" as synonymous with "Lapp."

<sup>3</sup> The term "trow," "trou," or "troll" seems to be applicable to any kind of supernatural being, but particularly to fairies or elves. The Water-horse, *Njogel* or *Tangi*, was sometimes called a "trow" or "troll." The term is also used in a sarcastic or an endearing sense; as, for instance, "pôr trow," said to children or people.

size, frequently seen in fine weather, especially off the north and east coasts of Shetland. It generally appeared when travelling around with its fin above water. This fin was of about the size and shape of a boat's sail, and could be seen from a considerable distance. Upon noticing a boat, the *brigdi* attacked it by rushing at it and cutting it in two with its large and sharp fin. Sometimes it would hit the boat with its fin sideways, thus crushing it or flattening it down on the water. Some of the larger and stronger boats have escaped with only the gunwales or upper boards smashed on one side. Fishermen were much afraid of this "fish," and they claim it to be the most dangerous creature of the deep.

Formerly offerings (of coins?) seem to have been made, and pieces of iron thrown to it in the water.

At the present day the *brigdi* is generally recognized as a kind of large shark, called "basking shark" in English; and many of the stories about it are in all likelihood based on actual experiences of fishermen.

**SJAFER, SHAFFER, OR SHAFFER-WHAAL.** — Another kind of "fish" or whale was the *sjafer* or *shaffer*. It destroyed boats by diving and coming up under them, thus smashing or capsizing them with its head. To escape them, fishermen took to their oars and rowed a zigzag course. Formerly, when they saw one near, they prayed to it to leave them alone, throwing small silver coins to it as an offering or payment for immunity from attack. At the present day the *sjafer* is identified by some with the grampus or the thrasher.

**FINNER, FINNER-WHAAL, OR FIN-WHAAL, etc.** — Various stories are told of *finners* (round-lipped or herring-whales) occasionally harming boats. Nearly all the stories told about the *finner* and other whales and fish occasionally attacking boats seem to be founded on fact. That whales and fish of some kinds are at times a source of danger to fishermen, is undoubtedly true; and several cases of this on record are instanced by small boats broken up, and their crews lost, in fine weather, within a few miles of land. In one instance, relatives of my own were thus lost.

**THE SEA-SERPENT OR KRAKEN.** — According to tradition, the sea-serpent was occasionally seen, especially off the coast of Norway. It had its home at the bottom of the sea, and it rarely came to the surface. An old man once told me that it was not seen once in a lifetime, and, when seen, usually portended bad luck or some calamity.

There was just one sea-serpent, according to some; while others believed that there were several that bred under the ocean. Thus large or small ones were seen. Large ones were from one to two hundred feet long. When travelling on the surface of the sea, the sea-serpent's body stuck out of the water here and there, and its head reared thirty or forty feet above the surface. It had a serpent-like

head, large eyes, and a long mane similar to masses of seaweed. Smaller sea-serpents of from eighty to a hundred feet long are said to have been seen. Their bodies looked like a line of skin *bows* ("buoys for floating nets or lines") set a little distance apart, and their heads were low in the water.

Sea-serpents, it seems, never attacked any boats; but they were fearful to behold, and people dreaded to see them. When travelling on the surface of the water, they could go at high speed; and they would soon disappear from view. They were seen only in fine or calm weather. Some people believe that large trees drifting in the sea from the Norwegian coast have sometimes been mistaken for sea-serpents.

Once a large serpent was cast ashore dead somewhere (in North Shetland), and its body for months blocked the mouth of a *gjø*,—a short, narrow inlet of the sea surrounded by steep banks or cliffs. Some of its bones could be seen in the water there for many years.

**SEA-SERPENT THAT MAKES THE TIDES.**—Blind<sup>1</sup> mentions a belief accounting for the rise and fall of the tides, which has been retained until recently: "Away far out in the sea, near the edge of the world, there lived a monstrous sea-serpent that took about six hours to draw in his breath, and six hours to let it out," thus causing the rise and fall of the waters.

**FLOATING MONSTERS.**—Several kinds of shapeless monsters have at various times been seen in the sea. One<sup>2</sup> of these was occasionally seen in fine weather. Something like a small floating islet, partly covered with barnacles and seaweed, was supposed to be the back of a huge sea-monster that appeared above water. It was usually very flat, but sometimes humped, or higher in the middle. An uncle of mine told me of once having seen something of this kind when becalmed in a smack somewhere in the northeast waters of Shetland. He and his companions observed a very large and flat object in the water some distance off. It was apparently floating, and resembled a flat islet or rock, of perhaps an acre (?) in extent, almost covered with water. Not being able to make out clearly through the glasses the shape and nature of the object, they lowered their small boat, and, taking a gun, three (?) of them rowed up fairly close to it. They did not dare to go too close, but they could ascertain that the monster (or object) was of great bulk and mostly submerged. The names of two of the men in the boat, if I remember well, were Magnus Hughson and Magnus Robertson; and, before they returned, one of them shot a bullet into the object, which shortly afterwards sank quietly out of sight. None of the men ever knew exactly what they had seen.<sup>3</sup> As nothing untoward happened to any of the crew, it was judged that the

<sup>1</sup> Black, quoting Blind, 169.

<sup>2</sup> I do not remember whether I have heard any special name for these.

<sup>3</sup> See also under "Phantom Island," p. 199.

sight of this creature did not portend evil in any way. Some people argue that these things may be partly submerged wrecks or derelicts grown over with barnacles and seaweed.

#### SEA-PHANTOMS.

**PHANTOM ISLAND.** — I have heard stories of a phantom island which is sometimes seen, but disappears when people row or sail close to it.<sup>1</sup>

**PHANTOM BOATS AND SHIPS.** — Phantom boats and ships have often been seen, to judge from popular narratives. These are considered as visions of real vessels or the doubles of boats and ships which in many cases are known to the person seeing them. They may occur to persons on the sea or on land, in the day-time or at night, and they generally forebode evil to the vessel seen. The nature of the danger or disaster may be detected in the vision itself. Sometimes the apparition simply portends that the event may be expected within some indefinite, although short, time; but it is usually supposed actually to be happening. A vision, phantom, or apparition of this kind is called a *feiness*.<sup>2</sup>

Phantoms of boats and their crews may be repeatedly seen at the same place on the sea, particularly in stormy weather. These phantoms are supposed to be wraiths or ghosts of boats and their crews, lost at these places, and which occasionally may be recognized.

#### SEA-SPIRITS AND SEA-WITCHES.

In the belief of some people, the sea was possessed of a powerful being or witch-like spirit capable of doing harm. As it could hear what was said, it was pleased with sincere praise, but resented insincere praise and mockery. One could not, without incurring danger, speak disparagingly of, or mock at, the sea. It could bewitch people and cause their destruction. It claimed certain people as victims, who were therefore doomed to be drowned. For this reason, it seems, there was formerly an aversion among some to save people who were drowning in the sea, as the sea would before long avenge itself on the rescuer for being cheated of its prey. Stories are told of men who rescued others, and invariably were themselves drowned within the next twelve months. Probably for the same reason some people were averse to helping shipwrecked men, and it is said that in some cases obstacles were actually put in the way of their being saved.<sup>3</sup>

I have also heard of a certain witch living in the sea who made winds and storms, and wrecked ships and boats, and of another witch or

<sup>1</sup> There is an Orkney tradition of a vanishing island (see Old-Lore Series, 2 : 105).

<sup>2</sup> This term is generally applied to apparitions of persons, whose death is thus foretold.

<sup>3</sup> For additional information, see Black, quoting A. Laurenson, 169.

being, also living in the sea, who ground salt to keep the ocean salt.<sup>1</sup> One of these witches, I have forgotten which one, was probably called Grua (or Groa?).

#### SEA-LANGUAGE AND THE SEA-GOD.

It may be well here to make some mention of the sea-language of the Shetland fishermen, as this language seems to indicate some connection with the old beliefs in the sea-god and sea-spirits. I cannot do better in this respect than introduce here some remarks of Dr. Jakobsen, who has made a special study of the subject:—

"As is well known to all Shetlanders, the Shetland fishermen before this day, like the fishermen in Færöe and Norway, had a great number of lucky words, words that they would use only at the *haaf* or deep-sea fishing [*haf* is the old Norn word for "ocean"]. The origin of this custom is not easily explained; but the custom itself is certainly very, very old, and deeply rooted in the Pagan time. The most likely explanation seems this, that before the introduction and spread of Christianity, and also long after that period, the people, and especially the fishermen, believed themselves surrounded by sea-spirits, whom they could not see, and who watched what they were doing. In the Pagan time, people believed in the sea-god Ægir (*Ægir*), whose kingdom was the mysterious ocean, and he had as his attendants minor spirits who watched intruders upon his element. The feeling which came to prevail among the fishermen towards the sea-spirits was one of mysterious dread. They considered the sea a foreign element, on which they were intruders, and the sea-spirits in consequence hostile to them. They had therefore, when at the fishing, to take great care what they said; and it became very important to them to have a number of mystic names, to a great extent agreed upon among themselves, although derived from words which were common in the Norn language. But there is a certain number of *haaf*-words, doubtlessly forming the oldest portion, which seem to have been originally worship words. An original worship of the sea-spirits is rendered probable by the fact that the fishermen's *haaf*-terms were not at all confined to things in immediate connection with the fishing, but extended much further. All the domestic animals, for instance, got separate names at the *haaf*. Some of these words are now obsolete in Scandinavia; but we find them used in the old Icelandic literature, chiefly as poetical terms. . . . A sufficient proof that the custom of using lucky words at the *haaf* was rooted in the Pagan time, is to be found in the fact that the minister and the church were on no account to be mentioned by their right

<sup>1</sup> See Viking Club, Old-Lore Series, 8, 9, 66, 139, 237; information by A. W. Johnston regarding witches who grind salt; also the *Grottasongr* or *Quern Song*, by Eirikr Magnusson.

names at sea. The minister and the church represented the new conquering faith, which aimed at doing away with the old gods, and consequently at disputing the sea-god's dominion of the sea; . . . The nature of the *haaf*-terms will be seen from this. They were not nonsensical, merely coined words, as some think; nor were they the real Norn words for the persons, animals, and things they were applied to. They are words of a more or less poetic nature, and mostly figurative terms; that is to say, persons, animals, and things are named according to some striking characteristic about them. This accounts for the great variety of names used for one and the same person, animal, and thing. Each animate and inanimate being had always many characteristics that would readily afford a basis for the many names applied.”<sup>1</sup>

I may add that the sea-language was also much used ashore when telling sea-stories, fishing-tales, and adventures of the sea; and certain places ashore (such as mountains) had taboo or sea names, by which they were called by fishermen when at sea.

SPENCE'S BRIDGE, B.C.

<sup>1</sup> Jakobsen, *The Old Shetland Dialect*, 23–31; and, for fuller information, Jakobsen, *Det Norrøne Sprog paa Shetland*, 82–99; and Jakobsen, *Shetlandsøernes Stednavne*, 203.

PRESENT-DAY SUPERSTITIONS AT LA HARPE, ILL., SURVIVALS IN A COMMUNITY OF ENGLISH ORIGIN.

BY ETHEL TODD NORLIN.

THE evidence of belief and custom here offered were collected by me during the months from June to September, 1915, at La Harpe, a village in the northeastern corner of Hancock County, western Illinois, some twenty miles southeast of Burlington, Io. I have arranged the material in five groups, according as it deals with (1) death, (2) disease, (3) marriage, (4) weather, or (5) miscellaneous beliefs.

My sources are the following persons in and near La Harpe, the initial at the left being the abbreviated form adopted for the various informants. The persons consulted were those who are generally held to remember most about old practices.

- Cb . . . Campbell. Age (?). Born in Morgan County, Illinois. Lived in and near La Harpe nearly fifty years. Of English descent.
- C . . . Coulson. Age 40. Born at La Harpe. Of English descent.
- W . . . Conwell Warren. Age 45. Born near La Harpe. Of English descent.
- B . . . Bushby. Age 35. Born in La Harpe. Of English descent.
- R . . . Robinson. Age 58. Born near La Harpe. Of Scottish descent.
- Ws . . . Woodside. Age 65. Lived in and near La Harpe 65 years. English descent, and probably some Irish.
- Wn . . . Warner. Age 65. Born in Illinois. Lived in La Harpe 15 years. Of Dutch and French origin.
- R<sub>2</sub> . . . Robertson. Born in Illinois. Of Scottish descent.
- S . . . Sea. Age 24. Born in La Harpe. Of Scottish and English origin.
- T . . . Mrs. Dawson Todd. Age 53. Born near La Harpe. Of English descent, with some German blood.
- Tb . . . Blanche Todd. Age 11. Daughter of T.

My principal sources are Mr. Coulson, Mr. Robinson, Mrs. Todd, Mr. Warner, and Mr. Kilgore. Of these, Mr. Warner is not of English descent. The larger portion of the remaining beliefs and practices were told by Mr. Bushby, Mr. Woodside, Mr. Sea, and Mr. Campbell.

#### DEATH.

1. It is considered bad luck to step on a grave. (B, C, Cb, Wn, S, R<sub>2</sub>)<sup>1</sup>
2. Counting the carriages in a funeral-procession will bring extremely bad luck. (Ws, R, B, K, R<sub>2</sub>)

<sup>1</sup> See list of abbreviations above.

3. It is bad luck to cross the road in front of a funeral-procession. (C, Ws, K.)

4. It is bad luck to cross in between the carriages of a funeral-procession. (C.)

5. It is considered bad luck to meet a funeral-procession. (Cb, R, Ws, B.) Often people meeting a funeral-procession will stop and turn in the opposite direction, so as to ward off the evil sure to follow if they had continued on their way.

6. If a funeral-procession is stopped in front of your house, a death will result within a year. (W, C, R.)

7. If, while a coffin is being carried in or out of a church, it bumps a seat or pew, some one in that row will die soon. (Tb, C.)

8. It is a sure sign of death to some one in a room or a building, if a bird flies *in* at the window. (C, W, Cb, R, K, Wn, S, R<sub>2</sub>, T.) One of my friends said that a dove tried to get in at the window for three days before her grandfather died, some years ago. The same thing happened again last summer just before the death of her grandmother.

(a) If a bird flies *against* a window or a door and kills itself, a death will occur soon within that house or building. (C.) Miss Coulson said her grandmother died at the very hour that a bird flew against their door and killed itself.

(b) If a bird sits on a window-sill, there will be a death in that house. (K.)

9. It is a sure sign of death to twirl a chair. (Ws.)

10. Never raise an umbrella in the house, for surely some one in the house will die within a year. (R, T.)

11. Dream of a dead person, and you will soon receive a letter or hear of the living. (K, B, Wn, S, T.) Similarly

12. If you dream of a death, you will hear of a wedding. (Wn, R, Ws, K.)

13. If you hear a buzzing ring in your ear, you will soon hear of a death. (Ws, W, R, K, T.)

14. It is also a sign that you will hear of a death if, while baking bread, it cracks across the top. (R, B.)

15. If your apron comes untied and drops, and you step over it, there will be a death soon. (R.)

16. Sign of death to carry a *hoe* through the house. (K, R, W, Cb, C, S, T.)

(a) Others say *shovel*. (B.)

(b) Still others say *spade*. (Ws, T.)

17. If there is one funeral, there will be two more. (W, Cb, C, T.)

(a) If a body is shipped into town, there will be two more deaths in the town. (C.)

18. If a man dies on Good Friday, he is supposed to be a good man, and will go to heaven. (Tb.)
  19. If a corpse is started from a house, then has to be brought back, it is a sign of an approaching death in the house. (Ws.)
  20. It is bad luck to go over the same road with a second corpse from the same family. (K.)
  21. It is a sign of death to hear a dog howl. (Wn, R, S, Rs, T.)
  22. It is a sign of death to dream of white horses. (R.)
  23. If you go in one door and out another, there will be a death in the house. (R.)
  24. It is a sign of death to break a looking-glass. (Wn.)
  25. Sneeze before breakfast, and you will hear of a death before the week is over. (S.)
  26. If there is a green Christmas, there will be a full graveyard. (T.)
- Oftentimes any odd noises are taken as signs of approaching death.

#### DISEASE.

1. Mole on your neck,  
You will have money by the peck.  
(C, W, B, R, Wn, S, K, T.)
2. Mole on your neck signifies you'll be hanged some day. (C, Ws.)
3. Mole on your arm,  
You'll have money by the farm.  
(S.)
4. If you wish to cure rheumatism, carry a potato in your pocket, which will draw the water from your joints. (R.)
5. Always carry buckeyes in your pocket if you wish to ward off rheumatism. (Ws, R, K, B, W, Cb, C, T.)
6. A piece of steel in one shoe, and brass in the other shoe, will cure rheumatism. (R.)
7. Put live wool in your shoe to cure rheumatism. (Cb, S.)
8. Sleep with a dog at the foot of your bed, and the animal will draw out your rheumatism. (K.)
9. Wear a brass ring on your finger, and your rheumatism will be cured. (B, Ws, K, W, Cb.)  
(a) Some say the brass ring must be worn on the little finger. (Wn.)
10. Sulphur placed in the heels of your shoes will cure rheumatism. (W, Cb.)
11. A person may get rid of his warts by washing his hands in hollow-stump water. (Ws, B.) Or
12. He may steal a dish-rag and hide it under a stone, and the warts will mysteriously disappear. (Ws, B, T.)

(a) Or, steal a dish-rag, rub it over the warts, and place the rag under the eaves or some place where it will soon decay, then the warts will disappear. (R, S.)

13. Some say, take a potato with as many eyes as you have warts, and hide it under the ground where the rain will drip on it from the house-eaves, and your warts will disappear. (R.)

14. If a person counts the warts on another person, he will get that person's warts. (R, Wn, T.)

15. Take a stick and cut as many notches as you have warts, and throw it over your left shoulder: whoever picks up the stick will get your warts. (R.)

16. If you kill a toad or frog, you will have warts. (B, R, T.)

17. You may cure warts by stealing raw beef-steak and burying it in the light of the moon. (K.)

18. You may cure your warts by going to a neighbor's home when the household is absent, and stealing a slice of meat (which you must cut off the original piece), then bury it under the front door, being careful not to glance backward while leaving the place. (Ws.)

19. To get rid of warts, rub corn over the warts, then feed the corn to a chicken: thus the chicken will get your warts. (R.)

20. You may cure warts by tying strings around them, then throwing the strings away. (W.)

21. Take anything and rub on the warts, then place the object in a paper sack and throw it away: the person picking up the sack will get the warts. (W.)

22. Tie as many knots in a string as you have warts, and bury the string, and your warts will disappear. (Cb, R.)

23. Warts may be cured by taking shavings off each finger and wrapping them in a paper. (Cb.)

24. You may get rid of your warts by selling them for a penny apiece. (C, Wn.)

(a) Some say sell them for money. (S.)

25. Take a string and measure your warts, then tie knots for each measurement and place the string in a vest-pocket, and the warts will disappear. (Ws.)

26. Pick up an old bone of some animal, rub it on your warts, and replace the bone in its former position, and the warts will disappear. (K, Ws.)

27. Spit on warts to get rid of them. (K, T.)

28. Rub warts with broom-straw. Bury the straw; and when it decays, the warts will disappear. (Wn.)

29. To cure a goitre, draw the hand of a corpse three times across your throat. (Rs, W, C; Wn, S.)

30. Wear a string of "Job's tears" around your neck to cure a goitre. (S, R, Wn.)

31. Amber beads worn by the patient will cure a big neck. (K, Wn, T.)
32. Amber beads worn will cure a sore throat. (C.)
33. Cure a sore throat by wearing a worn stocking around the neck. (Wn, S, R, B, T.)
34. Tying a red string around the neck will stop nose-bleed. (K, Cb.)
35. Tie a string soaked in turpentine around the waist, and it will cure lumbago. (W, Cb.)
36. If you have a birth-mark, it may be cured by placing a hand of a corpse on it. (Cb.)
37. Some asafoetida hung in a bag around the neck will ward off scarlet-fever and other contagious diseases. (R<sub>2</sub>, Wn, K, Ws, R, B, C, S, T.)
38. Cure nose-bleed by tying a silk thread around the neck or by putting a silver spoon down the patient's back. (C.)  
(a) Others say, put a key down the back. (Rs.)
39. Bending the little finger as tightly as possible will cure nose-bleed. (S.)
40. For stopping hiccoughs, look real hard into the middle of a glass of water. (C.)
41. Hiccoughs may be stopped by counting one hundred with mouth closed. (S.)
42. To cure a sty, rub it with a gold ring or touch it with a point of steel. (C.)
43. Cure a sty by rubbing it with a silver dollar. (R.)

#### MARRIAGE.

1. Persons married on a cloudy day will have a cloudy life. Similarly, those married on a sunshiny day will have a happy life. (R<sub>2</sub>, S, Wn, Ws, R, T, K, B, C.)  
(a) Happy is the bride the sun shines on. (C, R, K, Ws, B, T, Wn, S.)
2. Whoever catches the bride's bouquet will be the next bride. (S, Wn, R<sub>2</sub>, K, T, B, W, C.)
3. Some people will only get married when the moon is growing fuller. Then they will prosper. (Ws.)
4. Others will only get married when the hands of the clock are moving upward. (R.)
5. Swallow a four-leaved clover, and you will marry the first man you meet. (R.)  
(a) Others say, put a four-leaved clover in your shoe, and you will marry the first man you meet. (K, B, C, Wn, S, T.)
6. If a bride stumbles as she enters her home, she will have many

ups and downs. (Wn, S.) (On account of this superstition, the husband often carries his bride across the threshold.)

7. If a bride wishes to be prosperous throughout life, she must wear something old, something new, something blue, and something gold. (K, Ws.)

(a) Others say "borrowed" and "blue" instead of "blue" and "gold." (R, B, C, Wn, S, R<sub>2</sub>.)

8. If you don't wear out or dispose of your wedding outfit, you will have bad luck. (B, W.)

(a) Others say you will never be rich. (C.)

9. Change the name, but not the letter,  
Is to change for worse instead of better.

(Wn, S, R<sub>2</sub>, W, Ws, R, K, B, T.)

10. It is bad luck to wear black at a wedding. (S, Wn, C.)

11. It is bad luck to be married in black. (S, Wn.)

12. If a bride wears some person's garter, that person will marry soon if she wears it after the bride does. (C, Wn.)

13. In a wedding or birthday cake, the person getting the penny will have riches, the one getting the ring will be the next bride, and the one receiving a bodkin or a thimble will be an old maid. (Ws, C, Wn, S, R<sub>2</sub>.)

14. When sleeping for the first time in a strange bed, name the four corners of the bed, and the first corner seen in the morning will tell whom you will marry. (Wn, Ws, K, R, S, B, T.)

15. If you sit on a table, you will not be married for seven years. (Wn, Ws.)

(a) Others say it is a sign you wish to be married. (C, R, T.)

16. Significance of wedding-days:

Monday for health,  
Tuesday for wealth,  
Wednesday the best day of all.  
Thursday for losses,  
Friday for crosses,  
Saturday no day at all.

(C, B, Wn, S, T.)

17. Place a wish-bone over your door, and you will marry the first man entering and shaking hands. (R, S, W, T.)

18. Count a hundred white horses, and the first man with whom you shake hands after counting the hundredth horse you will marry. (Wn.)

19. While walking, if you cut the corner of a sidewalk, you will be an old maid. (Wn.)

20. It is a sign you wish to be married if you place a man's hat on your head. (S, Wn, T.)

21. When two couples, while shaking hands, cross each other, one will soon be married. (Wn.)

(a) Others say it is a sign of a wedding. (T.)

#### WEATHER AND WATER.

1. If it rains on Easter Sunday, it will rain seven Sundays afterwards. (R, W, Rb, W<sub>2</sub>, S, C, B, Wn, K, T.)

2. If it rains on Monday, we shall have rain three days in the week. (S, B, C, K, Ws, Cb, T.)

(a) Some say "Sunday" instead of "Monday." (Wn.)

3. The condition of the weather of the last Friday in the month will determine the weather of the next month. (B.)

4. Call Christmas January, and the next eleven days will foretell the weather of each month of the new year. (R.)

5. The first three days of December rule the weather of the first three months of the new year. (W, Ws, Wn, T.)

6. If ground-hogs come out of the ground on the 2d of February and see their shadow (in other words, if the sun shines Feb. 2), they will return to their holes for six weeks, and we shall have bad weather during that time. (K, W, B, Wn, S, T.)

7. It is considered unlucky to wash your hands in the water that some one has used, for he has washed his sins away in the water. (C.)

8. It is bad luck to wash after another. (Wn.)

9. It is lucky to dream of clear water, but unlucky to dream of muddy water. (Ws, B, C, R, K, T.)

10. Rainbow in the morning, sailor's warning;  
Rainbow at night, sailor's delight.

(S, C, B, K, R, Ws, T.)

(a) Rainbow in the day, sailor's delay.

(Ws, T.)

11. Red sky in the morning, sailor's warning;  
Red sky at night, sailor's delight.

(Wn, R<sub>s</sub>.)

12. If a dog lies on his back or eats grass, it will soon rain. (K.)

(a) Or if a cat lies, etc. (Wn, S.)

13. Kill a snake and hang it up, it will soon rain. (C.)

14. If the sun sets clear on Friday, it will rain before Monday. (C, K, R, Ws, T.)

15. Friday is always the fairest or foulest of the week. (R, K, C, B, S, Wn, R<sub>s</sub>.)

16. The way the wind blows on the first day of each season will be the direction in which it will blow the majority of the days of that season. (C.)

17. The date of the first snow foretells the number of snowstorms for the winter; that is, if it snows for the first time on Nov. 17, there will be 17 snows. (R, B, R<sub>2</sub>, S, T.)

18. When the new moon lies far south during the winter, we shall have warm weather. (C, Wn.)

19. In summer, if the moon is in such a position that a powder-horn can be hung on it, there will be rainy weather; if *vice versa*, there will be dry weather. (S, C, R, K, B, Wn, T.)

20. It is a sure sign of rain for a spider to come down in front of you. (Ws, Tb.)

21. I found a so-called water-witch,—a man who claimed he could tell the best places to dig wells. He took a forked willow stick, grasped a prong in each hand, and walked within the area where a well was desired. The free end of the stick would turn and point to a suitable location. This man is sent for by people miles in the country who wish to locate a well. (B, R, K.)

(a) Mr. Woodside said to use a peach-tree twig instead of willow. He also said to take a hazel-switch and give it a switch, and the number of bobs will tell the number of feet necessary to dig for a well.

#### MISCELLANEOUS BELIEFS.

1. It is very unlucky to see the new moon over your left shoulder, but lucky to see it over your right shoulder. (Wn, K, B.)

(a) Some say you must throw salt over your left shoulder to counteract the evil. (C, Ws.)

2. To see the new moon over your left shoulder is a sign that you are going to get a fall. (R.)

3. See the new moon over your left shoulder, make a wish, and it will come true. (R.)

4. See the new moon through brush or a glass, you will have bad luck as long as it lasts. (C, K.)

5. See the new moon over your left shoulder through brush will bring you bad luck. (S.)

6. It is good luck to face the new moon. (B.)

7. If you see the new moon straight in front of you, you will fall down. (C.)

8. Meat killed in the light of the moon will swell in the pot, but will shrink if killed in the dark of the moon. (C, Cb, T, W, S.)

9. Anything that grows under ground should be planted in the dark of the moon, and *vice versa*. (S, R<sub>2</sub>, Wn, B, Ws, C, K, R, T.)

10. Where sunflowers grow, poor people live. (K.)

11. It is bad luck to kill a spider. (W, R<sub>s</sub>.)
12. Kill a spider, and your cow will have bloody milk. (R.)
13. It is bad luck to kill a spider before breakfast. (C.)
14. If a spider comes down on a web in front of you, you will have company. (R.)
15. If a spider comes down on a web in front of you, you will receive a letter. (C, K.)
16. Kill a frog, and your cow will have bloody milk. (C, T.)
17. Others say kill a toad, and your cow will have bloody milk. (Ws, C, B, K, T.)
18. If you do not kill the first snake you see in the spring, your enemies will get the best of you. (R, K, C, Ws, T.)
19. Pick the first fern and kill the first snake,  
You will accomplish all you undertake.  
(S.)
20. You will soon have company if an old rooster crows in front of your door. (K, B, R, T, Ws.)
21. Two roosters or two hens fighting are a sign of two men or two women coming. (C, Ws, K, T.)
22. It is a bad omen to hear a dog howl at the moon. (Wn, R, S, C, Cb, T.)
23. If you purchase a horse and change its name, you will have bad luck with it. (W.)
24. Similar to the fetich is the custom of keeping the left hind-foot of a rabbit carefully wrapped in silk or oil-skin. If the foot is lost or taken away, the owner will have very bad luck. Bits of colored glass are often carried with the rabbit's foot as additional charms. (Cb, S, Wn, R<sub>s</sub>.)
25. If you purchase a dog and want him to be contented with his new home, measure his tail and put the measurement under the front doorstep. (T, C.)
26. It is bad luck to kill a cat. (Wn, S, R<sub>s</sub>, B, Ws, K, Cb, T.)
27. For every white horse there is a red-haired person. (R<sub>s</sub>.)
28. See a white horse, look around, and you will see a red-haired person. (Wn, K, B, C.)
29. Stamp (by quickly placing the right thumb on the tongue, then on the palm of the left hand, and then hitting the left palm with the right fist) every white horse seen. When one hundred have been stamped, you will find something. (S, C, Ws, R<sub>s</sub>.)  
(a) White mules count the same as three white horses. (Tb.)
30. It is bad luck for a black cat to run across your path. (R<sub>s</sub>, R, K, S.)
31. Eat crusts, and your hair will be curly. (K, C, R<sub>s</sub>.)

32. You will have a beautiful head of hair by placing some of your hair beneath a rock. (R.)

33. If your right ear burns, it is for spite; if the left ear burns, it is for love. (Wn, S, T.)

34. If your nose itches, you are going to have company or kiss a fool. (R, K, Ws, C, S, R<sub>2</sub>, W, T.)

35. A girl's freckles will disappear if she will go barefooted in the dew. (R.)

36. Others say a girl's freckles will disappear if she will wash her face in dew. (Wn, S, T.)

37. If your palm itches, it is a sign that you are going to get money. (R, B, R<sub>2</sub>, S.)

38. If your right hand itches, it is a sign that you are going to shake hands with a stranger; if the left hand itches, you will have money. (Wn, S, T.)

39. Trim your nails on —

Monday for news,  
Tuesday for shoes,  
Wednesday for health,  
Thursday for wealth,  
Friday for woe,  
Saturday, a journey to go.

(C.)

40. If you dress one foot at a time, you will be disappointed. (K.)

41. For good luck, always put the right shoe on first. (C.)

42. It is very unlucky to put a shoe on the wrong foot. (R.)

43. If your foot itches, you are going to walk on strange land. (B, R, S.)

44. If you put the left foot out of bed first, you will have bad luck; but the right foot placed out first will bring you good luck. (B.)

45. Sing before breakfast, cry before night.

46. A large hazel-nut crop is a sign of many births for that year. (S.)

47. In time of war there are more males than females born. (R<sub>2</sub>, S.)

48. Offer a child a dollar and a bottle; the one it takes will show whether it will be a money-maker or a drunkard. (R, T.)

(a) Others say, offer a book with the dollar and bottle, and, if it accepts the book, it will be educated. (W.)

49. If you let a baby see itself in the looking-glass before it is three months old, it will die. (Wn, T.)

50. If you cut the finger-nails of a child before it is a month old, it will steal. (Wn.)

51. Make a rhyme, and you will see your beau before half-past nine. (C.)

52. Some say to count the letters in the rhyme you make, then start at the first of the alphabet and count the same number of letters, the last of which will give the initial of your future husband. (R<sub>2</sub>.)

53. Stub your toe, kiss your thumb, and see your beau. (C, S, Wn.)

54. If your apron comes untied, your best beau is thinking of you. (T.)

55. If you entirely burn a match, it is a sign that your lover still loves you. (R<sub>2</sub>.)

56. Place a four-leaved clover in your shoe, and you will get a buggy-ride or a kiss. (Wn, S.)

57. Where cobwebs grow,  
Beaus won't go.

(B, R, K, C, S, R<sub>2</sub>, Wn, T.)

Where sunflowers grow  
Beaus never go.

(C, Cb, T, B.)

58. A sunflower is a sign of a girl for sale. (Cb.)

59. It is bad luck to start a journey or cut out a dress on Friday. (R, Cb, C, S, Wn, T, B.)

60. Cut out a garment on Friday; and if you do not finish it that week, you will never live to wear it. (Wn, S, R.)

61. You must not cut out a dress on Saturday, or you will not finish it unless you do it the same day. (C.)

62. If you have company on Monday or Sunday, you will have company every day in the week. (R, B, T.)

63. If you go some place on Monday, you will go some place every day of the week. (R, S, Wn.)

64. If you put anything on wrong side out, you must keep it on, or else you will have bad luck. (R<sub>2</sub>, S, W, R, Wn, Ws, B, K, Cb, T.)

(a) Some say you may change it behind a door. (C.)

65. It is a sign that the article of dress is not paid for if one wears the garment containing basting-threads. (T, B, Wn, S, R<sub>2</sub>, W, R, C, Cb, K, Ws.)

66. It is considered unlucky for one to wear or possess opals unless one is born in October; then it is good luck, for opals are October's birth-stones. (C, K, R, B, Wn, S, R<sub>2</sub>.)

67. If shoes squeak, it is a sign that they are not paid for. (T.)

68. Wear a shoe out on the ball, you will spend all; wear a shoe out on the toe, you will spend as you go; wear a shoe out on the side, you will be a rich man's bride. (Wn.)

69. If you leave a dirty spot when sweeping, you will have company. (Ws.)

70. If you drop a dish-cloth, you will have company. (S, Wn, C, Cb, B, Ws, T.)

(a) Others say, to drop a dish-cloth is a sign that some one is coming dirtier than you. (T.)

(b) Others say it is a sign that some one is coming cleaner than you. (Wn, S.)

71. Dropping a fork is a sign that a man is coming; dropping a knife foretells the coming of a woman. (Ws, R, K, B, Cb, C, T.)

(a) From the direction in which the fork or knife points, the company will come. (B.)

72. If you do not go out the same door by which you entered, you'll bring company. (B, Cb, R, K, Ws, C, T.)

(a) Some say you will never come back again. (Wn, S.)

73. It is unlucky to move a broom or a cat from one house to another. (W, K, R, Ws, B, R<sub>s</sub>.)

74. When moving into a new home, take a bag of salt and a broom for good luck. (C.)

75. If you break one dish, you will break three, all told. (S, C, Ws, B, R, K, T.)

76. It is extremely bad luck to raise an umbrella in the house. (C, B, T.)

77. Others say you will be disappointed if you raise an umbrella in the house. (K.)

78. If you spill salt, you must eat some, throw some over your left shoulder, and burn some, or you will have a quarrel. (R, C.)

79. Some say if you spill salt, you must burn some to avoid a quarrel. (Wn, S, K.)

80. Bubbles on coffee are a sign of money, but you must drink the bubbles to get the money. (S, R, B, T.)

81. Drop a spoon, sign of a letter coming. (R.)

82. Others say, drop a spoon, sign of a child coming. (T.)

83. To remove ants from your kitchen, carry one to a neighbor's house, and the others will follow. (Wn.)

84. It is good luck for a black cat to come to your house. (Wn.)

85. Commonly children, on observing the first star seen in the evening, repeat,—

"Star bright, star light,  
First star I see to-night,  
I wish I may, I wish I might,  
Have the wish I wish to-night."

(Cb, W, Ws, K, R, T, B, R<sub>s</sub>.)

(a) They must not look at that star again during the night, or the charm will be broken. (R.)

86. Count the first ten stars that come out for ten nights, and you can have anything you wish for. (C, S.)

87. When sleeping for the first time in a strange bed, make a wish

in each of the four corners of the room or at the four bed-posts, and the first corner seen in the morning will tell you which wish will materialize. (T, B.)

88. Throw kisses at the first star you see at night, and make a wish, and it will come true. (R.)

89. Two girls sleeping together may make their wishes come true by tying their big toes together. (Wn.)

90. Make a wish and swallow a four-leaved clover, and the wish will come true. (R.)

91. People saying the same thing at the same time touch thumbs, make a wish, and name some author. (R<sub>2</sub>, Wn, S, T.)

92. Dream of seeing a snake, if you try to kill it and it gets away, you are going to be attacked by an enemy; if you kill it, you will be a conqueror. (R<sub>2</sub>, K, W, Cb, C.)

93. Dream over a piece of wedding-cake, and the dream will come true. (C, R, K, T.)

94. Any dreams you may have when sleeping in a strange house for the first time, will come true. (R, T, Wn.)

95. I often placed a four-leaved clover in my shoe when I was a child, believing that good luck would accompany me as long as the clover remained in my shoe.

96. It is considered good luck to find a horse-shoe. (B, C, Ws, R, Wn, K, S, T.)

97. If there is one fire, there will be two more. (B, C, Ws, R, S, K.)

98. If you start away and have to come back, you will have bad luck. (Ws, T.)

99. If you start away and have to come back, you must sit down in a chair before starting on, or you will have bad luck. (R, K, C, Wn, S.)

(a) Some say you must count ten while sitting in the chair. (C, Wn, S.)

100. If you stumble, it is bad luck unless you go back and walk over again. (W.)

101. Do not give any one a sharp-pointed gift, for it will cut your friendship in two. (Wn, Ws, R, B, W, C, K, T.)

(a) A penny accompanying the sharp-pointed gift will counteract evil. (C, K.)

102. When two people are walking along the street, if an object comes between them, they will be enemies unless they say, "bread and butter." (R<sub>2</sub>, S, Wn, R, C, Cb.)

103.

See a pin, pick it up,  
All that day you'll have good luck.  
See a pin, let it lay,  
Bad luck follows all that day.

(C, T, Wn, S, Ws, R, W, K.)

104.

See a pin, let it lie,  
You'll want a pin before you die.

(Ws.)

105. It is good luck to pick up a pin with the point towards you, and bad luck if the head is towards you. (Ws, R, K, C, B, T.)

106. You will get a ride if you pick up a pin sideways. (R, C.)

107. Some say you will get a kiss if you pick up a pin sideways. (Wn.)

108. It is bad luck to go under a ladder. (S, R<sub>2</sub>, B, C.)

109. It is bad luck to twirl a chair or an umbrella. (C.)

110. If you do not wish the teacher to see you whisper, knock on a tree on your way to school. (Tb.)

111. Knock on wood to counteract evil. (R<sub>2</sub>, B, T.)

112. If a person gets out of bed on the side opposite the one he got in on, he will be cross all day. (Wn, R, S, C, B, T.)

113. Hang a hairpin on a rusty nail for good luck. (C, R<sub>2</sub>.)

114. If you find a hairpin, it is a sign that you will soon have a new friend. (K, C.)

115. A scratch is a sign of a ride to come. (R<sub>2</sub>, C.)

116. If you have one unexpected guest, you will have two more. (C.)

117. A whistling girl and a crowing hen will soon come to some bad end. (T, Wn, Ws, S, B.)

118. It is bad luck to break a looking-glass. (B, K, T.)

(a) Some say it is bad luck for seven years. (R<sub>2</sub>.)

119. It is good luck to find a four-leaved clover. (S, R<sub>2</sub>, B, T.)

120. If the initials of your name spell a word, it is a sign that you are going to be rich. (R<sub>2</sub>, T, R.)

121. A large hazel-nut crop is a sign of a cold winter. (T.)

122. Put a horseshoe with ends up over a door for good luck: if the ends are down, the luck will run out. (Wn.)

123. The direction a burning match points indicates the direction from which company will come. (Wn.)

L A HARPE, ILL.

PUEBLO-INDIAN FOLK-TALES, PROBABLY OF SPANISH  
PROVENIENCE.

BY ELSIE CLEWS PARSONS.

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I. THE BEHEADED GRANDMOTHER: BORROWED FEATHERS.<sup>1</sup>

Long ago<sup>2</sup> at Akwetetacha there lived a coyote (*suski*) with his father's mother (*wowa*). At Kuchina lived the snowbirds (*tsilo*). The snowbirds were playing. They would fly high into the air and down again. They flew and flew. Their elder sisters (*awan akyau*) searched for them. Their elder sisters said, "Let us go get yucca-

<sup>1</sup> Informant, Teatiselu of Zufi, about 80 years of age. Compare F. H. Cushing, Zufi Folk-Tales (New York and London, 1901), 203 *et seq.*; C. F. Lummis, Pueblo Indian Folk-Stories (New York, 1910), No. II. The episode of killing the grandmother may be from the cycle of Big John and Little John. The pattern of flying with borrowed feathers is given more completely in the tale which follows, and which Teatiselu also told in sequence.

<sup>2</sup> *Sons inote*. With these words Zufi tales (*telapnawe*) usually begin. Cushing translates *sons inoolona* "Let us [tell of] the times of creation!" *Telapnawe* Cushing derives from *tenalaa* ("time or times of") and *penawee* ("words") (JAFL 5 : 49 [note 1], 50 [note 1]). *Inote* means "long ago;" for *sons inote* I could get no other translation. *Sons* is just a meaningless prefix to *inote*, one informant insisted. — Acoma and Laguna tales begin with a word translated to me in the same way, *tsikinomaka* or *hamaka*; and Laguna tales are themselves referred to as *hamaka*.

roots [*hotsanna*<sup>1</sup> *umoi*]!" They wrapped the yucca-roots in their *pitone*.<sup>2</sup> They hung their *pitone* around their necks, and they flew high into the air. "This is fun," said their elder sisters<sup>3</sup> as they flew down again.

At Akwetetacha, Coyote said, "Father's mother, I want to go out hunting." He went to Apchilokwe. He killed some rabbits. Then he went on to Kuchina, where the snowbirds were playing. He said, "Elder sisters, are you playing?" — "Yes, we are playing," said the snowbirds. They flew up into the air. Coyote looked up after them. When they flew down, Coyote said, "May I play too?" They said, "Yes." Coyote said, "What have you on your backs?" They said, "We have the heads of our fathers' mothers on our backs." Coyote said, "I want to play too." They said, "You will have to cut off the head of your father's mother." Coyote went back to Akwetetacha. His father's mother was grinding. He began to search for a knife. His father's mother said, "What are you looking for?" He said, "I am looking for a stick." She said, "You will find one in the other room." As she was putting a pot on the fire, he said to her, "I wish to cut off your head." — "Why?" asked she. "The snowbirds are playing; and they say if I am to play with them, I must first cut off your head." She said, "No, you must not cut off my head." — "But I will come back and make you alive again." Then Coyote bent back his father's mother's head and cut her throat. He took off her *pitone*, and in it wrapped her head. He went back to where the snowbirds were playing. When he arrived, he said, "How can I manage to fly?" They said, "We will give you some of our feathers." Some took feathers out of their wings and fastened them to his outstretched arms. Others took feathers from their tails and fastened them to his back. Their elder sisters said, "Let us fly! and as we fly, we must sing." They sang, —

"Tsilo, tsilo maiakwain,  
Tsilo, tsilo maiakwain,  
Topinte oto, topinte chonchin.  
Tsi! cho cho cho cho."<sup>4</sup>

"Snowbird, snowbird crests,  
Snowbird, snowbird crests,  
One bill, one claw.  
Tsi! cho cho cho cho."

<sup>1</sup> *Ho, tsanna*, "small." The giant yucca is called *hokaipa*, *kaiipa* ("wide"). Suds are made of the roots of the popularly called "soap-weed" for hair-washing. In Cushing's version of the tale the birds are carrying bowls of suds on their head, and his birds were dancing. I have heard the flight of the *tsilisigo*, a species of hawk, referred to by the Zufi as its "dance." It is indeed a very apt comparison. This tale was known to Marmon of Laguna. In the outline he gave me (the details he could not remember), the birds were carrying the yucca-root suds (*mu'sh* in Laguna).

<sup>2</sup> The square of silk or cotton which all Pueblo-Indian women wear tied in front and hanging down their backs.

<sup>3</sup> Such continuing use of a kinship term is characteristic.

<sup>4</sup> Teatiselu sang their song as he did all the little songs in his tales. Unfortunately I was not able to record the music, nor was my phonograph at hand.

Coyote sang (in a lower scale and ponderously),<sup>1</sup>—

"Tsilo, tsilo maiakwain,  
Tsilo, tsilo maiakwain,  
Topinte oto, topinte chonchin.  
Tsi! cho cho cho cho."

His sisters would take him high into the air and down again. When they were tired flying, they said, "Let us rest. We are tired. Give us back our feathers." They asked Coyote, "What is that you have on your back?" Coyote said, "That is the head of my father's mother." The snowbirds said, "On our backs we do not carry the heads of our fathers' mothers. We carry yucca-roots." Then Coyote wept. He carried his father's mother's head to her house. On arriving, he found his father's mother's body lying on the ground. He raised up her body, and he tried in vain to fasten the head to the body. He said, "Maybe if I fasten it with piñon-gum, it will stay in place." He went to Achilak and gathered a lot of gum. He tried to gum on the head, but he failed again. "What if I were to sew it on!" said he. He took some yucca-fibre and he sewed on the head, but his father's mother did not come back to life. So he went to live at Suskachokta ("Coyote-Bowl"). As for the snowbirds, they said, "We must not stay here. The coyote might come and harm us." So they flew away, flying all over the country (*ulonan templa*). That is why there are snowbirds everywhere. Thus it happened long ago.<sup>2</sup>

## 2. BORROWED FEATHERS.<sup>3</sup>

Long ago at Kyakima the bluebirds (*klaialutke*)<sup>4</sup> were playing. They flew high in the air and down again. At Tomaakwen there lived a coyote with his mother's mother (*hota*). He said, "Mother's mother, I want to go out hunting." He went over to the hills. He became thirsty, and he went to Kyakima to get a drink. The blue-

<sup>1</sup> Just as sings his analogue, Wolf, in the Portuguese Negro tales I have collected.

<sup>2</sup> *Inote lenateatiki*, one of the regular endings of *telapnawé*. The other is *lewí semokonike* ("that is all, story short"). "Thus shortens my story," Cushing translates. At such conclusion all present stretch their arms above their heads, or at times out sideways, saying, "Make my corn so high," or, "my melons so round!" A child might say, "May I grow so tall!"

<sup>3</sup> Informant, Teatiselu of Zufii. Compare Cushing, *l. c.*, 237 *et seq.*; H. R. Voth, The Traditions of the Hopi (FM 8 : 197, 201-202); J. A. Mason, "Myths of the Uintah Utes" (JAFL 23 : 310-311; T. Braga, *Contos tradicionaes do Povo Portuguez* [Porto, 1883]), 67; E. C. Parsons, "Ten Folk-Tales from the Cape Verde Islands" (JAFL 30 : 231-234); A. J. N. Tremearne, Hausa Superstitions and Customs (London, 1913), 265-266; R. R. Sutherland, Hausa Folk-Lore, Customs, Proverbs, etc. (Oxford, 1913), 2 : 94-96; W. Jekyll, "Jamaican Song and Story" (Pub. Folk-Lore Soc., 55 [1904]), No. XL.

<sup>4</sup> Their feathers are used in Zufii in prayer feather-sticks. Bluebird-feathers are similarly used by the Keresans and the Navaho.

birds were playing. As they flew up, they called, "Tiwe, tiwe, tiwe!" Coyote finished drinking. Then he went over to the bluebirds, and said, "Sisters, are you playing?" They said, "Yes." He said, "May I play too?" They said, "Do you wish to play?" Coyote said, "Yes, I should like to play too." They took out their feathers and fastened them to his arms and back. Each bird took out a feather. He was all blue. The bluebirds said, "As you soar upwards, sing, 'Tiwe, tiwe, tiwe!' We will go up first. Do you watch us." When they flew down again, they said, "Do you try it now." Coyote sang (in a lower note and ponderously), "Tiwe, tiwe, tiwe!" He flew only so high (indicating a few feet above the ground). "That will do," said the bluebirds. They flew up, singing, "Tiwe, tiwe, tiwe!" Coyote sang, "Tiwe, tiwe, tiwe!" The bluebirds helped him fly. He kept on singing, "Tiwe, tiwe, tiwe!" They all flew down. A second time they flew up and flew down. A third time they flew up, singing, "Tiwe, tiwe, tiwe!" Down they flew. The fourth<sup>1</sup> time they flew up, the sisters said, "Let us take away our feathers from Coyote!" When they were high in the air, and Coyote was singing "Tiwe, tiwe, tiwe!" they took all their feathers away from him. He tumbled down to the ground and smashed into bits. The bluebirds said, "We must move away. Were we to stay on here, his father or mother or brothers might come and kill us." So they flew away, flying all over the country. The grandmother of Coyote waited for her grandson (*nana*). On the fourth morning she called out, "We, we, we, we . . . !" She called four times.<sup>2</sup> On the fourth call the coyotes came. "What do you want us for?" asked they. She said, "My grandson has not returned, so we must go out and search for him." They went out and searched everywhere. They found him at Kyakima smashed to pieces. They took him up and carried him to his mother's mother. His mother's mother said, "I must not go on living here."<sup>3</sup> So she went to Sumkianakwe. After she had left, all the coyotes went back to their houses. Thus it happened long ago.

### 3. BORROWED FEATHERS.<sup>4</sup>

Long ago (*hamaha*) the bluebirds (?) (*kaihadanish*) were grinding. Coyote (*chuski*) began to grind too. The bluebirds said, "Let us

<sup>1</sup> See E. C. Parsons, "The Favorite Number of the Zufi" (*The Scientific Monthly*, December, 1916).

<sup>2</sup> Just as orders are called out from the highest house-top in Zufi four times, or as in Acoma *tenientes* or church drummers walk four times through the town summoning to *estufa* or to church.

<sup>3</sup> Although migration after a death appears frequently in the tales, no such practice exists among the Zufi. It is a Navaho custom, the Zufi say, the Navaho even deserting the moribund.

<sup>4</sup> Informant, Getsitsa of Laguna, about 60 years of age.

all go to get a drink on top of Katsima!<sup>1</sup> But what shall we do with our friend (*saukin*) here? He has no feathers. We must give him some of our feathers." So they gave him of their feathers. They flew to the top of the mesa. They drank. Then they said, "Let us take back our feathers! Let us leave Coyote here!" They took all their feathers away from him. He roamed about looking for a way down. He began to jump. It was steep. He fell and killed himself. The bluebirds wondered what had become of him.

#### 4. BORROWED FEATHERS: DON'T LOOK UP: BACK TO LIFE.<sup>2</sup>

Long ago<sup>3</sup> at Hanishoku<sup>4</sup> the pigeons (*houk*) were flying about. They gave Coyote some of their feathers to fly with. Coyote (*shuski*) was heavy and lagged behind. The pigeons said, "Let us fly up to the water-hole on top of the mesa!<sup>5</sup> Let us fly on ahead of Coyote! He has a dirty mouth." They flew on to the water-hole, Coyote after them. When they had finished drinking, they took their feathers away from Coyote and left him there crying. As he was crying, the spider below heard him. Spider said, "Somebody is crying." Spider went up, and saw that it was Coyote. Coyote said, "Will you take me down?" Spider said, "Yes. Wait here until I get my basket. I will lower you down in it." Spider went down and got his basket. He said to Coyote, "Get in, but as you descend do not look up. If you look up, I shall drop you." When the basket was half way down, Coyote began to say to himself, "I wonder why Spider does not want me to look up!" Then he looked up. Spider let go of the basket, and Coyote dashed down into pieces.<sup>6</sup>

Another coyote passed by, and saw the pieces. "I wonder who died here!" said he. "I had better see." He gathered together the bones, and covered them over with a cloth. On the north side he began to sing, —

"Tsaiū tsaiū akuhato  
Nia aka nia aka."

On the west side he sang, —

"Tsaiū tsaiū akuhato  
Nia aka nia aka."

On the south side he sang, —

<sup>1</sup> The so-called "Enchanted Mesa" near Acoma.

<sup>2</sup> Informant, *hocheni* (Cacique) of Acoma, about 75 years of age.

<sup>3</sup> *Tsikinomaha*.

<sup>4</sup> A ruin at the foot of the mesa on which Acoma is built. It lies on the eastern side. It is where their ancestors lived, the people say, before they built on the mesa.

<sup>5</sup> There is no spring on top of the mesa, but there are several water-holes. The great water-hole is on the north side, on the sheer edge of the mesa. It is a place of great beauty.

<sup>6</sup> Compare Lummis, *I. c.*, 255; Cushing, *I. c.*, 88-89.

"Tsaiu tsaiu akuhato  
Nia ako nia ako."

On the east side he sang, —

"Tsaiu tsaiu akuhato  
Nia ako nia ako."

The coyote said, "I wish to see who is underneath. Arise!" Out came Coyote.<sup>1</sup> "Is it you?" — "Yes." — "Who killed you?" — "I was on top of the mesa, and Spider threw me down." — "Where do you live?" — "I live far over on the south side." — "Well, go home." That is all (*tomesau*).

### 5. THE RACE.<sup>2</sup>

Long, long ago at Matsakya some of the people had been running stick-races (*tikwane*) and losing. "Let us have Mole [*yei*] and Hawk [*anelaeu*] run against each other!" said the people of Matsakya. On the side of Hawk were to be those who had been winning the races; on the side of Mole, those who had been losing. The bow-priests (*apilashiwanni*)<sup>3</sup> of the winners went over to see Hawk. They said to him, "We wish to have a race. We wish you and Mole to run against each other." Hawk said, "When is the race to be run?" They said, "We wish to have it to-morrow." Hawk said, "No, we cannot have it to-morrow. You must wait four days." The bow-priest of the losers went to Mole. He said, "We want to have a race between you and Hawk." Mole said, "When is the race to be run?" — "We wish to have it to-morrow." Mole said, "No, we cannot have it to-morrow. You must wait four days." The day before the race they collected the stakes, — beads, red and white, and turquoise. The night before, Mole went to the houses of the others (i.e., the other moles), and told them at different places, as Hawk should come along, to stick out their heads. Mole said, "About that time urinate and wet yourselves, so that, when Hawk comes up and sees you, he will think you are sweating." Mole went to his house and staid there all night. Hawk staid in his house all night. The next day they brought

<sup>1</sup> For this pattern of restoring to life by song from under a cloth, compare Voth, Hopi (FM 8 : 2, 6, 7, 8, 9, 208); Lummis, *l. c.*, 68-69.

<sup>2</sup> Informant, Waisilutiwa of Zufil, about 50 years old. He learned his tales at his fraternity (*matke tsannakwe*) meetings. Compare Cushing, *l. c.*, 277 *et seq.*; Lummis, *l. c.*, 99-102; P. E. Goddard, Jicarilla Apache Texts, No. 46 (PaAM 8 [1911]). For the distribution of the tale among other Indian tribes, see Boas, BBAE 59 : 307. For the South American, African, Asiatic, and European distribution, see Dähnhardt, *Natur-sagen* (Leipzig, 1912), 4 : 48 *et seq.*; also Visayan (Millington and Maxfield, JAFL 20 : 315). For North American Negro distribution, see E. C. Parsons (JAFL 30 : 174, 225-226; also Kamerun, Cross River (Alfred Mansfeld, *Urwald Dokumente* [Berlin, 1908], 224); Hottentot (Leonhard Schultze, *Aus Namaland und Kalahari* [Jena, 1907], 528).

<sup>3</sup> Actually the bow-priests place the sticks, but others arrange the race.

the stakes into the plaza.<sup>1</sup> When they had finished laying the bets, Mole said to Hawk, "Which direction shall we take? I will go under ground, and you above ground." Hawk said, "Let us go by Matsakya, Tsililiima, Tekiapo, Awieł, Alihemüla, Kopachia, Telaluwaieł, Akiapoella, Kushinolko, Matsakya." As soon as they started off, Mole went into his hole and staid in it. Hawk flew on to Tsililiima. There a mole poked out his head, and called out, "Keep on! We are running together. Keep on as you are!" Then he went back underground. Hawk flew on to Tekiapo. There another mole poked out his head, and called out, "Keep on! We are running together. Keep on as you are!" Meanwhile Mole, he who made the bet, prayed to his father the Sun, and the clouds began to gather.<sup>2</sup> By the time Kopachia was reached and the mole there looked out of the hole, Hawk was behind. The mole waited. He said, "If you don't make haste, I shall leave you behind." By that time the rain was falling fast. When Hawk reached Telaluwaieł, he was wet through. At Akiapolla, Hawk was wobbling, he was drenched. The mole there said, "You best make haste, I am leaving you far behind. I had to wait here for you a long time." Hawk could hardly fly. At Matsakya, Mole jumped out where the things were piled, and said, "That is the way to win a race."<sup>3</sup> Mole won everything, — the beads, the turquoise. He took them all to his house. Hawk lost everything. He was so muddy he could scarcely fly. *Lewi.*

#### 6. FORGETTING THE SONG: THE EMPTY MASKS.<sup>4</sup>

Long, long ago at Kanułaa lived a coyote. At Wempo lived the locusts (*chumali*). They would climb up a piñon-tree, and there all day long they sang, —

"Chumali chumali shohkoya. chumali chumali shohkoya. hechotata chupachinte shohkoy shohkoy."	"Locust, locust, flute. Locust, locust, flute. The piñon-tree they climb up. Flute, flute."
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The coyote who lived at Kanułaa with his wife said, "I am going hunting." His wife said, "Go hunting. Maybe you will kill a rabbit. When you come, we will eat." He went hunting at Pishukaia.

<sup>1</sup> As in an actual race. The stakes are tied together, blanket with blanket, etc.

<sup>2</sup> The stick-races (*tikwane*) are run for rain. For the pattern of winning a race by making it rain on a bird competitor, cf. Lummis, *i. c.*, 14-21. Our tale is a striking instance of the combination of two patterns, foreign and native, the combination suggested by identity of subject.

<sup>3</sup> At this the winner brought his fists together, as did my narrator, and breathed on his thumbs (*yasknawie*).

<sup>4</sup> Informant, Teatiselu of Zufii. Compare Cushing, *i. c.*, 255 *et seq.*; Voth, Hopi (FM 8 : 67, 68); Lummis, *i. c.*, 84-86.

He reached Atsinakwe. He went on to Wempo. He heard a sound. They were singing,—

“Chumali chumali shohkoya.  
chumali chumali shohkoya.  
hechotata chupachinte  
shohkoy shohkoy.”

He stopped. He said, “What is that? What a pretty song to put the children asleep!” They sang again,—

“Chumali chumali shohkoya.  
chumali chumali shohkoya.  
hechotata chupachinte  
shohkoy shohkoy.”

Coyote looked up into the tree. There were the locusts. He said, “Grandmothers [*hotakwe*], grandfathers [*nanakwe*], are you playing?” The locusts said, “Yes.” Coyote said, “May I play too?” — “Yes.” Coyote said, “How can I get up?” The locusts said, “Sit on that branch. When we sing, you must sing too.” Coyote jumped up on the branch. They sang,—

“Chumali chumali shohkoya.  
chumali chumali shohkoya.  
hechotata chupachinte  
shohkoy shohkoy.”

Then Coyote sang (on a lower scale and ponderously), —

“Chumali chumali shohkoya.  
chumali chumali shohkoya.  
hechotata chupachinte  
shohkoy shohkoy.”

At sunset Coyote said, “I must go home, I am going [*soanne*]”. The locusts rejoined, “Go [*maklu*]!” Coyote said, “I will come again to-morrow.” The locusts said, “Come [*ia*]!” At mid-day the locusts went up into the piñon-tree, and sang,—

“Chumali chumali shohkoya.  
chumali chumali shohkoya.  
hechotata chupachinte  
shohkoy shohkoy.”

Coyote came. The locusts said, “Grandfather, are you coming? [*Nana, tosh ia?*]” Coyote said, “Yes.” The locusts said, “Jump on the branch, and we will sing.” He jumped on the branch. They sang,—

“Chumali chumali shohkoya.  
chumali chumali shohkoya.  
hechotata chupachinte  
shohkoy shohkoy.”

The sun went down. Coyote said, "I must go home." He went home, and he tried to sing the song to sing his children asleep. He sang, —

"Chumali, chumali."

The rest of the song he forgot. His wife said, "Did you get the song?" He said, "No, I forgot it." He kept on saying, —

"Chumali, chumali."

The next morning Coyote returned to Wempo. He said to the locusts, "I don't want to stay all day with you, but I want to take the song to my house." They sang for him. He left them. On his way he fell into a mole-hole. He lost his song. He went back again to the locusts. He said, "I fell into a mole-hole, and I forgot my song. You must sing it to me again." So they sang, —

"Chumali chumali shohkoya.  
chumali chumali shohkoya.  
hechotata chupachinte  
shohkoy shohkoy."

He went, and he stepped on a brittle branch, and he hurt his foot and forgot his song. So he went back again. He said, "I stepped on a brittle branch, and I hurt my foot and I forgot my song. You must sing it for me again." They sang, —

"Chumali chumali shohkoya.  
chumali chumali shohkoya.  
hechotata chupachinte  
shohkoy shohkoy."

He went, and on his way he stepped on a cactus-plant. He fell down, and hurt his foot and forgot the song. He returned to the locusts, and said, "I stepped on a cactus-plant and fell, and hurt my foot and forgot the song. You must sing it for me again." They sang, —

"Chumali chumali shohkoya.  
chumali chumali shohkoya.  
hechotata chupachinte  
shohkoy shohkoy."

He went, and fell into a mole-hole, and lost his song.<sup>1</sup> He started back to the locusts. They said, "We have sung for him four times. Let us not sing for him again!" So they went into their holes. They took off their masks, filled them with pebbles, and set them in the piñon-tree. They saw Coyote approaching, and they went into their tree. Coyote came, and said to the locusts' masks, "Sing for me

<sup>1</sup> Compare A. L. Kroeber, "Ute Tales" (*JAFL*, 14 : 266-267); "Ananci Stories" (*The Folk-Lore Record* [London, 1880], 3 [pt. 1] : 53-54).

again. I fell into a mole-hole, and I forgot the song." They did not answer. Coyote said, "Sing to me, or I shall come up on the tree and eat you up."<sup>1</sup> They did not answer. "I shall ask you four times,"<sup>2</sup> said Coyote. "Once, will you sing for me?" They did not answer. "Twice, will you sing me the song?" They did not answer. "Thrice, will you sing?" They did not answer. "I shall give you one more chance. Will you sing the song you sang to me, *ahota?*" Nobody answered. He said, "They want to be eaten up." He jumped up and seized the masks. He knocked out his teeth as they closed on the pebbles in the mask. His mouth was full of blood. He went to his house, and his wife said, "Why is your mouth full of blood?" Coyote said, "I asked my *ahota* to sing me a song. I asked them four times. Then I jumped upon them and knocked my teeth out on their masks."<sup>3</sup> Coyote said, "We must not live here. We must live where we can live all the time." So they went to Kosenakwi. That is why at Kosenakwi, on your way to Kianakwe, you can always see coyotes; just as at Wempo, as you pass by, you always see locusts. Thus it was long ago.

#### 7. FORGETTING THE SONG: INSIDE THE LIZARD.<sup>4</sup>

A long time ago (*tsikinomaha*) at Kaiaushitsa there was a lizard(?) (*tapinosk*) singing. He sang, —

"Heto uma tima  
matiu ti mu."

There came up a coyote (*chuski*) and listened. Lizard sang again, —

"Heto uma tima  
matiu ti mu."

Coyote said, "I think it was over there to the west." He came closer. He said, "Friend [*saukin*], are you here?" Lizard said, "Yes." Coyote said, "You have a fine sound. I want you to sing for me. I want to learn it." Lizard said, "Very well." He sang, —

"Heto uma tima  
matiu ti mu."

"Did you learn it, my sound?" asked Lizard. "Yes." — "Sing it." Coyote sang (in a lower key and ponderously), —

<sup>1</sup> Locusts are eaten by the Zufii. They are soaked over night and parched.

<sup>2</sup> A *teniente* may knock a man down for refusing to obey an order, but he must first give the order four times. A promise, to have a binding force, must be made four times. For example, should a man require of his daughter the promise to behave as he wishes, he would ask her for the assurance four times.

<sup>3</sup> Compare F. Russell, "The Pima Indians" (RBAE 26 : 243).

<sup>4</sup> Informant, Cacique of Acoma.

"Heto uma tiuma  
matiu ti mu."

"I see you have learned my sound," said Lizard. Coyote said, "I am going." He went to the east. As he approached a cedar-tree, singing his song, a rabbit sitting under the tree heard him. The rabbit jumped up and ran into a prairie-dog hole. Coyote ran after the rabbit, and began to dig in the hole. He dug, dug, dug, until his nails were worn off. Then he tried to sing his song, and could only say, "Mati, mati." The rest he had forgotten. He said, "I had better go back and ask my friend." He went back to Lizard, and said, "Friend, sing for me." Lizard only looked at him, saying nothing. "Friend, sing your song for me. I am going to ask you four times. Then, if you don't sing, I shall swallow you down. Now, sing for me." Lizard said nothing. "Sing for me." Lizard said nothing. "Sing for me." Lizard said nothing. Then he swallowed him down. Inside of Coyote, Lizard sang, —

"Heto uma tiuma  
matiu ti mu."

Coyote said, "Where are you?" — "I am inside." — "Very well, friend; but don't cut my throat or my stomach. Just sing." But Lizard did cut his throat and his stomach, and Coyote fell down dead.<sup>1</sup>

#### 8. WATER-CARRIER: THE EMPTY SKINS.<sup>2</sup>

Long ago (*hamaha*) at Kwateshgetsu lived Coyote with his family. They were very thirsty. He went down after water. He had no way to carry it except in his mouth. On his way the meadow-larks (?) (*chiana*) were singing, —

"Pu chiru, chiru!"

Coyote said, "How pretty!" and he dropped the water out of his mouth. "*Tsihāemetoha!*"<sup>3</sup> I must go back for water," said Coyote. Then he said to the meadow-larks, "If you sing that way to me again, I shall do something to you." He went back and filled his mouth with water. He started for his house. Again he met the meadow-larks singing, —

"Pu chiru, chiru!"

Coyote said, "That is a fine song!" and the water ran out. He said, "That is the second time. I must go back for water. If you do that

<sup>1</sup> Compare Cushing, *I. c.*, 211 *et seq.*; Voth, Hopi (FM 8 : 19); Lummis, *I. c.*, 86; Russell, *I. c.*, 246. This final incident appears to be a variant of a widespread tale in Europe ("Thumbling") and Africa. See E. C. Parsons, "Folk-Tales of Andros Island, Bahamas" (MAFLS 13 [1917] : 8 [note 3]).

<sup>2</sup> Informant, Usi of Laguna. Compare Voth, Hopi (FM 8 : 65, 70).

<sup>3</sup> This word Usi considered a "swear-word," but he did not know the specific meaning of it. He knew no way in Keresan of calling on the Sun or on ancestors.

again, I shall see what I can do." He went back, he filled his mouth with water, and he plastered his mouth with clay so that he could not open it. He started back. The birds were still along the road. Again they sang, —

"Pu chiru, chiru!"

Coyote said, "That is a fine song! I must have it to sing to my children." He opened his mouth, and the water ran out. He said, "That is the third time. I must go back for water." He went back, he filled his mouth, and he plastered it over. He started back. The birds along the road sang, —

"Pu chiru, chiru!"

"What a fine song!" said Coyote, and out ran the water. He went back again for water, filled his mouth, and plastered it over. He started back. This time the birds did not sing. Coyote went to his house. He found all his family lying dead.<sup>1</sup> He felt anger against the birds, and he started after them. The birds knew that his family was dead. They skinned themselves, and they filled their skins with pebbles. When Coyote came up, he said, "I am going to kill you, because you killed my children." He jumped on the skins and bit them. His teeth struck on the pebbles and broke. "*Tsiha'emetohal* their bodies are full of pebbles!" His mouth was full of blood. He went east, down to the river, to wash his mouth. At the river he saw his reflection in the water, and he was frightened. He said, "Somebody is coming after me!" Then he ran to the railway-crossing and went into the river. Again he saw his reflection in the water. "Somebody is coming after me!" he said, and he ran west to the town. The dogs saw him coming. They ran after him, and caught him and killed him. *Tometsich*.

#### 9. FATAL IMITATION: MISLEADING COMMENT: HOLDING UP THE CAVE.<sup>2</sup>

Long ago one day at Komask, at the south side of the mesa, sat a spider. She held a little basket, into which she put her children. She sang, —

<sup>1</sup> In a Zufii variant the birds are omitted. The difficulty Coyote is up against is making the mud dipper hold. He makes dippers all day. Finally he carries the water home in his mouth.

<sup>2</sup> Informant, Cacique of Acoma. The basket episode of fatal imitation may be reminiscent of the widespread imitation pattern of the Big John and Little John cycle. Compare, too, Dähnhardt, 4 : 239-241. The pattern of talking aloud to mislead Coyote is a pattern recurrent in Cape Verde Islands tales. As for the episode of smearing with pitch-pine and carrying the rock, it is somewhat reminiscent, in a curious hybrid way, of the familiar Negro patterns of holding up the cave and of smearing as a disguise. "Holding up the cave" is clearly given in Voth, *i. c.*, 79; Lummis, *i. c.*, 227-228. See, too, Preuss, 1 : 290; Boas, "Notes on Mexican Folk-Lore" (JAFL 25 [1912]; 201, 206, 237); J. A. Mason, "Folk-Tales of the Tepecanos" (JAFL 27 : 135, 204); J. Teit, "European Tales from the Upper Thompson Indians" (JAFL 29 : 313-314).

"Statinau statinau  
 Kap kap  
 Statinau statinau  
 Kap kap."

She threw the basket down the cliff. She sang again,—

"Statinau statinau  
 Kap kap."

Up came the children. Then Coyote heard her singing. She said, "Somebody is singing a pretty song. I am going there." He was below the mesa. Spider sang again,—

"Statinau statinau  
 Kap kap."

Coyote said, "I am going up to see who is singing." He went up, and he found Spider. He said, "Are you here, my friend?" — "Yes." — "I heard your song. I want to learn it." Spider said, "Very well [*tauwa*, 'good']." She sang,—

"Statinau statinau  
 Kap kap."

"Did you learn the song?" asked Spider. "Yes." — "Sing it." Coyote sang (in a lower scale and ponderously), —

"Statinau statinau  
 Kap kap."

Coyote said, "I am going to fetch my children to play here with yours." Spider said, "Very well." Coyote went and put her children in a big basket, and carried it back to Komask. Spider said, "Now, my friend, can your children come up like mine?" Coyote answered, "I don't know." — "Let us try." Spider and Coyote sat together, their baskets side by side. They sang, and each threw down her basket. The little spiders came up, but the little coyotes did not come up. Spider said to Coyote, "I wonder why your children do not come up?" Coyote said, "I will go down to see." When she went down, Spider said, "Let us run away towards the west!" There they had an underground-hole they went into. When Coyote went down, she found all her children dead.<sup>1</sup> She was very angry. She said, "I am going to kill all the spiders." Up she went, but she found nobody there. She found their tracks, and followed them. She found the hole they went into. She began to dig, dig, dig. As she dug down near to where they were, as near as this (indicating an inch or two), Spider said, "I am going to fool Coyote." As Coyote was near the door, Spider said, "Move away! I am going for the woman who is

<sup>1</sup> Compare M. C. Stevenson, "The Sia" (RBAE 11 : 153-154); Voth, Hopi (FM 8 : 71).

to dance." The little spiders said, "Move away! I am going for the man who is to dance." Coyote moved aside to let them up and out, and to wait for them to bring back the dancers. They went, and they never came back. Coyote waited and waited. Then she lay down and slept. One of the little spiders saw her sleeping. The little spider said to her mother, "I see where Coyote is lying asleep. Let us go and pick out all her hair." They went, and picked out all her hair. Coyote woke up and looked at herself. She said, "The spiders did this, but I can't do anything to them. I had better let them go."<sup>1</sup>

She went and made balls of piñon-pitch, and rubbed them on a smooth rock. Then she rolled herself on the rock. As she turned over and stood up, the rock stuck to her back, and came up with her. It began to rain hard. Another coyote came by. Coyote pretended she was in under a cave. The other coyote said, "Somebody is over there."—"My friend, come in! Here is a fine cave." The other coyote went in, and stuck fast also to the rock. She tried to get away. Coyote said, "Stay with me. Let us carry this rock together!" They started towards Zuñi, towards the dam.<sup>2</sup> Somebody there had corn-meal in a rock trap. The two coyotes were hungry. They went in. The heavy rock fell on them and killed them. *Tomesau*.

#### 10. GETTING RID OF THE OTHER: THE TRICKY DISPOSAL (MOCK PLEA): THE WATCHER INJURED.<sup>3</sup>

Long ago one rainy day a coyote went out. Out there on the plain the water was running deep. The flood drove the prairie-dogs out of their holes. Coyote waited for them to come out, and caught them. He caught and killed five. He laid them on top of a high bank. He went on. A polecat (*gatisach*) came along, and found the dead prairie-dogs. When Coyote came back from going after other prairie-dogs, he found the polecat sitting alongside the dead prairie-dogs. When he came, Coyote said, "*Kwatsi*." Polecat said, "*Tawahe*." Coyote asked, "What are you doing?"—"I have killed these prairie-dogs. That is why I am here." Coyote said, "No, these prairie-dogs are mine." Coyote and Polecat began to quarrel. Then Coyote said,

<sup>1</sup> Compare Lummis, *l. c.*, 106-107.

<sup>2</sup> The dam at Black Rock is a construction of the last few years.

<sup>3</sup> Informant, Usi of Laguna. Compare Stevenson, "The Sia" (RBAE 11: 147-148, 152); Voth, Hopi (FM 8: 58); Cushing, *l. c.*, 209, 210. The true pattern either Cushing failed to get or his informant had lost. It is, as in this tale, the pattern of getting your captor to dispose of you as you wish by fooling him on the means he proposes. Thus in the familiar American Negro tale, Rabbit gets Fox to throw him into the briar-patch, where he was born and bred (see Dähnhardt, 4: 43-45). For the distribution among Indians, see Boas, Kutenai Tales (BBAE 59: 305 [note 1]). The conclusion is reminiscent of the equally familiar pattern of blinding the guard.

"Let us cook them!" They dug a hole, they made a fire, in the coals they set the prairie-dogs. Then they started to run a race to the distant mountains. Polecat ran on ahead. He hid in a prairie-dog hole. Coyote ran on ahead. Then Polecat turned back and ate up the prairie-dogs. He went up on a rock. Coyote returned, but he found no prairie-dogs. "Who has taken them?" asked he. He saw the tracks of Polecat. The tracks led to some rocks and to a crack between the rocks. There the tracks were lost. Coyote looked up and saw Polecat sitting on the rock, eating. "Give me back the prairie-dogs," said Coyote. "No, they are mine," said Polecat. Polecat threw the bones down to Coyote. After he had finished eating, Coyote said, "Come down. Let us be friends!" — "Are you sure?" asked Polecat. "Yes." Polecat asked four times. Then he came down. Coyote said, "I am going to kill you, because you ate up all my prairie-dogs." Polecat ran away into a hole. Coyote said, "I am going to get you. I will smoke you out with cedar-wood." — "All right!" said Polecat. "I don't mind cedar-wood smoke." (That was just what he did mind.) Coyote said, "I will smoke you out with piñon." — "All right! It won't hurt me." Coyote said, "I will try again. I will take piñon-pitch." — "That will hurt me," said Polecat. (But that was what would not hurt him.) Coyote shut up the hole Polecat was in, and went and collected piñon-pitch. He brought it back to the hole and set fire to it. He blew the smoke into the hole. "Blow all you can," said Polecat. "I am nearly dead. Blow, blow!" Then Polecat kicked the coals back over Coyote's head and body. Coyote was badly burned. That's all (*tometsich*).

## II. PLAYING DEAD: THE WATCHER INJURED: GETTING RID OF THE OTHER.<sup>1</sup>

Long ago (*hamaha*) at a round rock lay a coyote asleep. Up came four little prairie-dogs (*neti*). One said, "Let's wake him up!" — "No," said another, "he would eat us up." They went away. Then they came back and found a rabbit (*get*) standing there. The rabbit went and woke up Coyote. He was glad to see them all, and made friends with them. Rabbit said, "Let us all run a race!" They ran. Rabbit said to the prairie-dogs, "Come on!" They left Coyote behind. Then they waited for him to come up. He said, "I am so tired and thirsty!" So on their return they did not race. They sat around, Coyote in the middle. Then the prairie-dogs went away. Coyote and Rabbit were alone. Coyote said, "I am hungry. I am going to catch some prairie-dogs to eat." — "How can we catch them?" asked Rabbit. "I know what to do," said Coyote. Rabbit went and told

<sup>1</sup> Informant, Margaret Marmon of Laguna. Compare Stevenson, "The Sia" (RBAE 11 : 150-151); Swanton, Natchez (JAFL 26 : 194, 195 [Nos. 2, 3]).

the prairie-dogs to come and sing for Coyote, because he was dead. The prairie-dogs were glad Coyote was dead, but some of them were afraid. They did not believe Coyote was dead. One of them went on ahead, to make sure he was dead. He tickled him. He went back, and said to the others, "Yes, he is dead." So they all went over to where Coyote lay. They stood around in a circle, hand in hand.<sup>1</sup> Then Coyote began to throw sand up with his paws. The sand went into their eyes and killed them. Coyote was glad. So was Rabbit, because they would have a big dinner. They made a little round hole, and put the prairie-dogs in it to cook. "How can we eat them all?" asked Rabbit. "Let's have a race, the winner to eat the biggest!" said Coyote. So they started to run. Coyote said to his friend Rabbit, "You go on ahead, you go slowly." Rabbit went on and hid behind a bush. Coyote ran past as fast as he could. Rabbit waited until Coyote had passed him. Then he turned and went back to where the prairie-dogs lay. He took all the biggest and fattest, leaving only the skinny little ones for Coyote. Coyote on ahead said, "I wonder where my friend is! Some one may have shot him. I won't wait. I will go back and eat up the prairie-dogs." When he got back, he found only the skinny little ones. He said, "I will go and kill Rabbit." He went to the rock below which Rabbit was sitting eating. Rabbit said, "Eh, my friend! come on down." Coyote said, "How can I climb down?" Rabbit said, "Go around the other way, and I'll take you down." Rabbit began to show him how to climb down. They came to a narrow place where Rabbit was unable to lift Coyote through, — Rabbit was too little, and Coyote too heavy. Coyote fell down and killed himself. Rabbit went back to his house. That's all (*hemetsich*).

#### 12. TAIL BY TAIL.<sup>2</sup>

Long ago (*sons inote*) at Akyapau<sup>3</sup> lived the *kyanakwe*.<sup>4</sup> In their house inside<sup>5</sup> Towa Yalene they planted corn and watermelons. Every day their mother would boil corn, and they would bring the corn out and the watermelons, and they would dance, and sing, —

"Tupikela  
tupikela  
aiya lula lula chi

<sup>1</sup> Compare Lummis, *l. c.*, 103–105. For bibliography on "playing dead" see Parsons, *Folk-Tales of Andros Island, Bahamas* (MAFLS 13 : 91 [note 1]).

<sup>2</sup> Informant, Teatiselu of Zufi. Compare Cushing, *l. c.*, 229 *et seq.*; Swanton (JAFL 26 : 218); W. A. Clouston, *The Book of Noodles* (New York, 1888), 46–51.

<sup>3</sup> Wide standing rocks. The pinnacles on the west side of Towa Yalene, the great mesa three miles east of Zufi, are so called.

<sup>4</sup> M. C. Stevenson, "The Zufi Indians" (RBAE 23 : 217 *et seq.*).

<sup>5</sup> A myth goes that the son and daughter of the rain-priest who were thrown off Towa Yalene as a sacrifice to the mounting flood live with their children *inside* the mesa.

asi lume e  
chia tata i i  
uita uita."

At "uita uita," they would lift the corn in the air. They were eight little ones, and their mother and father made *teñ*.

In the mountain where there are white stones (*aiala*, "stones;" *kohanna*, "white") lived a coyote with his wife and children (*an chawe*). He said, "I will go out and hunt rabbits." When he reached Akyapalue, he heard a noise. He looked and found nothing. At sundown (*sunapa*) he went to his house, and said to his wife, "I will go again to-morrow." Next morning Coyote said to his wife, "I will go rabbit-hunting." He went, and he heard a noise again. He looked, and he saw the *kyanakwe*. They sang, —

"Tupikela  
tupikela  
aiya lula lula chi  
asi lume e  
chia tata i i  
uita uita."

When they raised up the corn, the coyote jumped for it, but he could not reach it. He said, "Throw the corn down, and I will take it to your younger brothers [*ayam asuwe*]." At sundown he went to his house. He said to his wife, "I have found them. They are up in Akyapalue." Coyote said, "I will call for my older brothers [*yama apapa*], and we will go get them." Early in the morning he called for Cedar-Tree (*homaakuena*) Coyote (*suski*), *sukemaa suski*, *sute-wulikwe*, *suayalakwe*. When they came, they said, "What do you want of us?" — "I have found a *kyanakwe*-nest. Let us get them and kill them! Then we will take their corn and muskmelons and watermelons, and all they have." — "When shall we go after them?" asked the other coyote. "In four days." In four days the coyote came, and the coyote who had found the nest said, "We will climb up now. We will hold each the tail of the other. You must not break wind.<sup>1</sup> If any one breaks wind, we shall fall down and die." Coyote said, "Who will be first?" — "You who found the nest shall be first." Then the coyotes went on up the east (?) side, each holding by the tail of the other. Their little younger brother, the last one, broke wind, and they all came tumbling down.<sup>2</sup> They were all killed.

Then the *kyanakwe* said, "Who will go to Kołuwela and tell the *koko* to come and skin the coyotes and put the skins around their

<sup>1</sup> The boy who was translating for me gave this first as "cough." He had heard his Americanized mother thus translate it.

<sup>2</sup> The pattern is obscured, as the chain should be made from top to bottom. Moreover, breaking wind seemed to be thought of as a "charm," not a joke.

necks?" *Kyanakwe awan papa* said, "I will go." He went to Kolu-wela. The *koko* said, "Our grandfather [*honawan nana*] is coming." They said, "Why do you come?" The *kyanakwe* said, "I come to tell you that the coyotes came after us; but when they got to the top, their younger brother broke wind, and they all fell down and were killed. Come and skin them, and put the skins on your necks, and you will look finer than ever." The little *kyanakwe* went back to his house on Towa Yalene. The *koko watempla*,<sup>1</sup> *temtemshi*,<sup>2</sup> *homachi*, *sakialishta*, *atoshle*,<sup>3</sup> *hehea*, — all came and skinned the coyotes, and put the skins around their necks. The *kyanakwe* said, "You look finer than ever" (literally, "If you looked fine once, now you look still finer"). The *kyanakwe* passed four days, and then they went to Panatumakwe. That is how the *kyanakwe* came to live at Panatumakwe, and that is why the *koko* have coyote-skins around their necks.

### I3. TAIL BY TAIL.<sup>4</sup>

Long ago at Katsima the *shtoroka*<sup>5</sup> were dancing down in a rock hole. They sang, —

"Hama <sup>6</sup> giana  
hama giana  
Gowawaiima <sup>7</sup> chinaia<sup>8</sup>  
gatoweimishi <sup>9</sup> chirikisha <sup>10</sup>  
hama hama chaiera  
aha ha aha  
ihi hi ihi  
aiha aiha lino lino."

Up came Coyote. He listened to the song. He liked it. He went and called the other coyotes to hear the song. Six coyotes came. "How are we to get down and learn the song?" asked one. "Let us hold on each to the tail of the other; but none must break wind." They started down, each holding the tail of the other. Then the one in the middle broke wind, and all fell down. They fell into a pile and were killed. The *shtoroka* got their skins, and wore them around their necks.

<sup>1</sup> All kinds. One of the dances danced by the *kiwitsine* at *kokw ewis* (Shalako) and again later in the year.

<sup>2</sup> So called from their call.

<sup>3</sup> See E. C. Parsons (AA 18 : 338 *et seq.*).

<sup>4</sup> Informant, Usi of Laguna.

<sup>5</sup> A dance performed during winter. The myth of the *shtoroka* corresponds to that of the *kyanakwe*.

<sup>6</sup> Long ago.

<sup>7</sup> A place name.

<sup>8</sup> Narrow passage.

<sup>9</sup> Men's leggings (?).

<sup>10</sup> Rattle.

14. THE TURKEY-HERD.<sup>1</sup>

Long ago at Kyakima lived a girl who spent all her time herding turkeys. She never did anything for her sisters. Nobody would comb her hair. It was all in a snarl. Her sisters would tell her to cook. They would say, "Why do you so love the turkeys?" She did not answer. After her sisters had cooked, she would take the bread and go out and tend the turkeys.

At Matsaki they were dancing *lapalehakya* (*lapa* > *lapapoawe*, "parrots;" *lahakya*, "tell"). They were dancing for the third time, when the turkey-girl said, "Younger sisters [*ahani*]!" The turkeys said, "What?" The girl said, "I want to go and see the dance." The turkeys said, "You are too dirty to go." She repeated, "I want to go." The turkeys said, "Let us eat the lice out of her hair!" Then each ate lice from her hair. Then an elder-sister (*kyauu*) turkey clapped her wings, and down from the air fell women's moccasins (*mokwawe*). Then her younger sister (*ikina*) clapped her wings, and down from the air fell a blanket dress (*yatone*). Then another elder sister clapped her wings, and down from the air fell a belt (*ehnina*). A younger sister clapped her wings, and a *pitone* fell down. An elder sister clapped, and a blanket (*eha*) fell down. The little younger sister (*an hani tsanna*) clapped, and a hair belt (*tsutokehnina*) fell down. *An kyauu* said, "Is this all you want?" The girl said, "Yes." She put on the moccasins and the *chayalonana*. The turkeys put up her hair in a queue. She said to the turkeys, "I will come back before sundown." She went to her house, and made a little cloth bag, and filled it with meal. Then she went on to Matsaki. Her sisters said, "Has she gone to the dance?" One said, "Yes." — "She is too dirty to go." After she reached Matsaki, as she stood there, the dance-director (*otakya mosi*) asked if she would dance. She said, "Yes." She danced all day. When the sun set, she finished dancing, and ran back to the turkeys. The turkeys had said, when she did not come, "We must not go on living here. Our sister does not love us." When she arrived, they were not there. They were on top of a little hill, singing, —

"Kyana to to  
kyana to to  
kyana to to ye  
uli uli uli to to to to."

They flew down to Kyakima. They went on as fast as they could until they came to turkey-tracks (*tonateanawa*). There they drank at the spring. Their tracks were from north, south, east, west.

<sup>1</sup> Informant, Tsatiselu of Zufi. Compare Cushing, *J. A. F. L.*, 54 *et seq.* This is, I suggest, a Cinderella tale, the pattern in regard to the sisters being confused.

After they drank, they flew to Shoakoskwikwi. They reached a high rock. They sat on it, and sang, —

"Kyana to to  
kyana to to  
kyana to to ye  
uli uli uli to to to."

When *awan kyauu* arrived, the turkeys were not there. She saw their tracks. She followed the tracks on a run. At Tonateanawa she saw where they had drunk. She ran on. Then she lost their tracks. She went back to her house. The turkeys had flown to Shoakoskwikwi, to the spring there. That is why at Shoakoskwikwi you see wild turkeys. The girl came back to her house crying. Her sisters said, "Don't cry! You did not return on time. You did not love them." The girl staid and cooked for her sisters. Thus it was long ago.

#### 15. WHITE BISON.<sup>1</sup>

Long ago (*inole*) at Wehuwala (San Felipe) a girl (*ellashtoki*) took a husband. He wanted to make her some moccasins. He put the leather in water to make it wet. When the leather was wet, he took it out, fitted the leather to her feet, and cut it. The girl went to grind. He made the moccasins nicely. He said, "Come, let me fit you!" He fitted her, and cut out nicely the top-pieces (*taknikwi*). When her husband had finished, she said, "I want to get water. There is no water." The husband said, "Put on your moccasin." (He had finished only one moccasin.) She put it on. She took the jar (*tele*) and went for water. At the well the girl said, "Let me look at my melon-field!" She took off her moccasin, put it on the jar down by the well, and went to her melon-field. As the girl was looking at the melons, a bison (*siaawala*) came from the east, — a big white bison. He stopped at the corner of the field. He said, "Are you looking at your melons?" The girl turned quickly, and saw the big white bison standing beside her. "Come here!" said the bison. "Why?" said the girl. "I want to take you to my house." The girl said, "No, I don't want to go. My husband is making some moccasins for me." The bison said, "You better come." — "No." — "You better come, else I shall kill you with my horns, with my big spreading horns." The

<sup>1</sup> Informant, Teatiselu of Zufii. Compare Swanton, Natchez (JAFL 26 : 212 [No. 18]). For the bibliography of the tale of which this tale appears to be a variant, see Parsons, "Folk-Tales of Andros Island, Bahamas" (MAFLS 13 : 66 [note 2]). In considering the provenience of this tale, it may be of some significance that the first part of it is a variant of the first part of No. 17, an admittedly Mexican tale. Indian parallels of parts of the tale, however, are not lacking. See G. A. Dorsey and A. L. Kroeber, "Traditions of the Arapaho" (FM 5 [1903]: No. 81); A. L. Kroeber, "Gros Ventre Myths and Tales" (PaAM 1 [pt. 3, 1908]: No. 24).

girl was afraid. She went to the bison. The bison said, "Get on my back, and I will carry you." The girl got on the bison's back. The bison ran as fast as he could. At sunset (*yatonkwatonihop*) the bison reached his home in the mountains.

Her husband finished the other moccasin, and said, "Why does she not come?" The girl's father said to the husband, "You go see if she is there." He went to the well. There were the jar and the moccasin. He went to the melon-field, and saw her footprints. He looked about, and saw the track of the bison. He said, "The bison must have stolen you." The young man took the girl's jar and went up to the house. The girl's father said, "Where is she?" — "The bison has taken her away to his house." The young man said, "I will go after my wife. Father, have you any eagle-feathers?" The girl's father said, "Yes, I have some. How many do you want?" The youth said, "I want six." The girl's father gave them to him. He got a red stone (*ahoke*) and made them red. The young man said to the girl's mother, "Mother, will you make me some sacred meal?" The girl's mother made him some sacred meal, and she put it in a bag (*pisinek*); and she put some wafer-bread (*hewe*) in a cloth. The young man tied it across his back. He went to the field to find the track of the bison. He found the track. He was a fast runner. He ran as fast as he could. He came to a mountain (*chipia*). He ran across the mountain. It became dark (*tekwitikya*), and he lost the track. He said, "I had better stay here all night." He gathered some wood. He made a fire. He sat down by it. He took out his *hewe* and began to eat. When he finished eating, he fell to thinking about his wife.

Cougar (*hoktitasha*) had heard the news of the bison stealing the young man's wife. Cougar came,<sup>1</sup> and said, "Are you sleeping here all night?" The young man turned quickly, and saw the cougar. He was afraid. He said, "Yes." Cougar said, "Have you what I want?" — "What do you want?" Cougar said, "I want an eagle-feather." — "Yes, I have some here." Then he took out a feather. "Come here, and I will put the feather on you!" He came up, and the young man put it on the middle of his back.<sup>2</sup> Cougar said, "Since you have given me this feather, I will guard you all night. Nobody will hurt you." Cougar guarded the young man all night. Early in the morning (*chamle*) Cougar said, "Awake, my father! It is light (*yatokwehechia*), you must pray (*tewusupeyekia*) to the Sun." The young man awoke, he got his sacred meal, he prayed to the Sun. There

<sup>1</sup> Out of the north, this should probably be, since each of the five creatures to come to him subsequently comes from the direction it is associated with in Zufii myth.

<sup>2</sup> In another Zufii tale about a bear-girl, the girls asks for a downy eagle-feather; and after she has turned into a bear, she wears the feather on the middle of her back. Were a hunter to catch an animal, and intend to release it, he would tie on it a downy eagle-feather.

was no track to be seen. He took a handful of the sacred meal and made it into a ball. He prayed to the sacred ball. He threw it. The track was anew on the road. He followed the track all day. It grew dark. He stopped and built a fire. Sitting by it, he fell to thinking about his wife. A bear (*ainha*) came from the west. He sat down back of the young man. He said, "Unh, unh, unh! Have you what I want?" — "What do you want?" — "I want an eagle-feather." He took one of his eagle-feathers and placed it in the middle of the bear's back. Bear said, "I will guard you all night." Bear guarded the young man all night. Early in the morning Bear said, "Awake, my father! Get your sacred meal and pray to the Sun." Bear said, "I must be going." So he went where he came from, to the west. The young man got up. There was no track to be seen. He got his sacred meal. He made a ball of it, he threw it. The track was there. He followed the track until again he was tired. He said, "I must stay here." He gathered wood and made a fire. As he sat by the fire thinking of his wife, a badger (*tonashikwe*) came out of the south, saying "Ei, ei, ei!" He saw the badger, he of the face striped with white. The badger said, "Have you what I want?" — "What do you want?" — "I want an eagle-feather. Some one gave me an eagle-feather a long time ago, but it is worn out." The young man took an eagle-feather and placed it on the middle of the back of the badger. The badger said, "Do you go to sleep, and I will guard you all night." Early in the morning the badger said, "Awake and pray to the Sun!" The badger went back to the south. The young man got up. He took the sacred meal, made a ball of it, and threw it. When the Sun was up, there was the track. The young man went on all day until he was tired. He came to a place where he said, "I must stay here." He gathered wood and made a fire. He ate his *hewe*. As he was thinking of his wife, a wolf (*unawiko*) came out of the east, saying, "U, u, u, u! My father, are you staying here all night?" — "Yes." — "Have you what I want?" — "What do you want?" — "I want an eagle-feather. Some one gave me an eagle-feather long ago, but it is worn out." — "Come," said the young man, "I will put one on you." — "Since you have given me the feather, I will guard you all night." Early in the morning Wolf said, "Awake, my father! Get your sacred meal and pray to the Sun. I must be going." Wolf went away to the east. The young man took his meal, made a ball, and threw it. The track was there anew. He went on and on until it was dark. He said, "I must stay here." He gathered wood and made a fire. As he was thinking of his wife, an eagle flew down from the sky and alighted on the ground. The eagle said, "My father, are you staying here all night?" — "Yes." — "Have you what I want?" — "What do you want?" — "I want an eagle-

feather." The young man fastened it to his back. The eagle flew to the top of a tree and watched all night. Early in the morning the eagle said, "Awake, my father! Get your meal and pray to the Sun, I have to go back up into the sky." Again there was no track. When the Sun arose, the young man took his meal, made a ball, and threw it. The track was there anew. The young man went on and on until it was dark. He said, "I must stay here." He gathered wood and made a fire. As he was thinking of his wife, a mole (*ikalute*) came out from under the ground. "My father, are you staying here all night?" — "Yes." — "Have you what I want?" — "What do you want?" — "I want an eagle-feather." The young man fastened an eagle-feather to the back of the mole. And the mole guarded him all night. Early in the morning the mole said to the young man, "Awake, my father! Get your sacred meal, and pray to the Sun. I must be going." The mole went down into the ground. The young man got up. He made a ball of his sacred meal. He threw it. The track was there. He went on until noon (*itiwopa*), when he reached the spring where the bison drank. Then he went to where the spider (*to'chita*) household (*kiakwenona*) lived. The little spiders were playing outside. They went in, and said to their mother, "Somebody is passing by." She said, "It is, I think, your grandfather [*nana*]. Tell him to come in." The little spiders called him in. The mother spider said, "Who will go with him?" — "I," said a little spider. They made a rope out of their threads. The little spider went up to the young man's ear. The young man said, "Are you ready?" The little spider said, "Yes." In the early afternoon (*yasel-lakapa*) they reached the *kossa*<sup>1</sup> household. The little *kossa* said to their mother, "Somebody is passing by." — "It is, I think, your grandfather. Tell him to come in." They called him in. They took rubbings of their skin,<sup>2</sup> and gave him two balls of it. They called Mehuchokwa.<sup>3</sup> "Are you going with the young man?" — "Yes," said Mehuchokwa. The young man went out of the *kossa* house. Mehuchokwa went on ahead until he came to the *katetacha*<sup>4</sup> household. The little *katetacha* said to their mother, "Somebody is passing by." — "It is, I think, your grandfather. Tell him to come in." The mother *katetacha* said, "Who will go with him?" — "I," said the little girl. "I found him." The two went on ahead of him until they came to a river of snakes. He rubbed himself with the *kossa* balls and entered the river. The snakes would bite him to break

<sup>1</sup> A plant sour or salty.

<sup>2</sup> This device for creating a person or transmitting personal influence is common in Zufii myth. Compare Voth, Hopi (FM 8 : 6, 7, 8, 15, 27).

<sup>3</sup> The feather of this bird is sometimes put under the head of a wakeful infant to make it sleep. The bird itself sleeps much.

<sup>4</sup> A long-tailed bird, magpie (?).

their teeth on the sour (of the *kossa*). He crossed the river of snakes and came to a river of knives. He rubbed himself with the balls, and he crossed the river.<sup>1</sup> He came to a mountain. The *katetacha* girl said, "Now we must go up the mountain. There is a rock up there. When I am tired, I shall rest on that rock. Get on my back." She spread out her wings. She told him to shut his eyes. She flew up and up until she came to the rock rest. There she rested. She said, "We are near the house where your wife is." After they had rested, she said, "Now we must go up again." Again he sat on her back. She flew up to the top of the mountain. She said, "Do you see that little white house? There is your wife." When they reached the house, the *katetacha* said, "You stay here until I go to Mocking-Bird (*kaichoo*) and tell him not to tell Bison." She went to the mocking-bird, and said, "Don't tell. We are coming to see our elder sister." — "Very well," said Mocking-Bird. Then Mehuchokwa spit on Mocking-Bird, and Mocking-Bird fell asleep. Mehuchokwa went up to the roof of the house, and spit on all the cougars. The cougars fell asleep. When he reached the second story, there were two snakes lying down. He spit on them, and they fell asleep. The young man rubbed his balls on the knife ladder, and the knife ladder was no longer cutting. He went up to where the snakes lay. The bisons were making a drum; they were going to have a dance. The house was full of girls who had been stolen. Two girls were in the other room. The *katetacha* girl went in and flew to a nail in the wall. Nobody saw her. After they had made their drum, the bison young men (*astauwake*) were ready to dance. After they had danced, the bison who had stolen the girls said, "We must sleep now." He went in the other room. The bison young men slept in the room where they had danced, back of the altar. Mehuchokwa spit on all the bisons, and they fell asleep. The *katetacha* girl told the young man to go in and get his wife. "Go softly, so as not to waken the bisons!" When he went in, he waked his wife quietly. He said, "Were you sleeping?" — "Yes," said she. The other girl was not asleep. She said, "Are you going home?" — "Yes," said he. The other girl wanted to go too. They crept out quietly. Mehuchokwa and Katetacha had said they would wait below. When they found Mehuchokwa and Katetacha, the two girls sprang on to the wings of Katetacha, and the young man sat in the middle. Katetacha told them to close their eyes. When they were down, Katetacha said, "Now open your eyes. We are down. Make haste before day breaks. We must go to our houses." The two girls ran ahead as fast as they could; the young man followed. At sunrise they were at the *kossa* household. The young man said, "We must make haste." They

<sup>1</sup> Compare Lummis, *I. c.*, 125-126.

went on and on to the spring where the young man had drunk. It was noon. The white bison had awakened and looked about for his two wives. He said, "Wake up, my children! Let us go and hunt for my wives." The white bison went on ahead. The bisons were at the *kossa* household by the time the young man and the two girls had reached the spring. The other girls in the house of the bisons ran out and ran home. They were Acoma (*hakuk*), Isleta, Navaho (*apachu*), Laguna, Hopi (*mohuk*).

The two girls climbed up a cottonwood-tree. The young man followed. Then the animals that had taken care of them went up the cottonwood-tree too. When they were up there, the bisons passed by without seeing them. Two little bisons stooped down to drink, and saw the reflections in the water. They did not drink, but went and told the bisons next to them. They told the next, they told the next, until the leaders (*amosona*) heard it. They turned back. They butted at the tree, and they almost got it down. Then the animals up in the tree took up their bows and arrows and shot down the bisons one by one. They killed all but the two little bisons who had drunk at the spring. The animals said, "We must go down and go home." They left the young man and the two girls.

The young man built a fire, and started to cook bison. He cut out a piece from the bison leader. He was fat. They cooked it. But the wife of the young man would not eat the meat. The other girl liked the meat. The young man took out his knife and cut off the head of his wife. To the other girl he said, "Let us go home!" They travelled all day. They arrived at Wehuwala. A crowd met them, and said, "Here is the young man who went after his wife, coming back with his wife." He took the girl to the house of his wife's people, and told the father he had killed his daughter because she would not eat the bison, her husband. The father and mother said, "Our daughter was not a good girl." He said, "Your daughter did not love me, so I killed her. Here is the girl I am going to marry."

#### 16. THE TWO BEETLES.<sup>1</sup>

*Son achi*<sup>2</sup> long ago (*sons inöle*) at Sokwato two beetles (*kipisho*)<sup>3</sup> lived with their mother's mother (*hola*). At Sokwato too there lived the maidens of a priest (*shiwanni*)<sup>4</sup> the young men wanted to have.

<sup>1</sup> Informant, Tsatiselu of Zufii. He had heard this tale in the house of his fraternity, the *newekwe*, from the fraternity director.

<sup>2</sup> Cushing translates, "Let us take up [a tale]!" (JAFL 5 : 50 [note 1].)

<sup>3</sup> A little black or brown beetle which lives in manure-heaps. The narrator explained that the *kipisho* in the tale were *kipisho* because they wore *kipisho* masks. Not uncommonly in the tales the animals are animals by virtue of putting on their animal mask.

<sup>4</sup> *Shiwanni an elle*. *Elle* is short for *ellashloki*. The narrator or the interpreter began with one maiden, and then changed to two. In the tales, the daughter or son of a priest

They would say, "If you kill the two water-serpents (*kolowisi*),<sup>1</sup> we will have you. Kill them because they devour our people." So the maidens of Ley,<sup>2</sup> the priest, married nobody. The beetles said to their mother's mother, "Mother's mother!" Their mother's mother said, "What?" — "We want to have the maidens of Ley, the priest." Their mother's mother said, "You are too dirty to go." They said, "We wish to go to-morrow." Their mother's mother said, "Well, you may try." In the morning they went. When they reached the house, they said, "How do you live [*konotewananate*]?" The people of the house said, "Happy [*ketsanishi*]." The people of the house fed them. When they had finished eating, the people of the house said, "What do you want?" The beetles answered, "We want to have your two daughters?" Their mother said, "What do you say to it?" The girls said, "Very well." The two girls went into the next room and made the pallets. They said to the beetles, "We will not sleep together until you kill the two water-serpents. They devour our people. We do not want them to devour our people." They did not sleep together. Early in the morning the girls said, "Do you wish to go?" The beetles said, "Yes." The girls took off their *pitone* and in them wrapped up some *hewe*. They started to go to the South Ocean (*Alahohankwi kyatolunapkwí*).<sup>3</sup> They journeyed all day. They said, "Let us stay here all night!" They gathered some wood, made a little fire, and ate supper. The water-serpents called out, "Ou . . . !" The younger brother (*an suwe*) said, "I will go and see." He went a little way. There were two openings whence they came up from the sea. The two water-serpents were talking together. The elder brother (*an papa*) said, "Should any one show me a yellow arrow-head,<sup>4</sup> I should die." The younger brother said, "Should any one show me a blue arrow-head, I should die." The beetle overheard, and went and told his elder brother. He said, "Let us look for the arrow-heads to-morrow!" Early in the morning the elder brother said, "Let us look in the ruins!" He

(*shiwanni*) corresponds in much the same way, I think, to the princess or prince, the king's daughter or son, in the European tale. Compare, too, the daughters of Ley in No. 17.

<sup>1</sup> The plumed serpent of the Zufi. It figures in the quadrennial initiation of the boys. There is a tale of the marriage of a Zufi girl to a water-serpent (*kolowisi*). A Zufi now living is nicknamed Kolowisi because his mother was supposed to have been entered by *kolowisi* during her pregnancy.

<sup>2</sup> Stories in which Ley figures ("stories about Ley") are known to be of Mexican origin. This story was told me when I asked for a story about Ley. The Zufi deny vehemently that any of the other tales are "Mexican." The tales, they believe, are true. No distinction is made between "tale" and "myth." Ley is, I take it, the Zufi for rei.

<sup>3</sup> That is, the Gulf of California.

<sup>4</sup> Arrow-heads are used by the Keresans as charms against witches. Used in the same ways at Zufi, their purpose is probably the same.

found a large yellow arrow-head. The younger brother said, "Let me look for mine!" He found a blue arrow-head. They started after the water-serpents. Elder brother Water-Serpent came out of the water and made for elder brother Beetle to devour him. Elder brother Beetle displayed the yellow arrow-head, and the water-serpent expired. Out came younger brother Water-Serpent and made for younger brother Beetle to devour him. He displayed the blue arrow-head, and the water-serpent expired. They cut off the heads of the water-serpents. The elder brother dipped his finger in the vomit of the water-serpents, and it was sweet. He said, "Let us go where we slept last night, and eat the vomit with our *hewe*. After they had gone and eaten, they smeared their heads and bodies with the vomit, and they became handsome young men.

They went on to the west, and they reached a place where there were Spaniards (*sipaloa*). They were tired of carrying the heads of the water-serpents. "Let us drop them here!" said they. The Spanish governor (*sipaloa tapup*) had a pole, and on top of it a hat. They were trying to bring down the hat. On a table was a pile of money. They said, "Whoever climbs the pole and gets the hat wins the money." Then the beetles arrived, and the Spaniards said, "Let us see you climb up!" The elder brother climbed up and got the hat, his younger brother watching him. But the others did not see him; the hat kept them from seeing him. He won the money. The two put the money in their pockets, and the younger brother put on the hat. They said, "Give us back the hat. You won only the money." But the younger brother kept on the hat, and they could not see him. The two went on to the east. There the Spaniards were playing the same games, only on top of the pole was a moccasin. They told the beetles to try and get the moccasin. The elder brother said to the younger, "This time you go." He climbed up and got the moccasin, a moccasin for the left foot. It too kept others from seeing you. They took the money, and the younger brother put on the moccasin. The people could not see him.

They went on, and arrived at a lonely house where lived a Spaniard. They looked in and saw him eating. When he finished, they went in. He did not see them. He took out from his trunk (*kwau-wopoke*) a piece of paper. He laid it on the floor, and four times he went around it. Then he shook his right sleeve with his left hand, and silver money fell out of it. He shook his left sleeve with his right hand, and out fell gold money. The younger brother said, "Elder brother, do you go and get the paper of magic [*aiuchiana*]." He opened the trunk and took out the magic paper. The younger brother said, "Let us go!" They went on until they came to a house where two girls lived. The two girls were forever killing people.

When the two finished eating, they said, "Let us get out our magic paper!" They laid it on the floor. The younger sister (*an haní*) said, "Elder sister [*kyauu*], you go around it first." The elder sister ran around it four times and then jumped into the centre. She came out a sorrel mule. The younger sister ran around the magic paper four times and jumped into the centre. Out she came a sorrel horse. They finished playing, and they put the magic paper back into their trunk. The two girls made their pallets and went to sleep. The two beetles said, "Let us sleep here!" Early in the morning, the elder sister said, "Let us get out our magic paper!" They laid it on the ground. The beetle young men were outside. The elder sister ran around the paper four times and jumped into the centre, and a yellow horse came out. The younger sister then ran around four times, jumped into the centre, and a spotted horse came out. As the two horses chased each other, the two young men came in and stole the magic paper. The two girls had to remain horses. The two young men, having seen all the Spaniards the girls had killed, said, "Let us saddle the horses!" They were fine horses. They saddled and bridled them. They mounted and rode to where they had left the heads of the water-serpents. They picked up the heads and fastened them on the back of their horses. They rode on to where some Spaniards were horse-racing. They raced too. Then they rode on to the house of Ley. They did not bring in the heads. They went in, and said, "Fathers [*atachu*], mothers [*atsita*], *konotewananaate*." They said, "*Ketsanishi*." They said, "We have brought you the heads of the two water-serpents." The girls did not believe them. Then they brought in the heads. The girls believed, and they married the young men.

While the young men were away, the people had thrown ashes into the house of their mother's mother. The young men rode to see their mother's mother, and found her house full of these ashes. They said to their wives, "Have your criers [*weanuchokwe*] call out to clean out the house of our mother's mother!" The girls said to the criers, "You must call out to the people to clean out the house of our mother's mother." The people cleaned out the house. The young men rode back to the house of Ley. They put up their horses, they ate supper, they went to sleep with their wives.

The witches (*ahalikwi*) did not like these young men. They determined to play them for their wives. At night the director (*mosi*) of the witches would roll a hoop, and the witches would turn into owls (*muhukwe*), coyotes (*suski*), bears (*ainishe*), and gray wolves (*unawiko*). In the morning the crier of the witches would call, "Come into the plaza (*tehwita*) and see what we can do!" Early in the morning the witches painted their bodies red, and tied yucca-fibre

around their wrists, under the knees, around their chests, and around their heads.<sup>1</sup> To their hair they fastened a fluffy eagle-feather.<sup>2</sup> They sat on the bench with their hoop. Out came the two young men with their wives. The witch director rolled a hoop and jumped through it.<sup>3</sup> He turned into a cougar (*hoktitasha*); i.e., he wore a cougar mask. His deputy (*pekwins*) jumped through and turned into a bear. His bow-priest (*pilashiwanni*) turned into a gray wolf. Another witch turned into an owl, another into a coyote. The witch director said, "This is all we can do." A young man on the roof called out, "You can become animals at night, but not in the day-time."

The two young men laid their magic paper on the ground. The elder brother ran around it four times. He stopped, he shook his sleeve, and down fell the silver money to the ground. The younger brother then ran around the magic paper four times; he shook his sleeve, and down fell the gold money. The young men said, "All the people must come down and get the money." The witches started to get it; but the young men said, "No, the poor people must come first and get the money." Then the two laid down their second magic paper. The elder brother went around it four times and jumped into the centre, becoming a fine sorrel horse. The younger brother went around the paper four times, jumped into the centre, and became a mule. They galloped about, threw up their heels, and all the people wondered. When they finished playing, the elder brother went around four times, jumped into the centre, and became a man. Then the younger brother went around four times, jumped into the centre, and became a man. All the people thought that it was magic. The elder brother brought out his magic hat, and the younger brother put on his magic moccasin. The people did not see them. Then they took off the hat and the moccasin, and there they were standing where they had been before. Meanwhile the witches had seized the young man who had called from the roof, and thrown him down; but he did not die.

The beetles said, "We cannot live here, for the witches will not leave us alone. We must go where we can live all the time."

<sup>1</sup> Except around the chest, yucca-fibre is worn thus in ceremonial dances.

<sup>2</sup> A downy eagle-feather is worn thus in all ceremonials by fraternity members taking part in the ceremonial or by dancers dancing without their masks.

<sup>3</sup> It is believed that at witch initiations members of the fraternity jump through hoops and turn into any animal they wish. For jumping through a hoop in witchcraft cf. Cushing, *l. c.*, 15; Lummis, *l. c.*, 36-39, 69-79, 132, 134-135. A comparison between this witch magic and the Mexican magic referred to in this tale, describing a circle, jumping into the centre, and changing into a horse, suggests that the idea of the witch magic may be borrowed. The method by which a witch turns into an animal according to native conception — a conception very plain in a tale not included in this collection — is the method of putting on the animal skin or mask.

Their wives wanted to go with them. They said, "No, we are not daylight people. We are beetles." Early in the morning the two beetles started for the house of their mother's mother. Their wives went with them. They reached the house of their mother's mother. The elder brother said, "We must not stay here. We must go where we can stay all the time. If we stay here, the witches will keep on persecuting us." The wives shook hands with their mother's mother. Each said, "I am going [*soanne*]<sup>1</sup>, mother's mother." They returned to their own house. The beetles went north until they came to a corral. They went into the manure (*muhepa*). There they lived. No longer did they make any use of speech. In the spring (?) (*telekwaiipa*) the little creatures come out. Thus it was long ago.

#### 17. HOW SHEEP AND HORSES AND BURROS CAME TO THE ASHIWI.<sup>2</sup>

*Sonachi*<sup>3</sup> long ago (*sons inote*), in the village of Heshshotoula, the son of a priest (*shiwanni an stawaki*, "priest, his young man") married a girl of another village. After they were married, he saw that her moccasins were all worn out, so he told her he would make her a new pair. After he had finished one for her left foot, she put it on to see if it fitted. She kept it on. With it on, she went down the hill to sit down. Over at Alahohankwi Kyatolunnapkwi lived a water-serpent (*kolowisi*) who stole all the girls he could. Says he to himself, "Hey! there lives a girl married to the son of a priest, and I see her alone. I am going to get her." So he stretches himself, and lands by the side of the girl, who was sitting down; and he says, "I have come after you." She asks, "Where do you live?" He says, "Just over the way. I will bring you back in a little while." She did not want to go with him, but the water-serpent said, "You must go, I won't go without you." The girl said, "How am I to go?" He told her to get on his back and shut her eyes. She got on his back and shut her eyes, and the water-serpent stretched himself, and they reached his home. He told her to open her eyes. "We are here. You wanted to come, so you will have to stay, although you have on just one moccasin." The water-serpent puts a chair in the middle of the room, and the girl sits down. The water-serpent wraps himself around her so his face is near hers, and they sit there and talk.

The husband finished the other shoe, and waited for his wife to come in. She did not come. He asks, "Where is the elder sister

<sup>1</sup> *Soanne* is the usual formula of leave-taking. It is accompanied by hand-shaking when a person is leaving for some time.

<sup>2</sup> Collected by Margaret A. Lewis from her husband's brother-in-law. Mrs. Lewis is a Cherokee mixed-blood. She went to Zufi eighteen years ago as a government school-teacher, and she married a Zufi.

<sup>3</sup> See p. 240, note 2.

[*an kyaun?*]?" The younger sister (*an hani*) says, "I don't know." They all went out to look for her. They found where she had sat down, but she was nowhere to be seen. The young man says, "To-morrow I will go and search for her. Maybe I shall find her or die." The next morning his mother gave him a bundle of meal, and he started out towards the east; and he prayed, "I am going out to find my mother [*hom tsita*],<sup>1</sup> and I want you to show me the way."<sup>2</sup> He sprinkled the meal, and it made a road before him, and he followed it. He went on until noon, when he sat down to eat his lunch. While he was eating, a big eagle the whites called *bagoho*,<sup>3</sup> from his home by the ocean, saw him sitting there; and he said to himself, "I wonder who that can be! It must be the husband of the girl who was stolen by the water-serpent. He must be looking for her. I will fly down and see him." So the eagle flew to where the young man sat, and said, "*Konotewananaate*." The man said, "*Ketsanishi*." The eagle asked, "Why are you sitting here alone and so sad?" The young man replied, "I am hunting for my wife: some one stole her yesterday." The eagle said, "Don't be sad! You are on the right road, and you will find her. This road leads to the ocean, and she is in the home of the water-serpent. He is the one that stole her from you. You keep on this road; and when you get there, don't do anything until I come; then I will tell you what to do. You will be on the road four days." — "But my lunch is about all gone," replied the young man. The eagle said, "Never mind! you will be taken care of." Then the eagle flew back to his home. The young man went on until night. He rested, and he went on the next day and the next, and he went on until the morning of the fourth day. He went on until he came to a place of sand, and he sat down and ate the last of his lunch. Then he went on until night. He reached the side of the ocean, and he said, "This must be the place." He sat down by a large tree. When he hears the flapping of wings, he says to himself, "You are coming. Who else can it be?" The eagle alighted at his feet. He says, "My child [*hom chale*], have you come?" — "Yes." — "Is this the place?" — "Yes. Is your lunch all gone?" — "Yes." The eagle says, "I have brought you something to eat;" and he gave the young man something like a deer-heart, saying, "After you eat this, you will never want for anything to eat." While the young man was eating, the eagle by his magic (*aiuchiana*) took the young man's heart out

<sup>1</sup> Meaning "my wife." It is a not uncommon teknonymous term. I should not have known, but for noting the usage in the tales, that it is applied quite irrespective of the fact of motherhood.

<sup>2</sup> Compare p. 236. In Zufi ceremonials there is an analogous sprinkling of the meal as sacred masked personages go on their way. According to the tales, the rite would indicate that from the sprinkling the road was expected to prove plain or auspicious.

<sup>3</sup> *Pakoho* (?). M. A. Lewis pronounces the Zufi surd or indeterminate as a sonant.

and put in its place the heart of a Negro. The eagle says, "My child, your wife is here, but you are not to have her yet. You are to go towards the east; and whatever you find to do, you are to do without asking any questions. When it becomes dark, wherever you are, you are to spend the night, whether you are in a house or out of doors in the woods. Then, when you are tired of wandering around, you are to come back to this place, and I will see you again." So the eagle flew back to his home. The young man went on for a while; and he looked down at his clothes, and they had become rags, and he had been turned into a ragged Mexican (*sipaloa*). He went on until the sun went down. He sat down in a grassy place, and said, "I will stay here for the night." He looked around, and up out of the ground plates of food appeared; and he said, "This must be for me." So he ate; and when he had enough, the things went back into the ground. When he got sleepy, he turned around, and he saw a bed before him; and he said, "This must be for me. This is what the eagle meant when he said that I would be taken care of." He lay down and went to sleep. Next morning he woke up and built a fire; and his bed had gone away, and his breakfast was before him. He ate, and then went on until he got to where Ley had his sheep. He got to a little knoll, and looked down and saw the sheep and the herder. Says he to himself, "I wonder whose sheep these are! There are only a few. They must belong to Ley. But last year the country was full of Ley's sheep, of his cattle, horses, and burros, and now there is only a small herd left. I wonder what became of them! I will talk to the herder." He goes up to the herder, and says, "How are you?" And the herder looks up, and sees a very ragged man standing there, and he says, "Who are you, and where are you from?" The young man says, "I am just going about the country." The herder asks, "What are you doing? Do you work?" The young man says, "Yes, I do anything I find to do. Whose sheep are these?" The herder says, "They belong to Ley." The young man asks, "Are you working for Ley?" The herder says, "Yes, but my time is up, and I am just waiting for the overseer (*allunoka*) to find some one to take my place. Won't you help me to-morrow? The overseer will be here, and maybe he will let you take my place." They spent the night with each other. The next day the overseer says to Ley, "The herder's time is up. Who is to take his place?" Ley says, "I do not know. You had better go and see him, and maybe he will stay a while longer." The overseer hitches up the team and goes to the camp. When he gets there, he sees two men sitting there. "I wonder who the other man is! I never saw him before," says he to himself. He drives up, and says, "Halloo! how are you?" — "We are well," they answer. The overseer says, "Who is this man, and where is he from?" — "He

came yesterday," says the herder. The overseer asks the Zuñi, "Where are you from?" The Zuñi says, "I am from the west. I am just working at anything I find to do." — "Will you work for us?" asks the overseer. "Yes, I will." — "All right!" says the overseer. "But you must not go on the side of the hill where the ocean is. You can graze everywhere but on that side." — "All right! I will do what you say." The overseer and the herder got into the buggy and went back to Ley's house. The Zuñi took the sheep out to graze; and after a while he saw another man like himself, a man all in rags, coming towards him. When the man got near, the Zufi said, "Who are you, and where did you come from?" The man said, "This way am I come. I do anything I find to do." — "All right!" says the Zuñi. "You are to call me 'elder brother' [*papa*], and you are to be my younger brother [*suwe*]. To-morrow Ley's overseer will be here, and maybe he will let you help me." The next day the overseer comes, and sees the other man, and asks who he is; and the Zuñi says, "My younger brother, and he wants to help me." — "All right!" says the overseer. "He may help; but you must not go near the ocean, for that is where Ley lost all his sheep." — "We won't go near there," they replied. The overseer went home, and the two herded until night. The next morning the elder brother says, "Younger brother, you are to herd the horses and cattle, and I will herd the sheep." And the Zufi, by his magic (*aiuchiana*) heart, caused a big horse, saddle, and cowboy clothes, to appear a little ways from them. And as the other man turned around, he saw them, and he said, "Elder brother, whose horse is that standing there?" And the elder brother said, "It is yours. That is the horse and clothes that you are to use in herding Ley's cattle and horses. You can't herd in those rags. So go get the horse and bring him here, and take off those rags and put on the other clothes." The younger brother did as he was told, and he got on the horse and rode away after the cattle. After he had gone, the elder brother turned the sheep out; and says he to himself, "I am going over the way they told me not to go, to see why it is that they do not want me to go over there." He goes over the hill, and he sees nothing but water. He says to himself, "I can't do anything alone. I shall have to have some one to help me. [He, having the magic heart, saw where all Ley's herds had gone to.] So I shall have to call on my father Cougar [*hoktitasha*] to help me." He calls to the cougar; and he comes and he says, "My child, why have you called me?" The elder brother says, "Water-Serpent has been killing all of Ley's sheep, cattle, and horses, and I want you to help. When I go into the water and he starts after me, I want you to grab him." — "All right!" says the cougar. The young man takes off his clothes, sprinkles the meal, and goes into the water. Water-Serpent sees him,

and makes a leap at him. Before he gets to the man, the cougar grabs him by the jaws and begins to drag him out. When he drags him out, Ley's sheep begin to come out of Water-Serpent's stomach, all that had been eaten months before. He kept pulling at him, and all the sheep came; then the burros with herder's packs on their backs came out; then the cattle began to come. He was just about half way out, when the cougar said, "I am getting tired. I can't hold any longer." So the man said, "Turn him loose." So he let go, and Water-Serpent went back into the water. They looked around, and the whole place was full of sheep and cattle. The elder brother calls to his younger brother to come and get the cattle and put them with the others. The younger brother says, "Whose are these?" The elder brother says, "They are ours. They belong to Ley." The younger brother took the cattle and put them with the others. The elder brother says, "See, my father (*hom tachu*)! Look around for the biggest sheep you can find, kill it, and take it home, so you can eat it and be strong, for to-morrow we are to fight again. They are not all out yet." The cougar catches a big sheep and goes home. Next day the younger brother takes the cattle out to graze, and the elder brother takes his sheep and goes where they told him not to. He calls to his father Cougar to come. He comes, and says, "My child, *konotewananate*." — "Ketsanishi, father," says he. "We are to fight again." And he pulls his clothes off and goes into the water. Water-Serpent sees him; and just about the time he is going to eat the young man, the cougar grabs him by the jaws and begins to pull him out. When he is half way out, the sheep, cattle, burros, and horses come out. "I am getting tired," says the cougar. "I can't hold him any longer." — "Turn him loose," the man says. So the cougar turns him loose, and he goes back into the water. The man tells the cougar to catch another sheep, so that he can have a good meal and be ready for a fight again the next day. He catches one and goes home. The elder brother takes his sheep and goes back to the corral; but there are so many, they can't all get into it. The whole country was full of sheep, cattle, burros, and horses. The men ate their supper and went to bed. The next day the overseer came; and he saw a fine horse saddled, and a man with nice clothes on, and the place full of herds. He asks, "Whose horse is this, and whose sheep, cattle, and horses are these?" And the elder brother says, "They are Ley's. Go and see if they are his. You know those that were lost." The overseer went and looked at them; and he comes back, and says, "Where did all these come from? Most of them were killed long ago." The elder brother says, "They did not come from anywhere. We just found them. We know how to herd." — "Thanks [*allekwa*]," says the overseer. "Even if Ley has four rooms filled with gold and silver, maybe

he will have enough to pay you;<sup>1</sup> for you have found all of his stock, and made him a rich man again. I will go and tell him; and if he does not believe me, I will bring him, so that he may see for himself. I am going [*soanne*]." After he had gone, the herders sat down and ate. When they got through, the younger brother got on his horse and went after his cattle. The elder brother took his sheep and went to the ocean, and called for his father to come. When he reached there, the elder brother said, "This is our last fight." He pulled his clothes off and went into the water. Water-Serpent leaped at him, but the cougar has him by the jaws, and begins to pull him until he is almost out. The horses all begin to come out; and when all that were in had come out, the young man cried to the cougar to let him go. "His face is so sore, he won't be able to kill anything else." The cougar let go, and he went back into the water. While they had been fighting, Ley had come to the camp, and, not finding any one, started out to hunt them, and met them as they were coming over the hill. They all went back to camp. Ley says, "Thanks, my child! A long time ago Ley had lots of stock, but they most all were killed. Where did you get all these sheep?" The young man says, "I did not get them anywhere. I just found them. Look around for yourself and see if they are all here." Ley looks, and finds that they are all back again, and says, "You must know how to herd. Thanks! Maybe I shall have enough to pay you. No matter how much you want, I won't say no. When is your time up?" — "Two days from now," the young man replies. "All right!" says Ley. "Maybe I can find some one to take your place. We must go now; and when I find some one, I will bring him, and take you back with me." The next day they found a man to take their place. The next day they took the new herder to the camp; and the two men went back with the overseer, who said, "Maybe Ley can pay you what he owes. We will see when we get there." Before they reached Ley's house, the elder brother says, "Younger brother, how is it to be? What are we to ask for?" The younger brother says, "I don't know. Whatever you say." The elder brother says, "What do we want with money? I want no money, but I want the handkerchief of his eldest daughter." The younger brother says, "I want the gold cup the youngest daughter drinks out of." — "All right! that is what we shall ask for." When they got there, Ley's overseer set out gold chairs for them to sit on. In the other room they could hear them rattling the dishes, getting ready their dinner. When it was ready, they were asked to eat. After they had gotten through eating, they came into the room where Ley, his wife, and the overseer were sitting. They were asked to sit

<sup>1</sup> This allocution I do not understand, but it appears to be a characteristic turn of speech.

down. After they sat down, Ley says, "Because of you we have all of our stock back, and we are as well off as we were before. I have four rooms filled with gold and silver. Maybe I shall have enough to pay you. Tell me how much you want. Name your price." The elder brother says, "We do not want any money. All I want is the handkerchief of your eldest daughter." Ley says, "Are you crazy? If that is all you want, you may have it." He says to the overseer, "Go into the other room and ask the elder sister to give it to you." He goes into the other room and asks the elder sister for it; and she laughs, and says, "He wants it. Give it to him." And she hands him her handkerchief. He takes it and gives it to the elder brother, who takes it and puts it in his pocket, with an end sticking out. Ley turns to the other and asks what he wants; and he says, "I want the gold cup that the younger sister drinks out of." The overseer goes into the other room and tells the younger sister that he wants her gold cup. She gives it to him, and says, "If that is all he wants, let him have it." He takes the cup and gives it to the younger brother. They both rose, and said, "We have got all the pay we want. We are going [*soannawana*]." They went out. Ley and his family did not know what to think. Four days the two men wandered around in the streets, and at night they would sleep in Ley's chicken-coop with the chickens. Ley sent word out that in four days he wanted all the young men from everywhere to come to his place, and his daughters would choose from the crowd two men whom they would marry. On the fourth day the Americans, Mexicans, and all were there from everywhere. Ley asked if all were there, and they said, "Yes." The two girls were sitting on two gold chairs on a porch that had been built for them, and the men were all to pass before them. When all was ready, the men passed by, and no one was selected. The girls would not have any of them. None were left but the two herdsmen. "Come," says the elder brother, "let's try! Maybe we shall be chosen." They went; and as they passed by the nice-looking men, the men said, "Look at those two ragged men! Do they think they will be chosen after all we fine ones have been refused?" But they did not heed any one; and when they got to where the sisters were, both the sisters rose, and said to the two men, "You are our choice. You have our handkerchief and cup in your pockets. Come, let's go into the house!" They went into the house and told their father they had chosen these two. Ley was angry, and said, "No, I don't want them for sons-in-law. They are too dirty and ragged. They are nothing but herdsmen." His daughters said, "But for them, you would not have all your stock again. You must think what they have done for you." Ley told them, "If you want them, you will have to leave my house. You are no longer my daughters. If you want to be poor, go with them." He turned

them all out. They wandered around during the day, and at night they would sleep in Ley's chicken-house. After a few days Ley wrote them a note, saying, "I have sent for all my soldiers, and you are to be killed." The elder brother sent a note, saying, "All right! We are not afraid." The night before they were to be killed, the elder brother selected a big open space where there were no houses, and told the others that they would spend the night there instead of in the chicken-coop. They all lay down; and the men wrapped up in the skirts of their wives and went to sleep. After the others were asleep, the elder brother got up and went to the middle of the place, and called to his father, who lived four worlds below, whose heart he had, and said, "I want soldiers, a big fine house with everything in it, servants and all, plenty of big black horses; for to-morrow we are going to fight, and see who is the stronger." Then he went back to sleep, for he knew by his magic heart that everything would be as he asked. Next morning, when they woke up, they were in a fine house, with everything they could wish for. They looked out, and the whole place was covered with black soldiers. The wife of the elder brother said, "Whose house and horses and soldiers are these?" And he said, "They are ours. To-day your father is to have us killed. I borrowed these soldiers from the underworld. They are not real people. They are raw people [*kyapenahoi*]."<sup>1</sup> At noon Ley's overseer brought over a note, saying they were to be killed. They wrote a note back, saying, "All right! We are not afraid, for you can't kill our soldiers." After dinner Ley brought out his soldiers and lined them up. There were eight lines. Then the elder brother lined up his, and there were nine lines. The Whites shot at the Blacks, but not one fell. They shot at them until all their shells (*opawa*) were shot. Now the Blacks began to shoot at the others; and all Ley's soldiers were killed, and the people all fled to the hills. No one was left but Ley and his wife. Ley's sons-in-law went to him, and said, "We have come to kill you yourselves."—"You started the fight, we did not." Ley said, "My children, if you will spare me, I will become your herdsman. All of my money, houses, stock, and everything are yours if you will not kill me. You will become Ley, and I shall be you." They granted him his wish; and Ley went to herding sheep, and his wife went with him as cook. The two herders became Ley. At night the elder brother told his soldiers to go back to their home. They had done as he wanted them, so they went back. After a few days the elder brother said, "Younger brother, you are to be Ley. I am going back to my home. It is not to be that I live here. I am of another people." His wife wanted to go with him; but he

<sup>1</sup> Ashiwi (Zufi) are said by themselves to be "cooked," because Zufi women give birth on a bed of hot sand. Other peoples, animals, and spirits are raw.

told her she could not go, that he was to go alone. He started out; and when he had gone a ways, he saw a crowd around a pole. On top of the pole was a shoe with five dollars in gold in it, and whoever climbed up there and got the money won. They all had tried, but no one had climbed up. Some one said, "Here comes a man. Maybe he can climb and get it." He began to climb; and as he was climbing, he prayed to his fathers of the underworld to help him. He went up and got the shoe, and brought it down. He goes again on his way. As he goes along, he says to himself, "I wonder how far I am from my wife! I should like to see her." At night he comes to a grassy place, and he builds a fire; and a table with everything to eat appears, and he eats, and the table disappears; and when he gets sleepy, the bed comes up, and he goes to sleep. He gets up and he goes on. After four days, he gets to where his wife is. He sits there and waits for the eagle to come. And while he is sitting there, the eagle flies down to where he is. He says, "My child, have you come? And what is in your mind?" The young man says, "I want my wife. I love her; and if you can help me, I shall be glad." — "All right!" says the eagle. "But you will have to be brave and not give up. I shall go first and see how things are. Maybe she is dead. When you were at Ley's, the one that stole her you almost killed. He is sick now. When the cougar caught him, she was looking from the window at you." The eagle went, and found Water-Serpent dead. The girl was sitting beside him, for there was no way for her to get out. The eagle went in, and said, "How are you, my child, and how is your husband?" — "He is dead," she said. The eagle said, "Your husband wants you, but how can he come in when you have people here watching you?" She said, "You must find a way to get him here, and then we will try and get away." So the eagle flew back to where the young man was sitting, and said, "I have come after you to take you to your wife. Get on my back, and we will go." The young man got on his back and flew to his wife. He got off, and he said, "*Hom tsita, hom chale, konotewananate.*" And she said, "*Ketsanishi.*" — "*Hom tsita,*" he says, "I have come for you. I started a long time ago; but our father, the eagle, changed my road. We will go home." She says, "All right! I love you, and will do as you say." He calls all the *ashiwanni* from the different directions, and tells them he has come for his wife, and asks if he may take her. They say, "Yes;" and they bring them beads, white and coral and turquoise; and one brought a *shule* (a blanket made of reeds), and they wrapped the beads in it and gave it to them. They told him he was not to sleep with his wife,<sup>1</sup> and not for anything was he to leave her or the beads alone at any time on his way. "If you do, we shall

<sup>1</sup> Compare Cushing, *I. c.*, 32-33; Voth, Hopi (FM 8 : 34).

get her again." The young man said, "I want the heart of Water-Serpent to take with me." So they gave him the heart with the beads. They got on the back of the eagle, and they flew out of the house of the water-serpent. The eagle put them down, and told them not to forget what they had been told. They went on their way. At night they did not sleep together, and he slept with the beads under his head. Next day they went on; and the next day, as they were just a little way from home, they stopped; and the man told his wife, "You sit on these beads while I look around some." She sat down on the beads, and he passed out of sight. Water-Serpent, by his magic (*aiuchiana*), sees her sitting there alone, and he stretches himself and lands where she is, and says, "I have come after you. Your husband does not love you. He did not do as he was told."<sup>1</sup> And he takes her and the beads back to his home. The young man saw a deer; he killed it, and took out the heart. He made a bundle of the meat. When he went back to where he left his wife, she was not there. Then he remembered what he had been told, and he knew where she had gone. He knew he had done wrong in leaving her alone. The eagle saw him, and he flew to where he was sitting, and said, "How are you?" And the young man said, "I am happy and not happy, for I have lost my wife. I did wrong in leaving her; but I saw a deer and ran after it, and when I came back, she was gone." — "Too bad," says the eagle, "and you so near home too. What have you on the fire?" And the young man says, "The heart of the deer." — "Give it to me," says the eagle. And he gave it to him. The eagle kept it a little while, then gave it to him, and said, "Eat it; and when you have eaten it, the heart I gave you will come back to me, and you will have your own heart again.<sup>2</sup> As you go home, whatever you find, know that I have sent it to you. As you go home, you will find something. To-morrow go to the west, the next day go to the south, the next, to the east; and whatever you see, know that I have taken pity on you and sent it." The eagle flew away, and the young man started on. Pretty soon he saw a flock of sheep; and he said, "This must be what you were going to give me." He goes behind them and drives them home. Before he

<sup>1</sup> I get the impression here as in No. 14, where a like charge was made against the turkey-herd, that a failure of purpose rather than of affection is in mind. Let me illustrate from acutal life. Let us suppose a Zufi were going on a trip to trade with Navaho. Before departing, he would offer a feather-stick, undertaking to remain continent four days, — the usual sequence of this rite. Then he would be expected to set his thoughts on the business of his trip. Were he to become distracted, were he to let his attention wander, let us say, to the charms of a Navaho woman, his trip would be a failure. — Zufi is an excellent field for the study of will-magic. As we read at the end of this tale, the Zufi believe "if any one tries hard enough, he will be able to find something."

<sup>2</sup> For the magical use of deer-heart for another purpose, see E. C. Parsons, "Zufi Inoculative Magic" (*Science*, 44 : 470).

gets home, his little sister sees him, and she tells the others that the elder brother is coming and bringing something with him. But they did not believe her. Her father comes out, and sees him, and goes to meet him, and says, "My child, have you come home, and what are these?" His son says, "They are sheep." — "But what are sheep?" he asks. "They are good to eat; and if we are careful, we shall have many. Put them into a corral, and to-morrow you can take them out to graze." After supper they ask him if he found his wife. He tells all about Ley and where he had been, and how he had almost brought his wife home. But he had not done as he was told, and she was taken back again. "Too bad," they said. "You did not love her enough to do as you were told. She did right in going back." The next morning he went out, and he saw a big deer. He killed it. He turned around, and he saw a horse with a saddle on. He went up to it and caught it. He thinks, "This must be what I was to get." He puts his deer-meat on its back and goes home. His little sister was looking for him, and she says, "Elder brother is coming and leading something." They go to meet him, and ask what he has. He tells them it is a horse (*dushí*). They ask him what a horse is. He tells them that it is to ride. The next day he went out, and he killed a deer and found a mule. The next day he went out, and he found a burro (*meshoko*) and brought it home. They had never seen anything like them, and they did not know their names. So by the goodness of his father the eagle he became rich. Thus it happens, because of a poor boy of Heshshotoula, that if any one tries hard enough, he will be able to find something. Thus ends the story.

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## NATIVITY MYTH AT LAGUNA AND ZUNÍ.

BY ELSIE CLEWS PARSONS.

DURING a visit to Laguna in February, 1918, I had noticed in the church a model in miniature of the Nativity group. Jesus, Mary and Joseph, the ox and the mule, were represented, and there was a large flock of sheep. José or Tsiwema or Tsipehus,<sup>1</sup> the "sextana," was one of my Laguna informants, and, on asking him the meaning of the crib, he narrated as follows:—

The baby (*uwak*) José Crito, god's child (*hus<sup>2</sup> ka iach*, "god his child") was brought from a far country by his father José and his mother Mari.<sup>3</sup> They took the journey about the time he was going to be born. He was born in a stable. A big fire, a big star, came down from the sky. There was an ox in the stable. When he was born, the ox came there. He blew<sup>4</sup> on the baby. A little after a shepherd (*shtura*) came. That is the reason the priest put the sheep there. That was the way he was born. He went from there to another town, to the king's house (*re gama*), his mother and father and himself, on a horse. He grew up at the king's house. After he had grown up, the others, the Jews (*Uriu*), were not satisfied with him. They were going to kill him. There were three brothers, three children of god; but this one born in the stable was the leader.<sup>5</sup> They were hunting everywhere for him to kill him. One of the Jews asked the middle (*tsunatseiche*) brother which was Jesus. The Jew said, "Which one is it?" He said, "I am not going to tell you." They said, "Yes,

<sup>1</sup> Meaning "God's Ear." Since José has been sexton, according to his own account, for more than half a century, since he is also the *shiwanna* (thunder) *cheawi*, one of the two surviving medicine-men of Laguna, the nickname appears singularly appropriate, and yet it was given him for quite another than the obvious reason. When he was courting the girl who was to be his second wife, his prospective mother-in-law, a Zufi, referred to him as a very rich man, boasting that he had come to the house wearing a silver belt and *sipe hus*, here meaning "godlike ear-rings."

<sup>2</sup> *Hus* (*yus*) is associated with the sun. "*Osach* [Sun] was sent by *naishdyo* [father] *yus*. That is the reason all look up to him as one with authority [*ityelsa*]." In Keresan mythology the sun is a secondary creation.

<sup>3</sup> From another informant I got the terms *Maria Santichuma* and *Esw Christu*.

<sup>4</sup> *Gisach* (*chishatsa*). It is the same term as that used for blowing on the feather-sticks or other sacred objects. It corresponds to the Zufi rite of *yechu*; although at Zufi the breath is ordinarily drawn in, whereas at Laguna, according to one informant, it is expelled.

<sup>5</sup> *Yanilseiche*. *Yani* is the usual term for "chief;" e.g., the *osach* (sun) *cheansi* among the medicine-men is said to be *yani*.

you must tell us." So they bribed him. So another party of Jews came into his house. They were all sitting at the table, and still they kept asking which one was it. He was sitting in the north direction. "That's he." So they took him. "Wait a little," he said. "Wait a little, my brothers [*tiumu temishe*]! Which one of you has been given some money?" — "None of us." The one sitting at the east end of the table was the one that had been bribed. "You are the one, you have been paid some money. Now I am going away. I am going up to Konamats ['place of being thankful']."<sup>1</sup> So they took him out of the room. They stood up a cross (*shukasetse*). He was a spirit (*kokimun*). So it took some time for them to get ready. When god's child made everything ready, they nailed him to the cross through the middle of his hands. There was one who could not see. There was another who was lame, so his brother carried him on his back. They pierced him through the heart. "Now all is ready," said the Jews. They made the blind man and the lame man pierce his heart. When they pierced him, the blood spurted everywhere. In this way (that is the reason why) from the spattered blood all living beings came, horses and mules and all creatures. The man that was lame got up and walked, and the blind man could see, because they had been spattered with the blood. So at last they dug a hole and stood up the cross. They dug the hole so deep, that the cross could never be taken up. They buried him in this deep hole; they threw dirt and rocks on him, some of the rocks so big that they could hardly lift them; still they threw them in. They buried him. The first day, the second day, he was still buried; the third day he was to leave his grave. He went up to Konamats, back to his father, God. The Jews kept shooting upwards. His father was glad he came back up, so they would live there together in Konamats. The season when he was treated so mean is coming back again. Tomorrow is the first day of mass (*misa*). For seven weeks (*domik*) I have to ring the bell. On the sixth (seventh?) Sunday (*domiku*) it will be *kuitishi*. On the seventh Sunday it is coming back to the same time he went up to heaven. On the Wednesday before *kuitishi* will be the covering (*kaitamishe*).<sup>2</sup> All the people come in to take a turn watching. It is covered Wednesday (*tsuna kaiich*), Thursday (*shuwewise*), Friday (*hienis*). On Saturday (*sauwawu*) it is uncovered. He goes back to his father. It will be *kucheachsi*.<sup>3</sup> That is all (*hemetsa*).

<sup>1</sup> *Konoma*, "thanks." Wenimats, a place said at Laguna to be west of Zufi (the Hopi identify it with St. John's), is the "heaven" of native theory. On being questioned, the *sextana* opined that *konamats* and *wenimats* were the same, meaning perhaps equivalents.

<sup>2</sup> The bell and all the figures in the church are covered with cloth.

<sup>3</sup> End or breaking of taboo. Were a masked dancer to break a restriction (e.g., were he to have sexual intercourse during the ceremonial), it would be *cheacksi*. After a birth,

At Zuñi I had frequently asked for a tale (*telapnane*) about the *santu*; but until I asked Klippelanna,<sup>1</sup> none was forthcoming.<sup>2</sup> Klippelanna narrated as follows:—

In the West there lived a Mexican girl (*ellashtoki sipaloa*) who never went out. She staid all the time in her own house. She would sit where the sun shone in. The sun impregnated her ("gave her a child").<sup>3</sup> At this time soldiers were guarding her.<sup>4</sup> One of the soldiers saw her, and said to the others, "The one we are guarding is pregnant. If she does such things, what is the use of guarding her? Let us kill her!" The next day in the morning she was to die. That evening the Sun by his knowledge (*yam anikwana*) came into her room, and said, "To-morrow you are to die." — "Well, if it is to be, I must die," she said. He said, "No, I won't let you die, I will get you out." The next morning early by his knowledge he lifted her up out of the window.<sup>5</sup> "Now go to where you are to live." So she went on till she came to a *sipaloa* planting. She said, "What are you planting?" He said, "Round stones [*akyamowe*]." Because he did not answer right, she did something to the seed, and his corn did not come up. She went on a little ways, and she came to another one planting. She asked him what he was planting. He said, "I am

continence is required for twelve days. In case of *cheacksi* a medicine-man will be called in to give a purge; otherwise the woman will dry up (*tsipanito*). Compare E. C. Parsons, "Zufi Death Beliefs and Practices" (AA 18 : 246).

<sup>1</sup> A very garrulous and unusually naïve old man, who is sometimes reputed a witch. He is the fraternity director (*tikya mosi*) of the Little Fire fraternity (*matke tsannakte*).

<sup>2</sup> Sometimes the *santu* was admitted to be Mexican, sometimes it was stated that she had been with them "from the beginning," she came up with them. One of the paramount priests (*ashiwanni*) who asserted the latter origin added that the *santu* had never staid in the church except during her lying-in at the winter-solstice ceremonial.

<sup>3</sup> Compare F. H. Cushing, *l. c.*, 429 *et seq.*

<sup>4</sup> Men volunteer as soldiers (*sontaluk*) to guard the *santu* during her ceremonial. Analogously, among the Keresans the "war captains" guard the mother (*iyebik, wetsata*).

<sup>5</sup> At this point our usually amenable interpreter refused to go on translating. He said that he had heard the story otherwise; that Klippelanna was not telling it right; and that if I told the story wrong, he himself would be held responsible. Asked to particularize, he said that as Klippelanna was telling the story, the domestic animals came to Kohuwela. That was not right; there were no such animals in Kohuwela ("god town;" where the gods [*koko*] live, and the dead). I argued that it was "ours not to reason why," that all he and I had to do was to take down the story as it was given to us; but I suggested and pleaded in vain. He refused to translate. "No, let us have another story!" he firmly concluded. The story was retold another time, and translated by Margaret Lewis, a non-Zufi. Lealie's refusal to translate seemed to me a striking illustration of Zufi tenacity to pattern; and it calls to mind an opinion of Dr. Kroeber, our most authoritative student of Zufi, namely, that, although fifty per cent of Zufi culture may be borrowed from White culture, the Zufi have so cast what they have taken over into their own patterns, that ninety-nine per cent of their culture may be called indigenous.

planting corn and wheat." Because he answered her right, she did nothing to his seed, and they all came up. Then the soldiers found she was gone, and they came on after her. They asked the first man if he had seen a girl coming. He said, "Yes, she has just gone over the hill." They said, "Well, we must be nearly up with her, we will hurry on." So they went on over the hill, and they saw no one. They came to another little hill, and they could not see her. They came to a river, and it was very deep. They cut some poles, and they said, "We'll see how deep it is." They stuck the poles down, and they said, "It is too deep. There is no use in hunting any more for her." So they turned back. But the girl had crossed the river, and went on until she came to Kołuwela, and there she lay in (*chawasha*). She had twins. The pigs and the dogs kissed (*tsulpe*) her. That is why the pigs and the dogs have children. The mules would not kiss her. That is why the mules have no children. They came on to Itiwonna (middle, i.e., Zuñi). At Kołuwela they all (the mother and twins) became *topo'hi* (another sort of person), they became stone.<sup>1</sup> When they had the dances (at Zuñi), she did not care to see them. She did not like their dances. They had the *hematatsi*. She liked that dance. So she went on to Hakuk (Acoma), because *hematatsi*<sup>2</sup> was a dance of Hakuk. She lives there to-day. The elder sister (*an kyauu*), i.e., of the twins, is here. The younger (*an hani*) went south to where the other Zuñi (*ashiwi*) live. *Lewi*.

The elder sister (*an kyauu*), I learned from one of the paramount *ashiwanni*, had been kept by Naiuchi, famous half a century ago as priest (*shiwanni*) of the north, and *apilashiwanni awan mosi* (bow-priests, their director). From his house the *santu* had been taken to the house where she now lives, a house on the south side.<sup>3</sup> Naiuchi was *kyakyalikwe*, of the Eagle clan, and the present abode of the *santu* belongs to a child of the Eagle; i.e., the paternal clan was Eagle. (It is a house of the Frog clan [*takyakwe*]). For some time a certain Eagle clan family has been trying to get possession of the *santu*. It is assumed that she belongs to the Eagle clan.

In other words, the *santu* has been put into the pattern of the Zuñi fetishes (*ettowe*), which are clan property. Unlike them, she is not kept secreted; but, like them, she is a source of light in the sense of life (*tekohanna*). "All want *tekohanna* from her." And she is also a specific for rain. After a dry season, she will be carried around the

<sup>1</sup> Variant: The *santu* had been a real baby belonging to a Mexican lady; then the *santu* turned into stone. The *santu* was one of the raw people (*kyapenahoi*); i.e., supernaturals

<sup>2</sup> Said to be the *upikaiupona*.

<sup>3</sup> In a house on the west side there is said to be another *santu*, one bought from Mexicans. It belongs to the Tansy-mustard clansman who figures in the *molawia* ceremonial.

fields, as she was two years ago, in the course of her ceremonial (*satechia*). "The *santu* is a *shiwanni*" (rain-priest).

The *santu* is likewise a direct agent of fertility or reproduction. Four days after the winter solstice she lies in (*santu chalia*) for four days; and small clay images of the domestic animals, of bracelets, rings, etc., are placed around her; and to them all she is supposed to give increase during the year.<sup>1</sup> A similar practice has been noted at Acoma.<sup>2</sup> At Laguna there is a practice of making small dough images of animals (*ushumini*), but these representations are merely baked and eaten. The existence of any ceremonial point of view in connection with them was in general<sup>3</sup> denied; and the practice of making clay images in connection with the saint appears, according to my Laguna informants, not to occur. The saint is connected with reproduction, however, according to a Zufi informant<sup>4</sup> who had grown up in Acoma, and had visited Laguna only last year. The night before the *santu chalia*,<sup>5</sup> said this man, men were free "to plant seeds" in any woman

<sup>1</sup> See E. C. Parsons, "Notes on Zufi," pt. I (MAAA 4 : 170-171).

<sup>2</sup> C. F. Lummis, *The Land of Poco Tiempo* (New York, 1897), 276.

<sup>3</sup> According to one informant, *ushumini* were offered to "animals" before hunting. If the images disappeared, it meant that deer would be killed.

<sup>4</sup> He also asserted that clay animals were placed around the saint, both at Acoma and Laguna. At both places, we may note, the saint is male.

<sup>5</sup> Kuashe was referring to Christmas Eve, for he also used the Mexican term *nochebuena* (*nochebuena*). From this the Zufi *santu chalia* would appear to be a Christmas rite, *santu chalia* being merely a translation of *la navidad*. It is at *nochebuena* that the Zufi will visit Laguna. At Laguna as well as at Acoma (see E. C. Parsons, "Notes on Acoma and Laguna" [AA 20 : 162-186]) there is a prolonged Christmas celebration. Beginning Dec. 16, the church-bell is rung each morning about nine o'clock, and mass is said by the *sextana*. Every one counts the days. On Dec. 22, rehearsal of the dances (*Kuaniwigwia*, "trying") is held at night,—held, it happens, in Jefferson's house, a large house, an *osach* (sun) clan house. Dec. 24, the ninth day, the "great day," after mass at 11 A. M. by the priest, there are Comanche, Eagle and Corn (*yakohanna* or *talawais*) dances (*hassetia*). Everybody is on hand, eager to see or take part. After midnight mass the dances continue in the church until 2 or 3 A. M. Dec. 25, Comanche, *talawais*, etc., dances first in church about 11 A. M., and then in the plaza, the Christmas Eve dancers being called upon to dance till sunset.—Dancers from outlying villages, as in 1918 the Eagle dancers, may quit earlier. Private presents of food are made, and there is an interchange of presents—bread, chile, fruit, china, cloth—between *comadres*; i.e., the godmother gives a present to her godchild, and the child's mother, a present to the godmother. Mexicans go singing from house to house, and receive presents of food. *Talawais* (*danawasiye*) is danced in the plaza from Dec. 26 through Dec. 29. During these four days children may take part. The last day in particular is made much of. Jan. 1, king day (*lei shashie*), election of governor and officers (*tenientes*). Jan. 6, dances, Comanche, Navaho, etc., at night in different houses in honor of newly-elected officers. Jan. 7, 8, 9, dances (mostly *talawais*) in the plaza in all the villages for *tenientes*. (Jan. 9, 1918, was stormy, and in consequence the dance was in the church.) Jan. 10 great *festa* by Mexicans at Seboyeta.—The dance-place in the church is below the altar, the different sets of dancers taking turns until towards the end all the sets dance at the same time. In 1917-18 there were about twenty dancers in the *talawais*, men and women dancing in two lines, the sexes

they met. The practice was "to make more children." Resulting offspring were accounted the saint's children. "That is why the saint has so many children."<sup>1</sup>

One more function of the Zuñi *santu*. She is a source of omen (*teliuna*),<sup>2</sup> telling "what will happen." She does "tricks" (*iatsuman*). If the ground looks "dry" around her house (*an kyakwin*),<sup>3</sup> as her bower in the *satechia* may be called, there will be a drought; if the ground is grassy, there will be rain. To a girl to whom something is going to happen the saint's clothes in the *satechia* would look ugly. One year, during the *satechia*, there appeared on her person spots of blood, and in the dance two men were shot. "Last year," narrated my informant, "the first day of the *satechia* when I looked at the *santu*, her eyes were all right; but the second day they were rolling, like the dead. They told me it was a *teliuna*. That winter my cousin died of pneumonia, alone in a sheep-camp, and for three days the sheep were by themselves."<sup>4</sup>

Nothing corresponding to the story of Jesus as heard at Laguna have I been able to find at Zuñi. Stevenson frequently refers to Poshaiyanki as the Zuñi "culture-hero." The myth she gives appears somewhat reminiscent of the Christ myth,<sup>5</sup> and her statement that on alternating. There were six men in the Comanche dance, and two men in the Eagle dance. The delight-makers (*kachale*) are said to appoint the Christmas-time dancers, and none may refuse. Unlike the *kaisena* dances, for which new songs are composed, only old songs are sung in the Christmas-time dances. The Comanche and Eagle dancers have a choir. — All the dances are without masks, but formerly in the *talowise* the women wore squared wooden turkey-befeathered headpieces or tablets (*utedaush*, "on the top"). The older men wear white cotton trousers and shirts; the younger men, their ordinary American clothes, plus high buckskin leggings tied with the woman's hair' belt. Comanche dancers wear a head-dress of eagle-feathers and ribbons. The eagle-feather head-dress of the Eagle dancers reaches to the feet. The faces of the Eagle dancers are painted.

<sup>1</sup> This practice was described to a company of Zufi, and the description amused them just about as it would have amused a company of sophisticated whites. The practice was plainly not Zufi. Nevertheless at the "big dances" (i.e., the dances in which the people take part), — formerly the scalp-dance and the *owisahaiye*, and to-day the saint's dance (*satechia*, — it lasts two days or more, according to whether any one asks for a repetition), there is always a certain amount of license among the girls. — A Zufi informant told me he had seen a bereaved Mexican woman praying to the Zufi *santu* for a child that would live.

<sup>2</sup> Compare E. C. Parsons, "Notes on Zufi," pt. I (MAAA 4 : 189).

<sup>3</sup> Similarly at Laguna the bower in the plaza (*kakati*) to which the *santu* is carried is called *santu gama*. In the anti-sunwise circuit from the church the padre leads, followed in order by the governor (*taqup*), the *sextana*, the *santu* carried by the women, and all the people.

<sup>4</sup> Compare beliefs about *ackiyelotopa* (M. C. Stevenson, "The Zufi Indians," RBAE 23 : 462).

<sup>5</sup> The Sia Poshaiyánne myth is in part indubitably Christian (M. C. Stevenson, "The Sia," RBAE 11 : 65-67).

the feather-sticks offered to Poshaiyanki a cross figures, appears significant. I learned but little about Poshaiyanki feather-sticks except that all fraternity members do plant feather-sticks to him at the winter-solstice ceremonial. The very existence of Poshaiyanki was unknown to my non-fraternity informants,<sup>1</sup> and denied by one fraternity informant, who never hesitated to lie when he wished to conceal a fact. On the other hand, Klippełanna, when questioned about Poshaiyanki, narrated as follows:—

Poshaiyanki was a "raw person" (*kyapen ho*). He was a man of magic (*aiuchi*). All the fraternities (*tikyawé*) belong to him. Some time in the beginning he came out with all the fraternities. He went all over the country to different towns, and he made all the things for them to do in their fraternities. He went all over the world. He got to Lea.<sup>2</sup> When he got to Lea, Lea said to him, "Now you are a great man, you are *aiuchina*, *kyapen ho*, and do things nobody else can do. Now, to-morrow you and I will do tricks (*iatsuman*) to each other." Lea was tall, and Poshaiyanki was short. "To-morrow, when the sun comes out, the sun will shine on one of us first; that is the one who will win." Lea said to him, "All right!" He had parrot tail-feathers (*lapopon*).<sup>3</sup> In the morning they both stood together, looking to where the sun would rise. When the sun came out, it did not shine on Lea. It shone first on Poshaiyanki. Then he won.<sup>4</sup> "Now, with all the animals we are going to *iatsuman*," he said to him. "All right!" he said. So Lea asked him to be the first. He said he would not be the first. "You will be the first," he said to him, "because it was you who wanted to try it." So Lea began. And he called all the animals that belonged to him, — sheep, horses, mules, pigs, chickens. So all gathered together. He told Poshaiyanki to try it. "Now, you try it," — "All right! I am but an Indian,"<sup>5</sup> he said. So he called all the birds, eagles, hawks, wild

<sup>1</sup> A priest excepted, who stated that non-fraternity persons would not know about Poshaiyanki. This priest also stated that there was no cross on the feather-sticks to Poshaiyanki, and that the fraternity feather-stick on which a face is painted is that which is offered to Poshaiyanki. Note J. W. Fewkes, "Hopi Shrines near the East Mesa, Arizona" (AA 8 : 367, 368); also Fewkes, "Winter Solstice Ceremony at Walpi" (AA 11 : 75). Prayer-sticks in the form of a cross for the increase of domestic animals are mentioned, likewise (pp. 72, 75) to the same end the use of clay or wooden images of animals.

<sup>2</sup> "King," Leslie translated, quite properly, but much to my surprise. *Lea*, usually pronounced *lei*, is from *rei*, and the word has become at Zufi a proper name. Leslie had learned its generic meaning, I suspect, from non-Zufi sources.

<sup>3</sup> Such as are worn by the dancers, more particularly the *kokokshi*, in their hair. There is a suggestion here of magical quality in the feathers.

<sup>4</sup> Compare "The Sia" (RBAE 11 : 33-34).

<sup>5</sup> *Ho'ite*. *Ho'ite* appears to be a generic term for any Indian.

turkeys, all kinds of birds, and all flew to them. He called deer (*nawe*), bear, *hoktitasha* (long tail, i.e., cougar), wolf (*unawiko*), and all the other animals. At last all the animals gathered together where they were, and Poshaiyanki had four times more than Lea. So Poshaiyanki beat him again.<sup>1</sup> *Lewi*.

From my priest informant I learned that Poshaiyanki was the father of the fraternities, and that he had lived at Shipap, which famous starting-point was on this occasion placed at Las Vegas. Poshaiyanki discovered the fraternities. Through him they had their animals and birds and medicines.<sup>2</sup> When he talked to the people, those in front heard more plainly than those sitting behind. That is why some fraternity members know more than others. After he had told them everything, he was lost. He did not die. He went through the earth.<sup>3</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Compare "The Sia" (RBAE 11 : 59-65); Father Dumarest, MS. on Cochiti in the Brooklyn Institute Museum. Poshaiyanki becomes Montezuma, and included in the myth is the following unmistakably Christian incident: "Montezuma made a house where none could find him, because he had enemies, and where he could deliberate on what he had to do. He had to reform the unmarried mothers. He made a serpent like a fish with wings. It would go into a house and throw itself upon the mother and child as if to devour them. It lived in a lake, where it became very large. Instead of merely frightening the mothers and children, it ended by devouring them. Montezuma had to confine the serpent to the lake forever."

<sup>2</sup> On another occasion the same informant stated that Poshaiyanki also brought sheep, burro, and horses. Having first asserted that nothing at all had come to the Zufi through the Spaniards, he admitted that the *sipaloa* or *kishdyan* (an old word for "Mexican") had brought wheat and watermelons. Peach-trees were already there when the Zufi came up, and they brought with them corn and squash.

<sup>3</sup> We recall that Kohwela is underground.

## LEO FRANK AND MARY PHAGAN.

BY FRANKLYN BLISS SNYDER.

THE following ballad on Leo Frank and Mary Phagan comes to me from Miss Helen L. Duncan of Chicago, who took it from recitation while she was a visitor at the Muscoda Mines, Bessemer, Ala., last winter. The singer was a young Georgian who, having lost an arm, was unable to secure steady work, and drifted around the country picking up a poor living as an itinerant minstrel. Unable either to read or write, he made no claim to the authorship of what he sang, though he said he did make up some of the tunes. (He had been a guitar-player of considerable ability before his accident.) Miss Duncan tells me that before she got the ballad from this singer, she had heard it in various forms from a number of different people, among whom were several children, and that no one had ever seen it in print. I add a few notes on the accuracy of the ballad, which seems to represent a piece of folk-lore "in the making."

## LEO FRANK AND MARY PHAGAN.

1. Little Mary Phagan  
She left her home one day;  
She went to the pencil-factory  
To see the big parade.
2. She left her home at eleven,  
She kissed her mother good-by;  
Not one time did the poor child think  
That she was a-going to die.<sup>1</sup>
3. Leo Frank he met her  
With a brutish heart, we know;  
He smiled, and said, "Little Mary,  
You won't go home no more."
4. Sneaked along behind her  
Till she reached the metal-room;<sup>2</sup>  
He laughed, and said, "Little Mary,  
You have met your fatal doom."

<sup>1</sup> Stanzas 1 and 2 come near the truth. Mary Phagan went to the pencil-factory on Saturday, April 26, 1913, which was the Confederate Memorial Day, not "to see the big parade," but to draw a small sum due her as wages. There are distant suggestions of incremental repetition in the first four stanzas.

<sup>2</sup> "The metal-room" was the name of the room in which Mary had been employed.

5. Down upon her knees  
To Leo Frank she plead;  
He taken a stick from the trash-pile  
And struck her across the head.
6. Tears flow down her rosy cheeks  
While the blood flows down her back;  
Remembered telling her mother  
What time she would be back.
7. You killed little Mary Phagan,  
It was on one holiday;  
Called for old Jim Conley<sup>1</sup>  
To carry her body away.
8. He taken her to the basement,  
She was bound both hand and feet;  
Down in the basement  
Little Mary she did sleep.
9. Newtley<sup>2</sup> was the watchman  
Who went to wind his key;  
Down in the basement  
Little Mary he did see.
10. Went in and called the officers  
Whose names I do not know;  
Come to the pencil-factory,  
Said, "Newtley, you must go."
11. Taken him to the jail-house,  
They locked him in a cell;  
Poor old innocent negro  
Knew nothing for to tell.
12. Have a notion in my head,  
When Frank he comes to die,  
Stand examination  
In a court-house in the sky.
13. Come, all you jolly people,  
Wherever you may be,  
Suppose little Mary Phagan  
Belonged to you or me.
14. Now little Mary's mother  
She weeps and mourns all day,  
Praying to meet little Mary  
In a better world some day.

<sup>1</sup> The notorious Negro whose conflicting stories finally convicted Frank of the murder. Among other things, Conley swore that he helped Frank carry the dead body to the cellar.

<sup>2</sup> Newt Lee, the watchman, who discovered the crime, was held in jail for a time, but soon released.

15. Now little Mary's in Heaven,  
    Leo Frank's in jail,  
    Waiting for the day to come  
        When he can tell his tale.
16. Frank will be astonished  
    When the angels come to say,  
    "You killed little Mary Phagan;  
        It was on one holiday."
17. Judge he passed the sentence,  
    Then he reared back;  
    If he hang Leo Frank,  
        It won't bring little Mary back.
18. Frank he's got little children,  
    And they will want for bread;  
    Look up at their papa's picture,  
        Say, "Now my papa's dead."
19. Judge he passed the sentence,  
    He reared back in his chair;  
    He will hang Leo Frank,  
        And give the negro a year.<sup>1</sup>
20. Next time he passed the sentence,<sup>2</sup>  
    You bet, he passed it well;  
    Well, Solister H. M. Ooney<sup>3</sup>  
        Sent Leo Frank to hell.

NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY,  
EVANSTON, ILL.

<sup>1</sup> These were the sentences passed on Frank as principal, and Conley as accessory after the fact.

<sup>2</sup> Apparently the ballad did not appear in this form till after the sentence of the trial court had been confirmed by the State Supreme Court.

<sup>3</sup> The initials are correct, but not the name. Solicitor-General H. M. Dorsey was the prosecuting officer.

**TWENTY-NINTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN  
FOLK-LORE SOCIETY.**

A MEETING of members of the Council of the American Folk-Lore Society was held at the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, on Friday, Dec. 28, 1917.

It was voted that only "Journals" and self-paying "Memoirs" be issued during the forthcoming year, reserving resources for current necessary work actually in hand.

The resignation of Dr. A. M. Tozzer as Treasurer was reported, but not acted upon.

A panel of officers for the ensuing year was prepared.

A resolution to be presented to the Society on the subject of the Newell Fund was draughted.

A vote of thanks, suggested by Professor Franz Boas of New York (*in absentia*), was passed, appreciating the assistance rendered by the Secretary in matters of publication.

The following Reports of the Editor, Secretary, and Treasurer were read and accepted:—

**SECRETARY'S REPORT.**

The membership of the Society, including the libraries subscribing to the Journal, is as follows:—

	1916.	1917.
Honorary members.....	10	8
Life members.....	11	11
Annual members.....	<u>380</u>	<u>385</u>
	401	404
Subscribing libraries.....	170	169

The Secretary announces with great regret the death of Sir Edward Burnett Tylor, the "Father of English anthropology," and of Dr. Juan B. Ambrosetti of Buenos Aires, honorary members of the Society.

CHARLES PEABODY, *Secretary.*

**EDITOR'S REPORT.**

During the year 1917 four numbers of the Journal have been printed,—the last number for the year 1916 appeared early in the year,—and three numbers for the year 1917 have been completed. The first number of the year is a French number, material for which was brought together by Mr. Barbeau. The second number is a Negro number, material for which was obtained by Mrs. Parsons. The

third number is an English number, the contents of which have been contributed largely by Professor Kittredge. The last number of the year will be devoted to Indian folk-lore.

During the present year the publication of the Memoirs of the Society has been resumed, and two Memoirs have been completed,—Volume X, "Spanish-American Folk-Songs," by Eleanor Hague; and Volume XI, "Folk-Tales of Salishan and Sahaptin Tribes," by James A. Teit, Marian K. Gould, Livingston Farrand, Herbert J. Spinden. Volume XIII, "The Folk-Tales of Andros Island, Bahamas," by Elsie Clews Parsons, is in the hands of the printer. The manuscript for Volume XII, "Filipino Popular Tales," by Dean S. Fansler, is in the hands of the Editor; and the manuscript for Volume XIV, an index to the first twenty-five volumes of the Journal, is practically completed. The Editor wishes to express his appreciation of the painstaking work done by Miss M. L. Taylor on the Index, and hopes that the printing of the volume may soon be taken up.

The publication of the scientific material offered to the Society for publication presents a number of serious problems. The size of the Journal is no longer adequate for taking care of the varied material for which we have to provide. During the past year a very large amount of English-Canadian folk-lore has been collected and edited by our indefatigable collaborator, Mr. Barbeau. This is to be printed at an early time during the coming year. Material for a new Spanish number and for a new French number is ready for the printer, and a very considerable amount of good American Indian material awaits publication. It seems quite necessary that longer papers should be relegated to supplementary volumes, and that the size of the Journal should not exceed approximately four hundred pages. With the increased cost of printing, it is quite impossible to furnish all the material printed by the Society to its members for the subscription price of three dollars.

FRANZ BOAS, *Editor.*

#### TREASURER'S REPORT FOR 1917.

##### GENERAL FUND.

Receipts.	
Balance, 1916.....	\$1,893.35
Membership dues.....	1,078.55
Sale of Journals by Stechert.....	385.41
Sale of Journals to Canada.....	145.00
Sale of old metal.....	3.84
Association International Comm. for Peace, for Hispanic Number..	200.00
Interest.....	26.89
Total receipts.....	<u><u>\$3,733.04</u></u>

*Expenditures.*

New Era Printing Company, for manufacture of Journals:

July-September, 1916.....	\$324.35
October-December, 1916.....	685.14
January-April, 1917.....	440.89
April-June, 1917.....	374.62
Miss Andrews, work on Journal.....	275.00
A. Espinosa, work on Journal.....	25.00
Miss Taylor, work on Index for 1916.....	69.00
Rebates to Branches.....	84.50
Printing.....	5.50
Postage.....	5.00
Collections.....	.36
To credit of the Publication Fund.....	<u>561.50</u>
Total expenditures.....	\$2,850.86
Balance for 1918.....	<u>882.18</u>
	<u><u>\$3,733.04</u></u>

## PUBLICATION FUND.

*Receipts.*

Subscriptions to Fund.....	\$47.50
Sale of Memoirs by Stechert.....	88.05
Sale of Volume XI by Treasurer.....	74.30
Advance from General Fund.....	<u>561.50</u>
Total receipts.....	<u><u>\$771.35</u></u>

*Expenditures.*

New Era Printing Co., Volume XI, Memoirs.....	\$659.00
G. Beaverson, music for volume.....	<u>112.35</u>
Total expenditures.....	<u><u>\$771.35</u></u>

ALFRED W. TOZZER, *Treasurer.*

The annual meeting of the American Folk-Lore Society was held immediately following the Council meeting in the Auditorium of the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, in affiliation with the American Anthropological Association, Dr. J. L. Swanton in the Chair.

It was voted to designate those assisting the Editor in the publication of the Journal as "Associate Editors."

The nominations for officers for the year 1918 prepared by the Council were unanimously elected.

PRESIDENT, C. M. Barbeau.

FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT, G. L. Kittredge.

SECOND VICE-PRESIDENT, J. Walter Fewkes.

COUNCILLORS, for three years, J. L. Swanton, E. K. Putnam,<sup>1</sup> Stith Thompson;<sup>1</sup> for two years, R. B. Dixon, E. Sapir, A. L. Kroeber; for one year, Phillips Barry, S. A. Barrett,<sup>1</sup> A. M. Espinosa.

EDITOR, Franz Boas.

<sup>1</sup> New elections.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS, G. L. Kittredge, A. M. Espinosa, Elsie Clews Parsons, C.-M. Barbeau.

PERMANENT SECRETARY, C. Peabody.

TREASURER, A. M. Tozzer.

A communication from Dr. Marcel Baudouin, Secretary of the Société Préhistorique Française, was reported by the Secretary. In this communication the congratulations of the French *savants* to their American *confrères* on the entrance of the United States into the war against Germany were expressed.

As the meeting was a joint one with the American Anthropological Association, the Secretaries of both Societies were directed, on motion of Dr. Kroeber, to express the members' appreciation of the message to the Société Préhistorique Française.

The Secretary announced that Mrs. Jane Newell Moore had paid over to the Society the sum of two thousand dollars in two one-thousand-dollar bonds, Liberty Loan, four per cent issue of 1917, this being the amount of the legacy left by her brother, Mr. W. W. Newell, to the American Folk-Lore Society. The Society passed a vote of thanks to Mrs. Moore for the payment of this amount.

It was voted that this legacy be considered principal under the title of the "Newell Fund." The following papers were then read:—

"Note on the Ground Hog Day Myth and its Origin," H. Newell Wardle, Philadelphia.

"Northwestern and Siberian Folk-Tales," Harley Stamp, Philadelphia.

"Bird-Lore of the Northeastern Algonkins," Frank G. Speck, Philadelphia.

"The Treatment of Nakis Nez Batcilla Bega of Se La Daskon," Lewis Clinton Day and Harley Stamp.

"The Marriage of the Electric Eel," W. C. Farabee, Philadelphia.

"Reconstruction of Ethnic Types from Cranial Remains," H. H. Wilder, Northampton, Mass.

The following was read by title:—

"The Miztec Song of the Sun," Stansbury Hagar, Brooklyn.

At the afternoon session, same date and place, further papers were read as follows:—

"Hartland's Theory of the Priority of Matrilineal Kinship," Truman Michelson, Washington.

"Form and Content in Totemism," A. A. Goldenweiser, New York.

Read by title: "Social Organization of the Kwakiutl Indians," Franz Boas, New York.

The meeting was then taken in charge by the American Anthro-

pological Association for the presentation of the presidential address before that Society.

A joint Committee on Resolutions of the two associations was appointed as follows: Dr. C. Wissler, Dr. C. Peabody, Mr. N. C. Nelson.

On their recommendation, the cordial thanks of the Societies were voted to the University of Pennsylvania for its hospitality in extending the use of its buildings, and for its invitations to luncheon on Dec. 28, and to a supper and smoker on the evening of the same day; cordial thanks were also voted to Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Wilson for their invitation to a "Cliff-Dwellers' Luncheon" in the Commercial Museum on Dec. 27.

CHARLES PEABODY, *Secretary.*

## NOTES AND QUERIES.

**THE LEGEND OF MONEY COVE.** — The following legend was related to me by a man of eighty, an inhabitant of the island of Grand Manan, which lies in the Bay of Fundy, about twelve miles from Eastport, Me. He said that his mother used to tell him the story when he was a boy. It is well known in the island.

A widow who lived on the island of Campobello had a peculiar dream one night. A headless Negro appeared to her, and said, "In a certain spot on Grand Manan there lies, in a hogshead, the buried treasure of Captain Kidd. I was killed by Captain Kidd's pirates that I might guard the buried treasure. I am weary of my task. I wish to tell you where this treasure is, and then rest in peace. I will show you the place."

Then there appeared to her the exact picture of the rocky slope, on the island of Grand Manan, which is now called Money Cove. Campobello and Grand Manan are sister islands in the Bay of Fundy.

Although the dream was vivid, she dismissed it from her mind. On the next night, however, the Negro boy appeared again. This time he said, "Because you may doubt me, I shall prove to you that the things I am saying to you are true. Your husband once lost a chisel. You can find it twenty yards from the house in the brook. Take this chisel with you, and go to the place on Grand Manan which I showed you last night in a vision. You must go alone at midnight up the mountain and through the woods. You will hear strange noises of conflict. Do not turn back, but keep steadily on. Nothing will harm you. Presently you will see the top of a hogshead that is by this time at the surface of the earth. Throw the chisel on its top, and the enchantment will be broken. You may then have any one to assist you."

As the widow found the chisel in the brook, she was encouraged to proceed further. She hired two fishermen to row her in their dory to Grand Manan. They skirted its shores until she recognized the part that was seen in her vision. It was most solitary. The waves were beating on the rocky shore, and the trees grew thick and high up the steep incline. An eagle soared between the tree-tops and the blue sky.

They waited until midnight. Then the men were left on the beach, and the timid widow began the ascent alone. She heard strange noises, muffled sounds, and the clash of steel in conflict. Although very fearful, she trudged upwards. Ahead of her she saw the top of a hogshead. On it sat the headless Negro boy. She was about to throw the chisel on the hogshead and break the enchantment, when a mighty wind swept through the forest and bent the trees nearly double. The wind twisted the trees and whirled their branches about until the woods moaned with the agony of it, and lent their mournful wails to the sounds of the unseen but fiercely-raging battle. At this point two Spaniards with drawn swords appeared. They were engaged in a deadly duel between her and the treasure. She became so terrified that she dropped her chisel, and screamed loudly for help. The enchantment was broken all too soon. The treasured hogshead and fighting

Spaniards disappeared. The trees still swayed, but not so violently as they had a few minutes before. The trembling widow stood waiting. The fishermen, hearing her screams, went hurriedly up to her assistance. They found her almost insane.

Although many have since gone to that lonely spot in search of the hidden treasure, none have found it. But always in that forest, when any one ascends the slope, the winds bend and twist the trees as in a fierce gale.

Since the adventure of the widow in search of Captain Kidd's treasure, that particular stretch of rocky beach and steep incline of forest is known all over the island as Money Cove.

LAURA M. SUPLEE.

**THE THREE RAVENS IN OHIO.** — In 1916 Professor Tolman published in this Journal (29 : 155) modern versions of several ballads to be found in Child's collection. May I add one more, a broken-down version of the magnificent "Three Ravens" (No. 26 in Child)? It was given the writer in 1915 by one of his students, Mr. Paul H. Dowling of Los Angeles, who had heard it sung by a boy named Keir, when in a grade-school in Columbus, O., about 1906.

There were three crows sat on a tree,  
And they were as black as crows could be.

Said one old crow unto his mate,  
"What shall we have for supper to ate?"

"There lies a horse in yonder plain  
Who was by some cruel hunter slain.

"We'll perch upon his bare back-bone,  
And pick his eyes out one by one."

JOHN S. P. TATLOCK.

[This short version of "The Three Crows" has had wide circulation in America. Professor T. P. Cross reported it from Virginia in 1907; a Virginian copy is printed in "The Focus," 5 : 281; others are reported in the Bulletin of the Virginia Folk-Lore Society, No. 4, p. 5, No. 5, p. 6. See also JAFL 27 : 63, 28 : 201 (Reed Smith, South Carolina and Tennessee), 29 : 400 (Cox, West Virginia); F. C. Brown, "Ballad-Literature in North Carolina," p. 9; B. L. Jones, "Folk-Lore in Michigan," p. 5. Belden has a copy from Missouri. The currency of the piece is due in large part to its vogue on the minstrel stage in the sixties and doubtless earlier. It was rendered as a comic song with an imitative refrain (still common). See "Frank Converse's Old Cremona Songster," pp. 36-37, with music (included in "The Encyclopædia of Popular Songs," New York, Dick & Fitzgerald, cop. 1864); "Frank Brown's Black Diamond Songster" (cop. 1863), pp. 30-31.—G. L. K.]

**PUBLICATIONS OF THE BUREAU OF AMERICAN ETHNOLOGY.** — The Bureau of American Ethnology has on hand a limited number of copies of Major Powell's articles on "Technology, or the Science of Industries;" "Sociology, or the Science of Institutions;" "Philology, or the Science of Activities designed for Expression;" "Sophiology, or the Science of Activities designed to give Instruction." Copies of these separates, which were originally printed in the 20th Annual Report, may be obtained by application to the Bureau of American Ethnology.

**THE NEWBERRY LIBRARY.** — Since many folk-lorists in the central part of our country would find Chicago more convenient of access than Cleveland, it seems right to call attention to a collection of books here. The Newberry Library has complete files of most of the chief folk-lore magazines, such as were mentioned as at the Cleveland Public Library in your July issue. The number of books classified under folk-lore is about 1,300; but much associated material may be found in the collections of Mediæval Romances, especially French material, and under early Irish and Welsh literature. The Bonaparte collection in this library has 14,626 titles. It is chiefly concerned with the dialects of Romance and Slavic languages, but contains materials useful to folk-lorists. The Ayer collection of books on American Indians, and on the Hawaiian Islands and the Philippines, contains 37,075 titles, and is very full on the folk-lore of the native races. Mention should also be made of the Chinese collection of 21,654 titles in native character.

The Newberry Library is not a loan library, but books are sometimes lent to other libraries. I have found the Newberry Library useful for studies in mediæval folk-lore and romance.

ARTHUR C. L. BROWN.

**COUNTING-OUT RHYME.**—A counting-out rhyme new to the writer is in use among the classmates of his son Alfred, at the Browne and Nichols School, Cambridge, Mass. The boys are about eleven years old. It runs thus:—

**"My mother and your mother were hanging out clothes;  
My mother gave your mother a punch on the nose.  
What color was the blood?"**

It is in a way intoned very slowly to the following rhythm:—



Outside of its picturesque domestic suggestions, it is chiefly remarkable for its metre; it is evidently based on the catalectic dipodies, trochaic or spondaic as the case may be; e.g.—

"Onery, twoery, threery, Ann,"  
"Eeny, meeny, miny, mo."

or

The slowness of the recitation gives quite a nice choriambic effect. I should like to know the distribution of this rhyme and its possible variants.<sup>1</sup>

CHARLES PEABODY,  
*Secretary American Folk-Lore Society.*

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

**FOLK-DANCING AND FOLK-SINGING.**— Even in war time, the researches into the artistic side of American folk-lore, and the practice of the arts of folk-dancing and of folk-singing have not been entirely given up.

<sup>1</sup> Since writing this, a version has appeared in this Journal, 31 : 47 (No. 628).

The United States Branch of the English Folk-Dance Society has at present centres in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, and Chicago. In two of these centres a demonstration of the "Running Step," an Appalachian folk-dance of great vigor and a good deal of complexity, was given by Cecil J. Sharp, the director of the parent English society.

It was he who discovered it, and with the assistance of Maud Karpeles, also of the English society, succeeded in learning it and recording it.

The American Folk-Dance Society, through Elizabeth Burchenal, has published recently a series of American folk-dances, largely from New England.

Cecil Sharp, with Olive Dame Campbell (whose name stands first on the title-page), has published the first-fruits of his Appalachian trips in "English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians." Of course, many of these have been known; but the book-form of the publication, and the abundance of the music, make this particularly valuable.

There is a quantity of material, both of song and dance, both imported and native, yet to be brought together. The writer has caviled, and still cavils, at the indifference with which we seem to regard our "common or garden" treasures.

Maine, Vermont, and Adirondack travellers, please notice!

CHARLES PEABODY,  
*Secretary American Folk-Lore Society.*

"**BUY ME A MILKING-PAIL,**" AND SONGS OF THE CIVIL WAR.—The following songs were contributed by Mrs. H. G. Richardson, from Clarksburg, W. Va.

**BUY ME A MILKING-PAIL.**

"Buy me a milking-pail, O mother, O mother!  
Buy me a milking-pail, O dearest mother of mine!"

"Where shall the money come from, O daughter, O daughter?  
Where shall the money come from, O dearest daughter of mine?"

"Sell father's feather-bed, O mother, O mother!  
Sell father's feather-bed, O dearest mother of mine!"

"Where will your father sleep, O daughter, O daughter?  
Where will your father sleep, O dearest daughter of mine?"

"Sleep in the boys' room, O mother, O mother!  
Sleep in the boys' room, O dearest mother of mine!"

"Where will the boys sleep, O daughter, O daughter?  
Where will the boys sleep, O dearest daughter of mine?"

"Sleep in the cook's room, O mother, O mother!  
Sleep in the cook's room, O dearest mother of mine!"

"Where will the cook sleep, O daughter, O daughter?  
Where will the cook sleep, O dearest daughter of mine?"

"Sleep in the pig-pen, O mother, O mother!  
Sleep in the pig-pen, O dearest mother of mine!"

"Where will the pigs sleep, O daughter, O daughter?  
Where will the pigs sleep, O dearest daughter of mine?"

"Sleep by the river-side, O mother, O mother!  
Sleep by the river-side, O dearest mother of mine!"

"Suppose the pigs should fall in, O daughter, O daughter!  
Suppose the pigs should fall in, O dearest daughter of mine!"

"Get a man to watch them, O mother, O mother!  
Get a man to watch them, O dearest mother of mine!"

"Suppose the man should fall asleep, O daughter, O daughter!  
Suppose the man should fall asleep, O dearest daughter of mine!"

"Get a chain and chain them, O mother, O mother!  
Get a chain and chain them, O dearest mother of mine!"

"Suppose the chain should cast a link, O daughter, O daughter!  
Suppose the chain should cast a link, O dearest daughter of mine!"

"Oh, well, just let them fall in, O mother, O mother!  
Oh, well, just let them fall in, O dearest mother of mine!"

#### SONGS OF THE CIVIL WAR.

*Song taken by Mrs. Richardson from Mrs. Nancy McAtee, Clarksburg, W. Va.*

The Southern boys may longer lie  
On the first and fourth of sweet July,  
Our General Beauregard resound  
For his Southern boys at Richmond.

That night we laid on the cold ground,  
No tents nor shelter could be found,  
With rain and hail was nearly drown,  
To cheer our hearts at Richmond.

Next morn the burning sun did rise  
Beneath the cloudy, eastern skies.  
Our general viewed the forts, and cried, —  
"We'll have hot work at Richmond."

As soon as the height we did command,  
We fought the Yankees hand to hand,  
And many a hero there was slain  
On the plains at Richmond.

As soon as the height we strove to gain,  
Our balls did fly as thick as rain.  
I'm sure the plains they did run red  
With the blood that was shed at Richmond.

And many a pretty, fair maid will mourn  
For her lover who will never return,  
And parents mourn beyond control  
For their sons they lost at Richmond.

Thirty thousand Yankees, I heard them say,  
Was slain all on that fatal day,  
And seven thousand Southerners lay  
In the bloody gore at Richmond.

Their guns and knapsacks they threw down,  
And ran like hares before the hound,  
I'm sure the plains they did run red  
With the blood that was shed at Richmond.

Cease, you Southerner to your hand  
Which from Yankeedom we cannot stand!  
Go spread the news throughout the land  
Of the victory that was won at Richmond.

*The Yankee Retreat.*

The very next morning we marched very slow,  
We wakened those Yankees, their bugles did blow,  
Fighting through briars, and fighting through thorn,  
Such fighting I never saw since I was born!

Up rode General Averil, his mustache on his face,  
"Pitch in, my Virginians! we'll soon win the race."  
But — Jackson overheard him — he thought it was best  
To take keer of hisself, and care nought fur the rest!

*Old Joe Camp.*

Old Joe Camp, when he come to town,  
Enlisted under Captain Brown,  
Brown swore him on the very fust slap,  
And sent him off to Manassas Gap.

Brown he was a-walkin' round.  
He found Joe sleepin' on the ground.  
Brown said to Joe, "It is your lot,  
We'll take you out and have you shot."

Said Joe to Brown, "Fightin' wasn't my intent,  
And now I can't do you no dirt,  
For I 'low to desert."

The ammunition gittin' thin,  
They wound Joe up and poked him in.  
They fired him off at the very first round,  
And fired him back to Captain Brown!

## REVIEWS.

**EDWIN MILLER FOGEL, PH.D.** *Beliefs and Superstitions of the Pennsylvania Germans.* American Germanica Press, Philadelphia, 1915. iv + 387 p.

"ISLAND cultures" are always worth studying. The French habitants of Quebec, the Creoles of Louisiana, the Basques, the Bretons, the Romansch-speaking Swiss, are the more interesting in that they have been hemmed in, and as it were placed on the defensive, by more powerful neighbors. A kind of conscious in-breeding is the result, — the intensification of local characteristics of speech and of life.

So with the Pennsylvania Germans, — a fit subject for their neighbors' *blason populaire*. The reviewer, brought up in Philadelphia, still feels Pennsylvania "Dutch" a more familiar title than "German," though of course there is not the slightest connection with Holland.

Hearsay and literature have more or less united in giving these Germans of eastern Pennsylvania a bad name. Some of their characteristics may not be ingratiating, but it may be found after this war that certain qualities of self-sacrificing loyalty go far to make up for casual disagreeablenesses.

Professor Fogel has gathered together and published, following a short Introduction, a very large number of "manners" and "customs," invaluable to the student of American folk-lore.

Pennsylvania German is a dialect akin to that of the Rhenish Palatinate. It is not a "lingo" or a patois. The author is quite justified in his defence of it on p. 2 of the Introduction. It is high time that, too, the French of Canada, the Flemish, even the Provençal, came into their rights. Those who speak it are scattered over fourteen counties, and number over three hundred thousand. Protestant to a high degree, the folk-lore misses the picturesqueness of the Latins; but a terseness of expression and a pithy outlook on life make up somewhat for this. Many of the traditions and quasi-superstitions go back to the ante-Christian times of North Europe. The four seasonal festivals, echoes of the worship of Donar, Wodan, and Freia, — of sacrifice and ordeal, — there are in abundance. The Introduction summarizes these somewhat cursorily.

The author sometimes draws rather arbitrary conclusions; e.g., as to boundary-stones and the wedding-dress shroud (pp. 16 and 17). Sometimes he does not go far enough, as in his discussion of sacrifices (p. 12). As a whole, however, he has well pointed the way for further study. It is much to say of a book that practically all in it is correct, that the author is characteristically conservative in statement.

The principal fault of the Introduction is that it is too short. One longs for a whole volume based on the 2085 instances given in the text, wherein not only Germanic and a slight amount of British and Scandinavian ancestry and relationship are consulted, but where a carefully digested *rapprochement* might be made with contemporary Europe — and the rest of America — as well as an attempt to drive the roots of these growths as far as the neolithic times of the Mediterranean prehistoric race.

The text is admirably arranged. A careful transcription of the German text, and the distribution by counties, are followed by a translation, and by its correlates in Germany and Britain. Childhood, marriage, death;

household activities (in great number); special seasons, saints' days, months, weeks; domestic activities, hunting and fishing; folk-medicine, veterinary and human; dreams, omens, witchcraft; weather and the heavenly bodies, — all these are illustrated in great abundance.

One feels while reading quite an atmosphere of naive charm. It is a pity that the chapter on sex, owing to our persistent prudery, had to be left out of the published volume. Any student of this side of anthropology, and any reader of anthropophyteia, will be glad to know that the collection has been made and that the material will not be lost.

The pungency of expression may be exemplified in this recipe of folk-medicine (No. 1458): "En ganz schwaerz hinkel dod gemacht une blut ferschitt, mitzammte fedre gebrit un gekocht, un en supp defun gekocht un gesse is en schuri kjur fern feschter leib." In this case, as occasionally elsewhere, the translation is inadequate.

An exasperating fault in arrangement is the lack of co-ordination in subject; e.g., Nos. 1253 and 1261, on the moon's effect on a person sleeping should be together. This separation of items that should be together happens so often, that it seriously inconveniences the continuity of interest, and prejudices the author's geographical distribution by counties. So, too, the collocation of opposite traditions without comment (e.g., Nos. 1626 and 1627, a Sunday convalescent) argues a lack of digestion of the material.

One longs for a much longer synthetic summing-up of material, especially under folk-lore headings; as, for example, sympathetic magic, incantations, apotropaë and critical times and seasons.

The impression is left that there must be much more to do. Music, tales, proverbs, ballads and folk-poetry, costumes, "blagues" and "Schimpfwörter," all must exist in great abundance.

The book is as a whole so good that the feeling of insufficiency is in itself a compliment. Like Oliver Twist, we want some more.

CHARLES PEABODY.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY,

March 18, 1918.

**Jātaka Tales, selected and edited, with introduction and notes, by H. T. FRANCIS and E. J. THOMAS. Cambridge University Press, 1916.**

THE "Jātaka Tales," or Birth-stories of the life of Buddha in his previous existences before becoming the Enlightened One, form a body of fable literature that is recognized to be of great importance to folk-lorists. More than five hundred of these stories have been handed down from over two thousand years ago in Pāli, the sacred language of the Buddhists; and, besides serving to point a moral or adorn a tale connected with the Blessed One's life and teaching, they contain a mass of material that is of special interest to the student of folk-lore.

India, where Kipling learned his story-telling art, was a pioneer land in the telling of folk-tales. The Jātaka stories, though Buddhistic in form, are really adaptations of still more ancient tales current in the land between the Indus and Ganges long before the rise of Buddhism. A number of them have later obtained a world-wide currency.

For a time it was erroneously thought that the Indian beast-fables had been borrowed from Greece, and owed their origin to the fabulistic literature of Æsop. That view is no longer the accepted one. The remote antiquity of such Indian folk-tales has been conclusively proved, and the existence of a

great body of fable material wholly independent of Greek source has been fully demonstrated. In fact, it is now generally held that the parallelism between *Aesop* and the *Jātakas* in a dozen or more beast-fables is due to a transmission of folk-tales from India to Greece via Persia and Asia Minor. Points of this character are well brought out in the Introduction to the volume.

In making their selection of more than a hundred of the *Jātaka* tales, the editors state that they have aimed at "bringing together the *Jātaka* tales of most interest intrinsically, and also from the point of view of the folk-lorist." The old stories of "The Ass in the Lion's Skin," of "The Fox and the Crow" (as in *Aesop*), or again that of "The Robbers and the Treasure" (as in Chaucer's "Pardoner's Tale"), are among the numbers that will at once catch the eye. The student at the same time will welcome the brief and pertinent summary of contents prefixed to each of the tales translated. He will equally welcome the short *résumé* at the end of each, presenting the chief parallels in folk-lore literature.

The importance of ancient sculptural monuments in India as illustrating the Birth-stories is well known. Photographic reproductions from eight of these monuments are given to elucidate, in addition to the notes, the material translated in the volume.

A guaranty of the faithfulness of the translation from the original Pāli is afforded by the fact that it is adopted ("with slight revision to remove inaccuracies") directly from the noted version of the *Jātakas* into English, made by various scholars — the name of Francis being among the number — under the editorship of the late Professor Cowell of Cambridge. It is worth while to have the present book more widely known by folk-lorists.

A. V. WILLIAMS JACKSON.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY,  
NEW YORK.

**THE MYTHOLOGY OF ALL RACES.** In thirteen volumes. LOUIS HERBERT GRAY, Editor; GEORGE FOOT MOORE, Consulting Editor. Volume VI: Indian, by A. BERRIEDALE KEITH; Iranian, by ALBERT J. CARNY. Boston, Marshall Jones Company, 1917. ix + 404 p. Illus.

INDIA and Persia, as sister-lands in antiquity, are cousin-lands to Greece and Rome in their mythological, ethnological, and philological inheritance. A new book, therefore, which deals with Indian and Iranian mythology as factors in the history of world beliefs is to be especially welcomed, because the student of religion and folk-lore will find in the volume matters of genuine significance for his researches.

The volume under consideration is the sixth in the series of the "Mythology of All Races," issued by the American firm of Marshall Jones Company, Boston, under the able editorship of Dr. L. H. Gray, aided by Prof. G. F. Moore as consulting editor. The selection of Professors Keith of Edinburgh University, and Carnoy, formerly of Louvain, as contributors to the work, was most happily made. Indian mythology, treated by Professor Keith, occupies 250 pages of the volume; and Iranian mythology, by Professor Carnoy, only 100; but the distribution is fair, because the former is more varied and complex, and its treatment necessarily anticipates many details of the Persian myths.

In each division the work is at the same time thoroughly scholarly and

broadly popular. The student of folk-lore in particular will find that many apt parallels for his mythological researches are furnished by the Indo-Iranian gods, demons, and genii of sky, earth, and water, who benevolently preside over or maliciously plague the life of man. There is, on the whole, less of real mythology in the ancient tales of Persia than in those of India. Professor Carnoy is inclined to see in the manifold struggle between the heroes of Iran and the demons or barbarians the reflection of a primitive storm-myth; but, as he himself admits, much of the Persian legendary material may be accounted for by the principle of euhemerism. Professor Keith likewise tends to favor mythological rather than historical explanations, notably in his treatment of the life of the Buddha; but everywhere in both parts there is evidence of sound scholarship and wise judgment.

A highly commendable feature of the work is the addition of some fifty illustrations, in photogravure or in color, which serve admirably to elucidate the text. The skilled hand of the editor-in-chief is doubtless to be discerned in the "tissues" with explanatory text, which are tipped in between the pages so as to front each illustration. One may perhaps regret that there are not in the letter-press some guiding head-lines or black-face type to introduce the different topics in each chapter, but the general arrangement is logical and clear. The notes and bibliography at the end of the volume will be found extremely useful.

A. V. W. J.

**THE MYTHOLOGY OF ALL RACES.** In thirteen volumes. LOUIS HERBERT GRAY, A.M., Ph.D., Editor; GEORGE FOOT MOORE, A.M., D.D., LL.D., Consulting Editor. Volume XII: Egyptian, by W. MAX MÜLLER, Ph.D.; Indo-Chinese Mythology, by Sir JAMES GEORGE SCOTT. Boston, Marshall Jones Company, 1918. xiv + 450 p., 21 pl., 232 text figs. Large 8°.

PROFESSOR MÜLLER has undertaken a difficult task in his presentation of Egyptian Mythology, and has carried it through in a highly creditable manner. The scanty myths, their heterodox character, the ultra-conservatism of the Egyptians in religious matters, and the absence of clearly-formulated religious doctrines,—all render the task a trying one.

The paper is very thoroughly annotated,—sixty-eight pages of eight-point notes to two hundred and forty-five pages of ten-point text. In addition, the whole structure of the paper is securely tied together with an abundance of parenthetical cross-reference. The typography is good, and it bears the ear-marks of careful proof-reading. The absence of a separate index is to be regretted, however.

The author seeks "to emphasize two principles more than has been done hitherto: (a) the comparative view—Egyptian religion had by no means so isolated a growth as has generally been assumed; (b) as in many other religions, its doctrines often found a greater degree of expression in religious art than in religious literature, so that modern interpreters should make more use of the Egyptian pictures."

In his discussions of origin and development, the author very wisely avoids the quicksands of totemic origins. He refers to totemism in the text but once, in speaking of "the strange local divine symbols which remind us

of totemistic emblems." He seeks the origin of the Egyptian religion in animism. He assumes "that the Egyptian pantheon had its origin in the most remote and obscure neolithic (or perhaps even palæolithic) age, and we may safely consider it a product of a most primitive barbarism." He lays particular stress upon the early solarization of various deities. Ancestor worship, which by some has been considered the starting-point of the Osirian worship, Professor Müller discards.

The author quite properly dwells upon the ultra-conservatism of the Egyptians in religious matters, and shows that much of the confusion and lack of formulation of the religion is due to this very tendency. The early established canons of art are one manifestation of this tendency. I think, however, that the author goes too far when he states: "For example, all the pictures of Ptah, one of the oldest gods, point back to a clumsy type betraying an age when the artists were not yet able to separate arms and legs from the body." I do not think such was ever the case. Certainly child drawings and the work of palæolithic and Bushman artists seem to testify to the contrary.

In a note Professor Müller states his position in reference to the hypothetical prehistoric Egyptian totemism. His stand is so very sensible, that I quote him in full: "Scholars have often tried to find traces of totemism in the symbols of the gods, the cities, and the districts of Egypt. Such an interpretation is especially tempting when these emblems, carried on a standard as the coat of arms of the nomes, represent an animal or a plant. The only statement which we can positively make is that the Egyptians in historic times were not conscious of a totemistic explanation of these symbols. Their application was divine or local, never tribal like the totemistic symbols of primitive peoples."

In answer to the proponents of the theory that the Egyptian religion represents a degenerated monotheism or henotheism, Professor Müller ably summarizes the facts, and relegates the Egyptian religion to its proper position, as originating from "an endless and unsystematic polytheism which betrays an originally animistic basis."

The worship of the sun, and the identification of various deities with the sun-god, are discussed in Chapter II. The early and widespread worship of the sun-god, Professor Müller considers, also arose from animism; for, as he remarks, "a nation which discovers divine spirits in every remarkable tree or rock will find them even more readily in the sun, the moon, the stars, and the like."

Chapter II describes the sun-god; and Chapter III, "other gods connected with nature." The various concepts of the universe are succinctly presented, and the numerous aspects of the deities who assumed cosmic rôles are discussed. The assimilation of many of these deities one to another through the long course of Egyptian history, owing to similarity of function, is emphasized by the author.

Under the heading "Some Cosmic and Cosmogonic Myths," more or less fragmentary tales are presented in Chapter IV, under the headings, (1) "The Creation of the World and of Men;" (2) "The Destruction of Mankind;" (3) "Why the Sun-God withdrew from Earth;" (4) "The Sun-God, Isis, and the Serpent;" (5) "How the Moon became Ruler of the Night;" (6) "The Lost Eye of the Sun-God." These stories are probably but a

small portion of the tales which were current in ancient Egypt. This collection, small as it is, presents numerous difficulties of interpretation, which Professor Müller meets in masterly fashion. These difficulties are largely due to the conservatism of the Egyptians, who sought to incorporate in each written story, not only more than one version, but often quite distinct tales. The various elements were frequently so incongruous as to preclude any possibility of harmonizing them.

In Chapter V Professor Müller discusses the gods of the Osirian cycle, stressing particularly the evolution and accretion of ideas concerning the deities of the cycle. The identification of the thunder-god Sêth with the dragon 'Apop he lays to the influence of the Babylonian myth of Tiämat. "After 2500 B.C. the Asiatic myth of the combat between the god of heaven and light (Bêl-Marduk, etc.) and the abysmal dragon of the ocean (Tiämat) penetrated into Egypt, where it gave rise to the story of the gigantic serpent 'Apop, the enemy of the sun-god."

Professor Müller introduces his chapter upon "The Osirian Cycle" with the following sentence: "At a very early time a special group of gods, all local in origin, was brought into a mutual connection, which gave rise to an extremely rich growth of myths that overshadowed all other mythology and thus made those divinities the most popular, not only of Egypt, but subsequently of the whole ancient world." The ultimate origin of this most important feature of the religion of ancient Egypt he discusses with justifiable caution in the latter portion of the chapter: "Until we know more completely the Babylonian form of the legend of Tammuz, it is unsafe to derive the Osiris-myth wholly from Asia. It is quite probable that its primitive ideas came from Asia; but if this be so, they had an early, rich, and rather independent development in Egypt, whence a portion of them wandered back to Asia. It is particularly noteworthy that it was only in Egypt that Osiris developed into a judge of the dead. Isis, on the other hand, is a rather meaningless and colourless character compared with her original, the Asiatic goddess of love." This hypothesis contrasts strongly with the views in certain other Egyptological quarters, that the Osiris worship may be rooted in ancestor worship of indigenous African origin.

"Some Texts Referring to Osiris-Myths" are presented in Chapter VI, under the following headings: (1) "The Dirge of Isis and Nephthys," (2) "The Pig in the Sun's Eye," (3) "The Tears of Isis," (4) "Isis in the Combat of Horus and Seth," (5) "The Destruction of the Dragon 'Apop."

A catalogue of "the other principal gods" is presented in alphabetic order in Chapter VII. The author briefly enumerates the various forms, localizations, and principal attributes of over one hundred deities.

Chapter VIII is of interest, not so much for the list of foreign gods which it contains, as for the fact that the author here states his position as to Asiatic and Nubian influence upon the religion of Egypt. "The Egyptians of the earlier period did not feel it necessary to bring foreign gods to their country; when they went to Syria and Nubia, they temporarily worshipped the local divinities of those lands, without abandoning their own deities. It is true that the concepts of Asiatic mythology constantly passed freely into the religion of Egypt, and in particular, the fairy stories of the New Empire not only employed Asiatic *motifs* very liberally, but often placed their scenes in Asia, thus frankly confessing their dependence on Asiatic material. . . .

From folk-lore and magic, sooner or later such ideas finally passed into the official theology; and future scholars will ultimately recognize that a very considerable part of Egyptian religious thought was derived from or influenced by the mythology of Asia. Tracing such *motifs* to the Pyramid period certainly does not prove that they were autochthonous."

He acknowledges the debt to Africa in pointing out the Libyan origin of the goddess Shahdidi, introduced after 1000 B.C., and by emphasizing that the Egyptians of the earliest times worshipped some Nubian gods. As compared with the debt claimed for Africa by certain other Egyptologists, Professor Müller lays her under very light contribution indeed. In a measure, however, he strikes a balance between the two sources of influence, Asia and Africa, and perhaps comes nearer the truth than do those who are ultra-Asiatic or ultra-African in their views.

Chapter IX is of much importance for understanding Professor Müller's views as to the origin and development of a notorious feature of Egyptian worship, the cult of animals. It is of interest to note that the author avoids the field of totemism as explaining the cult, and contends that the supposed supernatural powers of animals were the basis of their worship, and that their identification with the gods is a later growth.

The worship of men also is discussed in Chapter IX. The chief examples cited are the Pharaohs themselves and the deified scholars I-m-hotep and Amen-hotep. In the last paragraph Professor Müller takes the following stand with regard to ancestor worship: —

"Generally speaking, all the dead might be worshipped on the theory that as blessed spirits they lived with the gods in a state of illumination and sanctification. Their chapels were, however, places to pray for them rather than to pray to them; and the sacrifices offered there were not to win their intercession, but served merely to maintain their hungry souls. Contrary to the usual belief, therefore, the worship of ancestors, as we shall see in the following chapter, was not so clearly and strongly developed in ancient Egypt as among some other peoples."

A synopsis of the multifarious Egyptian views concerning life after death forms Chapter X. "Ethics and Cult" are discussed in Chapter XI, and "Magic" in Chapter XII. In the latter chapter the author sounds a note of warning to "some scholars [who] brand as magic all the customs intended to secure eternal life for the dead or to improve their state." In this connection it is worth while to quote the second paragraph of the chapter in full; for it manifests the author's viewpoint as to the interrelations of Egyptian magic and religion, and also his nicety of discrimination: —

"The very *naïve* Egyptian spirit, which was so unable to distinguish between the material and the supernatural, and the excessive formalism of the worship, give us the impression that the whole religion of the Nile-land had a strongly magic character. This is true of most religions which are based on animism; yet we may easily go too far, as when, for example, some scholars brand as magic all the customs intended to secure eternal life for the dead or to improve their state. It is quite true that the assertion of a funerary text that the dead go to heaven may be understood as a prayer; but a prayer which is sure to be efficacious, and a wish passing into reality in vivid imagination, indeed border on magic, — a statement which is equally true of the numerous ceremonies and amulets which mechanically benefit

the soul of the dead. The *Book of the Dead*, with its directions how to find the way to Osiris, what to say before him, what words to recite, and what mysterious names to give to the guardians of his realm, presents a close approximation to magic; yet, after all, it is no secret knowledge, but is open to all who can read, and therefore does not fall under the modern definition of sorcery; neither did the Egyptians themselves consider it magical."

The thirteenth and final chapter is concerned with the "Development and Propagation of Egyptian Religion." The author points out that "at first glance it would seem that the religion of ancient Egypt had been successfully stereotyped in prehistoric times," yet many gradual changes in religious thought and the growth and decay of creeds and forms of worship are discernible. The author then proceeds to outline the religious development, prefacing his synopsis with a characteristic caution: "Are we quite certain, for example, that one of the most primitive specimens of religious fancy, that the king's soul lives by cannibalism on other souls, even those of the gods, goes back to a time before 5000 B.C., when the dwellers in the valley of the Nile may well have been real cannibals? Could not a loyal magician's fancy wander thus far even in the age of highest civilization? On the other hand, it is not safe to assume that some isolated and remarkable advances of thought in these texts — e.g., a certain moral standard demanded even for the king, if he is to be admitted to the realm of the gods — could not be much earlier than the great development of Egyptian civilization, which begins about 3000 B.C."

Animism, in Professor Müller's belief, forms the underlying stratum of the vast and intricate superstructure of conflicting beliefs and practices which constituted the religion of the ancient Egyptians. The various steps of development as they can be traced in the ancient texts and pictures are then outlined, — the solarization of the pantheon, which "is traceable at least as early as the First Dynasty;" the formation of triads and enneads; "the comparison and identification (*syncretism*) of similar gods;" the growth of pantheistic tendencies after 1600 B.C. "Foreign influences cannot be discovered in any of the developments which we have thus far considered. The borrowing of Asiatic *motifs* by Egyptian mythology could never revolutionize Egyptian thought, nor could this be done by a few Asiatic deities which enjoyed worship in Egypt at one period. These foreign cults existed side by side with the ancient Egyptian worships, neither mingling with them nor affecting them." Lastly, the author discusses the spread of Egyptian beliefs beyond the borders of Egypt.

In the opinion of the reviewer, Professor Müller's work is a valuable contribution to Egyptological literature. His treatment of the subject is exceedingly well balanced. He does not attempt to derive the Egyptian religion from Babylonia or elsewhere, yet he is willing enough to admit the presence of foreign *motifs* here and there. The student has in Professor Müller's work a most convenient handbook of Egyptian mythology, which concisely summarizes what is known of the subject to the beginning of 1918. Although primarily an exposition of the author's own views, it nevertheless takes cognizance of conflicting views and theories through the medium of extensive notes and a bibliography.

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THE name of Sir Scott is well known to me as one of the authors of the Gazetteer of Upper Burma and the Shan States, in five volumes, — a solid repository of facts, which has accompanied me through fifteen years as a faithful and helpful companion. The ethnography and history of Indo-China are in the initial stages, and present an endless series of most complex problems. Numerous tribes are still unexplored. Of the mythologies, we know little; and reliable text-material is scanty. In view of this situation, we have every reason to be grateful to the author for having undertaken the difficult task of writing for the general public an intelligible account of the mythological concepts prevailing in this vast area. It is less pure mythology than popular religion, folk-lore, spirit-worship, and festivals, which form the subjects of the work; but all this is recounted well, and admirably fulfils its purpose. More than that, this summary will doubtless act as an incentive to further active research in this field. Sir Scott has wisely confined himself to a presentation of his material, and, aside from a few occasional remarks, avoids theoretical discussions. I do not know whether any other living scholar would have acquitted himself of his obligation in a more creditable manner. The illustrations are well chosen, being chiefly borrowed from Sir R. C. Temple's "The Thirty-Seven Nats." The title of the publication is to be understood as the mythology of the peoples of Indo-China. "Indo-Chinese" is somewhat misleading, as by "Indo-Chinese" we are wont to understand a linguistic family including the Chinese, Tibetans, many Himalaya and Assam tribes, Burmese, Siamese, etc., but to the exclusion of the Mon-Khmer. It would lead me too far to offer here even the briefest outline of my own views on the subject; and I therefore restrict myself to a few observations on points of detail, addressed to the author and the editor of the series, for their consideration in the second edition of the work, which it is hoped will soon become necessary.

The notes on the Bodhisatva Avalokitevara (p. 262) do not conform to the present state of science. He cannot be regarded as sexless or as having "by nature neither sex nor form." He assuredly was a male deity; and his transformation into a goddess in China is a comparatively recent event, due to the amalgamation with an ancient Taoist goddess. Such adjustments of native deities with imported Buddhist forms have been common wherever Buddhism has gained a foothold. The Chinese did not receive the conception of this Bodhisatva "by way of Tibet," but straight from India. In connection with the Deluge legends of Indo-China (p. 267), those of the Lo-lo should be considered (P. Vial, "Les Lolas," p. 61; A. Liétard, "Au Yun-nan, Les Lo-lo-p'o," p. 140). The author states (p. 268) that the traditions of the Siamese are possibly grafted on faint memories of the legends which they brought with them from Ta-li fu, the old capital of the Nan-chao kingdom. Such legends are, in fact, preserved in the Chinese records of the history of the Nan-chao dynasty (see, for instance, this Journal, 30 : 421). The "river of running sand" in the traditions of the Karen (p. 269) is not necessarily to be interpreted as the Desert of Gobi; at least, this is not convincing. Still less is it conceivable that their legends should suggest an acquaintance with the Jewish colonies in China, or even with the Nestorian pillar at Si-ngan fu. The small number of Jewish immigrants into China, who were chiefly settled at K'ai-fong in Ho-nan, have never been able to exert the slightest influence on their surroundings,

but, on the contrary, have been so completely sinicized that they are now almost extinct. Nestorianism left no trace on the thought of Chinese society. The inscription in question is written in such an exalted and highly literary style, that it is quite unintelligible to the people; and its technical terminology is a complete mystery to the present scholars of China. No popular influence can be attributed to such a monument.

The opinion that St. Thomas is known in China under the name Ta-mo (p. 270) is unfounded. This belief was expressed by the early missionaries, but was abandoned long ago, also by the learned Jesuits of China (cf. L. Gaillard, "Croix et Swastika en Chine," p. 83). Chinese *ta-mo* was anciently pronounced \*d'at-ma or \*d'ar-ma, and represents an exact transcription of Sanskrit *dharma* ("law, religion"). The name Ta-mo is abbreviated for Bodhidharma, who is counted as the twenty-eighth Indian or the first Chinese patriarch, and who came to China with the alms-bowl of Buddha in A.D. 520 (not about the beginning of our era). He plays a prominent rôle in Chinese and Japanese art; and it is correct, as stated by Sir Scott, that there is a picture of his (engraved in a stone tablet) in the Pei-lin (not ling) of Si-angan fu, but there is none in any Confucian temple: that would be plain sacrilege in the eyes of the Chinese.

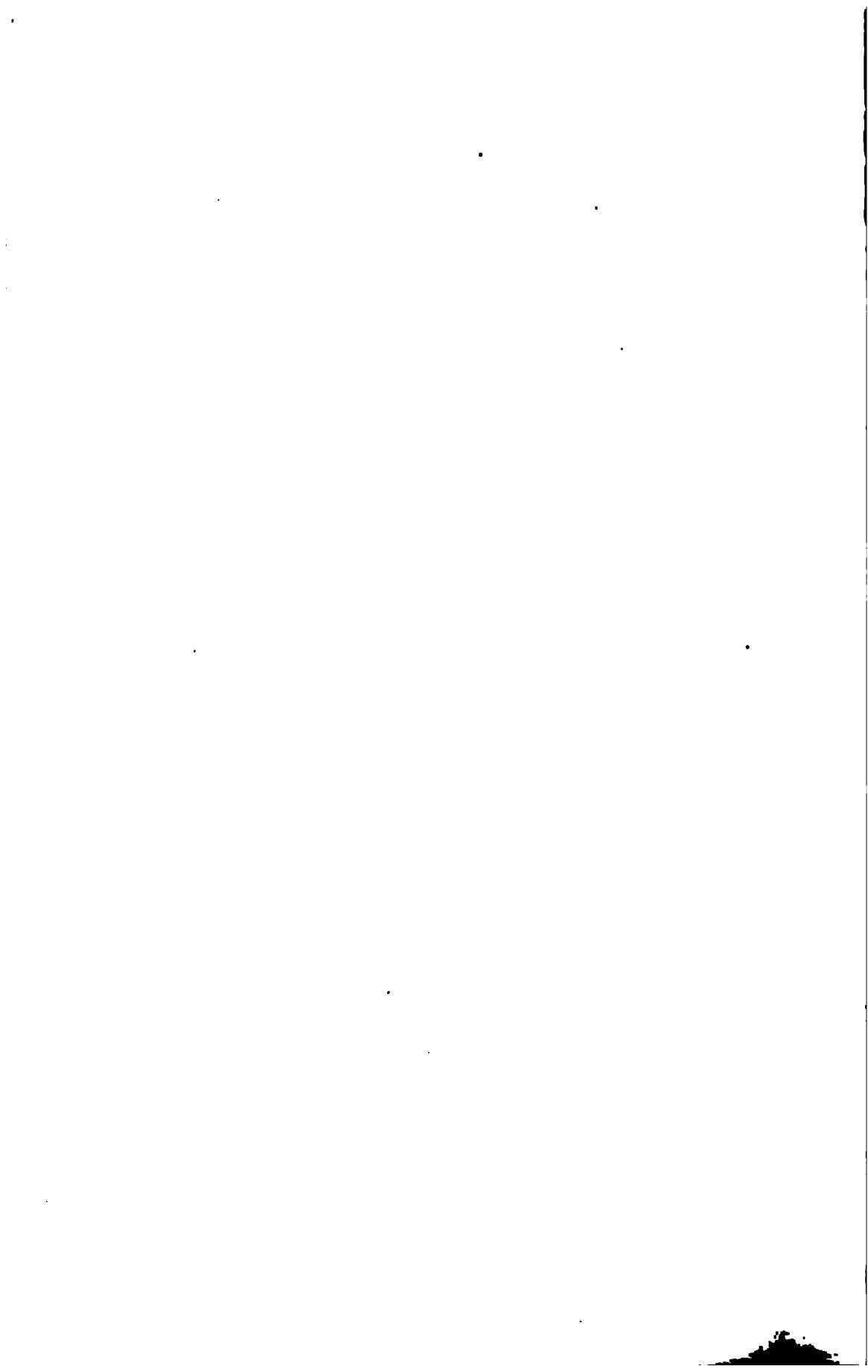
The Annamites are positively not of "Sinitic (or Chinese) origin" (p. 287). For their mythology and religion, the books of P. Giran ("Magie et religion annamites," Paris, 1912) and E. Diguet ("Les Annamites, société, coutumes, religions," Paris, 1906) would have furnished many useful contributions. I regret that the author has not incorporated in his sketch the mythology of the Malayan Cham, for which we have excellent texts and translations in A. Cabaton's "Nouvelles recherches sur les Chams" (Paris, 1901).

Can it truly be said that "the Chinese believe less in spirits (except ancestral spirits) than any other race in Asia" (p. 398)? (See Doré's "Recherches sur les superstitions en Chine.") In the bibliography, of Cordier's "Bibliotheca indosinica," only the first volume (Paris, 1912) is quoted. This work, however, was complete long ago in four volumes, the last having appeared in 1914. An article on "Nat-Worship among the Burmese," from the pen of L. Vossion, was published in this Journal for 1891.

The editor should not have failed to add an explanatory note as to the reasons why this section is yoked together with Egyptian mythology in a single volume. The layman will stand aghast, or may even suspect that some mysterious association connects the two. It is an editorial error, that the Egyptian notes and bibliography, which in the table of contents are hidden away under the heading "Indo-Chinese" without any mark of separation, are put after the Indo-Chinese mythology instead of being placed with the Egyptian section. If reasons of convenience enforced this unfortunate combination, the solution of the problem was quite simple: each section should have been printed as a perfect and separate unit, with a distinct title-page, and the common binding would have insured the same result, from the publisher's viewpoint. The title-page with the double title, as it stands, conveys a bad impression.

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PART

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## PORTO-RICAN FOLK-LORE.

DÉCIMAS, CHRISTMAS CAROLS, NURSERY RHYMES, AND  
OTHER SONGS.

BY J. ALDEN MASON.

EDITED BY AURELIO M. ESPINOSA.

IN the last Hispanic number of this Journal<sup>1</sup> we gave a brief account of the abundant collection of Spanish folk-lore brought together through the efforts of Dr. J. Alden Mason, of the Field Museum of Natural History of Chicago, as part of the survey of Porto Rico undertaken by the New York Academy of Sciences. The folk-tales, which constitute the most important and abundant part of the collection, are now being prepared for publication with the co-operation of the New York Academy of Sciences. The riddles, which made the second best collection of its kind in Spanish America, were published in the Hispanic number of this Journal above mentioned. There remain two more important branches of folk-lore in the Mason collection,—the popular *coplas*, which number some six hundred or more, and the material which we are now publishing under the title "Décimas, Christmas Carols," etc.<sup>2</sup>

The poetic material now published has extraordinary importance and interest. Its importance lies in the fact that such an abundant number of compositions of this nature exist in Porto Rico, showing the great vitality and vigor of that class of poetical compositions among

<sup>1</sup> 29 : 423–425.

<sup>2</sup> A fifth important part of the material, the traditional ballads, has already been prepared for publication, and will appear shortly in the *Revue Hispanique*. There are some twenty traditional ballads in thirty-five versions. The collection is in all respects one of the best from Spanish America, and is a very valuable addition to the Spanish-American collections of traditional ballads already made in Chile (Vicuña Clíffuentes, *Romances Populares y Vulgares* [Santiago, 1912]), Cuba (Chacón y Calvo, *Romances tradicionales en Cuba* [Habana, 1914]; and Carolina Poncet, *El Romance en Cuba* [Habana, 1914]), Santo Domingo (Pedro Henríquez Ureña, *Romances de América*, Cuba Contemporánea [December, 1913, Habana]), and New Mexico (Espinosa, "Romancero Nuevomejicano" [*Revue Hispanique*, Paris, 1915]).

the people. The *décimas*, all classes, are real poetry. The popular poets have often been under the influence of real poetic inspiration. One suspects in some cases semi-learned influences; but, even so, they are considered anonymous, have no known authors, and are in every respect the poetry of the people. These *décimas* deal with all phases of human life, and the ideas of the people are involved in them. In all Spanish countries, Spain and Spanish America, the popular poetic form, *par excellence*, is the *copla* or octosyllabic quatrain in assonance. The *redondillas* and *cuartetas* are developed from the older *copla*, and may be considered in the same class. In Porto Rico it is clear, from Dr. Mason's collection at least, that the popular octosyllabic *copla* has a worthy rival in the *décimas* (with the title of "aguinaldo" in the case of the hexasyllabic *décimas*, and also other cases). The folk-poetry of other Spanish countries known to me does not share this dual rivalry of poetic forms. Everywhere, to my knowledge, the *copla* holds undisputed sway, with the single apparent exception of Porto Rico. In New Mexico the *décimas* are well known, but are not abundant. They are all in octosyllabic metre, and deal, as a rule, only with love, adventure, and ballad material. Hexasyllabic *décimas* dealing with love and adventure and especially with biblical tradition, many being beautiful Christmas carols called "aguinaldos," all so abundant in the popular tradition of Porto Rico, are not well known in New Mexico. A close examination of all my published and unpublished New-Mexican Spanish folk-lore would not reveal all together more than a score of popular compositions of any kind in hexasyllabic verse.<sup>1</sup> A comparison between the exact forms of New-Mexican, Porto-Rican, and other *décimas*, is given later in Part I of this article.

Since most of the *décimas* are evidently modern, or at least modern adaptations of old models, if any, and they are anonymous, this class of poetry is popular in all respects. The *poetas* or *cantadores*, as they are called, who compose and recite or sing them, are as a rule men of humble walks of life, who have no pretensions of any kind. I suspect, however, that in Porto Rico, and perhaps also in other countries, the *décima* is cultivated by more pretentious poets; and it is not unlikely that many of the compositions that have attracted our admiration and attention are the product of learned poets, who composed them for the people and abandoned them to their fate. A few of the *décimas* and so-called *aguinaldos* had the names of the composers in the manuscript copies; but since much of the material was signed by the chil-

<sup>1</sup> See my "Romancero Nuevomejicano" (*Revue Hispanique*, 1915 : 67-92). There are twenty-three *décimas* published in the "Romancero Nuevomejicano," all in octosyllabic verse. In the popular *pastorelas* mentioned in another part of this publication, however, there are many popular selections in hexasyllabic verse. In a few of the semi-learned sacred hymns or *Cánticos Espirituales* of the New-Mexican collection of Father Ralliére (*Las Vegas*, 1913), we find several compositions in this metre.

dren of the schools, who collected a large part of the material, it was not thought wise to give the names of composers. Whether some of the *décimas* and longer Christmas carols are printed in Porto Rico in the local newspapers, or privately, I do not know. In New Mexico many of the popular modern ballad-like compositions and *décimas* that treat of deaths, public calamities, and the like, are frequently printed in the local newspapers, and thus become popular.<sup>1</sup> In Chile the *décimas* are also well known; but most of those collected and published by Lenz are of known authorship,<sup>2</sup> and seem less popular than in Porto Rico. As in New Mexico, however, they adhere more closely to a fixed traditional form, as we shall show in another part of this article.

The extraordinary interest which one finds in the poetical compositions under consideration, including also the *aguinaldos*, lies in the metrical problems involved. We have already stated that the hexasyllabic metre, so popular in Porto Rico, is by no means the most popular Spanish metre. From early times to the present day the popular Spanish metre, both in learned and popular poetry, has been the octosyllabic. It seems to be the metre of the lost epics, and appears in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries as the ballad metre. From the ballads it passed to the classic drama, and since the end of the sixteenth century it has reigned supreme in learned and popular poetry alike. The reasons for the popularity of other metres in modern Spanish folk-poetry are to be found in the isolation or close contact of the various regions of the Spanish-speaking world, as the case may be. It is clear to me that the great popularity of the octosyllabic verse in New Mexico is quite in line with the strength of Old-Spanish tradition there in all matters. The ballads from New Mexico, the riddles, and other materials, show greater signs of archaism than the ballads and other materials from any other place, for the simple reason that Spanish tradition in New Mexico represents an older stage. In fact, New Mexico has been isolated, and has lived independently of Peninsular-Spanish tradition, for over three centuries. In the South-American countries and Mexico the case is quite different, and in Porto Rico it is safe to assume that modern Spanish tradition has been in continual contact with that of the mother country to the present day. The ballad of Alfonso Doce, for example, an adaptation of an old Spanish ballad of the sixteenth century, is found in Mexico, Cuba, and Porto Rico; but the version from New Mexico has nothing to do with these, and is a real traditional version of the old ballad.<sup>3</sup> The old

<sup>1</sup> "Romancero Nuevomejicano" (*op. cit.*, 66 and 79).

<sup>2</sup> Lenz, "Über die gedruckte Volkspoesie von Santiago de Chile" (in Tobler, *Abhandlungen* [Halle, 1895], 161-163).

<sup>3</sup> "Romancero Nuevomejicano" (*op. cit.*, 33).

traditional octosyllabic verse lives, therefore, in New Mexico and other Spanish countries, in full vigor; but in Spain, Porto Rico, and perhaps a few other places, literary influences, or the influences of popular literary traditions that were strong in Spain after the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, introduced other metres, especially the hexasyllable. In Porto Rico the prevalence of this metre by the side of the octosyllable may be accounted for in this manner.

This is not all, however. Besides the metrical problems, one must also consider the subject-matter. While the hexasyllable is not very popular in Old-Spanish poetry, it is common enough, nevertheless, in the *villancicos*, *letrillas*, and popular *cancionillas* of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; and these classes of composition may have been continued in the oral tradition of Porto Rico with the help of the other influences above mentioned. However that may be, the subject-matter must be considered also; and here, again, we find noteworthy differences and comparisons. The *décimas* found in Porto Rico in hexasyllabic verse are for the most part compositions that treat of the Nativity and kindred subjects. The *aguinaldos* that are composed in octosyllabic quatrains treat also of like subjects. It would be interesting to know whether the real Nativity plays, such as are found in New Mexico, Mexico, and Spain, are also popular in Porto Rico. The *décimas* in hexasyllabic verse, and the Christmas carols in hexasyllabic quatrains, deal with the same subjects as the Nativity plays, or *pastorelas*, as they are called in New Mexico and Mexico.<sup>1</sup> They continue all the biblical traditions of the Nativity, and the popularity and diffusion of the Christmas carol does not seem so necessary. In Porto Rico the great popularity and diffusion of the Christmas carol under discussion may be an outgrowth of the most popular passages of the *pastorelas*. In New Mexico a few of the popular passages of the *pastorelas* are everywhere known and sung independently. These *pastorelas* are also very old, and are a direct outgrowth and continuation of the Old-Spanish Nativity plays and other compositions of the sixteenth century. When a large number of *décimas* and Christmas carols in hexasyllabic verse, and a large number of the *aguinaldos* similar to those of Porto Rico, are found in other Spanish countries, we shall be better able to judge of the age and traditional character of all this material. From the material which we find at our disposal, it does not seem that a large amount of the Porto Rican material is very old. It may have come directly from similar material handed down in oral tradition; but, if so, it must have under-

<sup>1</sup> See the Mexican and New-Mexican published Nativity plays, *Los Pastores* (MAFLS [Boston, 1907], 9), published by Cole. I have two New-Mexican and one California version in my possession. These productions are still staged in New Mexico in the larger towns and also in the villages. The last which I saw was given in Santa Fé in December, 1906.

gone important and noteworthy changes and developments. There are very few direct points of comparison to be made between the material in question and similar material which we have seen from other Spanish regions. Such a condition of affairs seems to argue in favor of modern developments and a gradual separation from the Old-Spanish traditions and sources; and the fact that the folk-lore of Porto Rico in its general aspect — considering the folk-tales, riddles, *coplas*, *décimas*, ballads, etc. — shows striking similarities to the folk-lore of New Mexico, Chile, Mexico, Argentina, Spain, etc., convinces one that Spanish tradition lives in full vigor there in all its manifestations, as in all Spanish countries. The striking differences noted in the case of one type of *décimas* and Christmas carols, therefore, argues in favor of modern developments; and these certainly cannot continue forever in parallel channels in the great and populous Spanish-speaking world of to-day.

The problem of the choice of poetic forms and subject-matter for poetic compositions for further continued development and popular diffusion is certainly not easy to determine. There may be many reasons for the choice; and in some cases it can well be due to mere accidental circumstances, as in the case of the dissemination among peoples of any other folk-lore theme, whether it be poetry or prose. Here enter, no doubt, also problems of climate, racial characteristics, political and religious history, and many other problems. We have not sufficient material at our disposal to enter into a discussion of any of these problems here. I am inclined to believe, however, that social characteristics play an important part in the choice of some poetic forms and subject-matter. It may be that the popularity and great diffusion of the shorter Christmas carols in Porto Rico, especially those where the *aguinaldo* involves a request for gifts or sweets, may be partly due to the large number of people of Negro blood, humble and poor peons, whose chief occupation is the seeking of their daily bread. Again, these people may be more religiously inclined, more primitive and sentimental in character; and the beautiful Christmas carols which speak of the little infant Jesus in the cradle at Bethlehem, the shepherds, the Magi Kings, etc., may have appealed more strongly to their simple imaginations.

As for the value of the materials here published as folk-poetry, the readers will form their own judgment. Most students of folk-poetry will agree, I believe, that the present collection contains real gems of popular poetry. Some of the *décimas* and a few of the shorter *aguinaldos* show real inspiration, and many a Spanish poet has not written better poetry. As we say later, also, there is a remarkable perfection in the various metrical forms and variations used. The many imperfections found in some of the compositions are due, I believe, to the school-children and others who copied them.

The nursery rhymes and other compositions, which form the fourth important division of the present publication, are for the most part the same traditional Old-Spanish materials that are preserved in the oral traditions of all Spanish peoples. Many of them have practically identical versions in Chile, Mexico, New Mexico, California, and Spain. Some of the rhymes, however, are of purely local origin; and, indeed, a few of the so-called *guarachas*, *turuletas*, and *bombas*, are somewhat meaningless rhymes or jingles, where we find many local vocables, some of them in all probability of Negro origin.<sup>1</sup>

The poetic materials of Dr. Mason's collection (with the exception of the popular *coplas* and the learned songs) follow. They are classified under the following important divisions:—

I. *Décimas* in octosyllabic metre.

- A. Of the type *cuarteta* or *redondilla*, — four regular *décima* strophes.
- B. Of the type *cuarteta* or *redondilla*, — three regular *décima* strophes.
- C. Of the type consisting of regular *décima* strophes.
- D. Long *décimas* of five or more regular strophes.
- E. Varia. Short and fragmentary *décimas*.

II. *Décimas* in hexasyllabic metre.

III. *Aguinaldos* or Christmas carols.

- A. *Aguinaldos* in hexasyllabic quatrains.
- B. *Aguinaldos* in various metres and strophic forms.

IV. Nursery rhymes, children's songs, and other popular rhymes.

- A. Nursery rhymes.
- B. Children's songs, humorous *coplas*, recitative and other popular rhymes.

V. Oraciones and Cánticos Espirituales.

AURELIO M. ESPINOSA.

I. DÉCIMAS IN OCTOSYLLABIC VERSE.

The *décimas* of this class are by far the most numerous. In the five important types they number two hundred and three, whereas the *décimas* in hexasyllabic verse number only forty-two. As already stated, the Porto-Rican *décimas* have become a regular, popular, poetic composition, much more so than in any other Spanish country, if one may judge from the collections published. The popular New-Mexican *décimas* published in my "Romancero Nuevomejicano" number some twenty-three. As I have stated many times before, my New-Mexican Spanish folk-lore materials are by no means complete. As for the popular *décimas*, I believe one could collect in New Mexico

<sup>1</sup> We find these meaningless jingles, and also some of the words of unknown origin (probably Negro, as already stated), in a special class of folk-tales called *cuentos contados* ("tales that are sung"), where the passages containing these jingles are sung in a weird manner. Dr. Mason has made some records of the music of these passages.

three times the number already published. I am quite sure, however, that the *décima* is not so popular in New Mexico as it is in Porto Rico, where it seems to be cultivated with special enthusiasm and vigor.

Of the five types of Porto-Rican *décimas* in octosyllabic verse here published, there are traditional Spanish models for all. *Décima* strophes of various types, especially the type *abaabcdcdc*, have been used since the fifteenth century. Juan de Mena, Frey Iñigo de Mendoza, and other poets of the court of John II, used these poetic forms. A more conventional *décima* strophe was used in Spanish literature by Vicente Martínez Espinel (1550–1624), the famous author of the "Diversas Rimas" and "Marcos de Obregón." For this reason the *décima* is often called in Spanish *espinela*. As used by Espinel and the many poets who used it later, the *décima* is a strophe of ten octosyllabic verses or lines, the first rhyming with the fourth and fifth, the second with the third, the sixth with the seventh and tenth, and the eighth with the ninth. This is the traditional structure of the *décima* employed by its creator Espinel and those who followed him; and in general it is the structure of the popular *décima* to the present day. This rhyme arrangement, *abbaaccddc*, seems to be followed also in a very large number of the octosyllabic *décimas* from Porto Rico, Chile, and New Mexico; but there are many new alterations. The fact that the old traditional literary type is still followed, however, shows clearly the traditional character of the material. Certainly there are no popular schools of poetry in Porto Rico, New Mexico, or anywhere, where the popular poet may learn to compose *décimas* in Old-Spanish fashion. Not only in the matter of metre and rhyme-arrangement have the popular poets followed the traditional type of octosyllabic *décima*: there seems to be a fixed type found in Spanish tradition, although its old models are not very abundant in literary history; and this special type has suffered little or no change in the oral tradition of the people. Inasmuch as, of all the types of octosyllabic *décimas* here published, the one just mentioned is the all-important one, and the one that seems to have preserved all the earmarks of a well-known and conventionally-fixed traditional type, we shall limit the following observations largely to this type.

The word *décima* may be used in various senses. In the first place, it is the strophe of ten octosyllabic verse-lines in the rhyme-arrangement already mentioned, or other rhyme-arrangements developed from it.<sup>1</sup> One such strophe is called a *décima*. By extension a series of any number of such strophes, or a series of any number of *décimas*, treating of the same matter, came to be called a *décima*. Later, when other metres were used, the *décima* was again the single strophe or a

<sup>1</sup> See Lenz, "Über die gedruckte Volkspoesie von Santiago de Chile" (*op. cit.*, 145).

series of any number of strophes. In any given composition of the class in question, therefore, the *décima* may be either the entire composition itself, or any one of the strophes which compose it. For this reason the word is rare in the singular. Since a composition of several strophes is really composed of various *décimas* (*décima* strophes), the composition usually has the title of *décimas*, in the plural. This is true of the old *décimas* of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries and also of the modern ones. The use of the singular for the entire composition, however, is not altogether avoided.

If one may properly judge from the published collections of *décimas* of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries and from the modern published popular collections, it seems that when series of *décimas* were composed on special subjects, the first strophe or *décima* was in the nature of an introduction; and the last, that of a conclusion. The number of strophes was not fixed. As Lenz points out in the publication already mentioned, we find in the "Cancionero" of Juan Fernández de Constantina many *décimas* composed of six regular strophes, the last of which is generally called *cabo* or *fin*. The introductory strophe does not seem as yet developed. In the poetry of the seventeenth century, however, the introductory strophe was developed as a special part of the *décimas*, and it was reduced from its regular *décima* form to a strophe of four or five verses; in other words, the introduction to the *décima* is not ordinarily a *décima* strophe at all, but a *quintilla*, or a *cuarteta*, or *redondilla*. Here we have a gradual approach to a special type, with an introductory strophe, a series of *décimas* (no fixed number), and a final concluding strophe. In the literary sources known to me, I find numerous examples of *décimas* that have the introductory *cuarteta* or *redondilla*, and a few with the introductory *quintilla*. The next step in the development of the conventional types seemed to have been the limitation of the number of *décima* strophes of which a *décima* could consist. There were developed, therefore, various types; and we have examples of many in the classic poetry of the seventeenth century and also in modern popular tradition, as we shall soon see.

The most important work that I know of Old-Spanish *décimas* of the class that approaches the popular *décimas* under discussion, is the "Romancero y Cancionero Sagrados" of Justo de Sancha, Madrid, 1855 (BAE 35). Throughout various parts of this work we can find *décimas* and other compositions similar to those we now publish. The final strophe or *cabo*, *fin*, as called in the "Cancionero" of Constantina, does not seem to have survived long in literary tradition. As we shall see later, this element is not found in the Porto-Rican *décimas*, either. In New Mexico and Chile, however, it was developed side by side with the regular four-strophe arrangement, as well as the

introductory *cuarteta* or *redondilla*. In the work of Sancha above mentioned, however, the introductory quatrain is found not only in the *décimas*, but in other compositions. From the "Cancionero de Montesino," for example, we find a popular composition on the Passion of Christ,—a series of *octavas* in octosyllabic metre, introduced by a *cuarteta*, and the last *octava* (called *fin* or "end").<sup>1</sup> The last verse of the introductory *cuarteta* is the same as the last of every *octava*,—a scheme followed in the case of the *décimas* also. On pp. 537-557 we find among the *poesías* of Damián de Vegas a large number of compositions with the introductory quatrain and two or more *octavas*. This introductory quatrain, therefore, developed as a fixed, conventional beginning in many of these compositions of *décimas* or *octavas*; and the repetition of the last verse of this quatrain in the subsequent strophes—whether *octavas*, *décimas*, or what not—also became a conventional rule.

The most perfect type of conventional *décima*, however, seems to be the type *cuarteta* or *redondilla*, plus four regular *décima* strophes, or type A of our Porto-Rican collection. This seems to have been a regularly developed type in the seventeenth century; and in the "Romancero y Cancionero Sagrados" above mentioned we have numerous *décimas* of this type. The religious *décimas* Nos. 812, 814, 816, 823, 827, 871, 875, 883, 885, 886, 888, and others, are of this type. Nos. 814, 816, 875, are from the famous "Pastores de Belén" of Lope de Vega; and this fact alone, I believe, is sufficient proof of their popularity. The language and general character, moreover, are popular, and show that such compositions were popular and abundant in the days of Lope. In these *décimas*, however, we do not have the final strophe called *fin* or *cabo*. It seems that in the seventeenth century the popular type of octosyllabic *décima* quatrain plus four regular *décima* strophes did not have the conventional final strophe or name. This is the type continued in the tradition of Porto Rico. Type A is exactly this type. In New Mexico and Chile, however, we may have an additional element, based also on Old-Spanish traditional models; namely, the development of the final strophe, called *cabo* or *fin*, as found in the "Cancionero" of Constantina. In New Mexico and Chile, however, it is not only a name for the last regular strophe of the series, but another strophe,—one which concludes the composition, and is called *la despedida*, a term also found in the Porto-Rican *aguinaldos*, meaning "farewell." The fixed conventional type of *décima* of the "Romancero y Cancionero Sagrados," and so abundant in the popular tradition of Porto Rico, lives also in full vigor in New

<sup>1</sup> See p. 437. Other series of *octavas* with the conventional quatrain, but lacking the name *fin* for the last strophe, are also found on pp. 314-316.

Mexico and Chile; and in Chile there is usually the additional strophe at the end, called the *despedida*.<sup>1</sup>

Type A of the Porto-Rican *décimas*, therefore, seems to be the most important traditional, conventional, and popular type of *décima*. It is the usual traditional and conventional type of the religious *décimas* of the classic period, the only important New-Mexican Spanish type, and is also found in Chile, though with modifications. It is to be greatly regretted that more *décimas* have not been collected and published in other Spanish countries, where certainly the *genre* must exist. The 194 Porto-Rican octosyllabic *décimas*, 121 of which are of this traditional type, give sufficient evidence of the existence of this class of popular poetic compositions in the oral tradition of all Spanish countries. As the traditional Spanish ballad still lives wherever Spanish is spoken, the traditional poetic form called *décima* is without doubt to be found in the traditional poetry of all Spanish peoples.

The type of *décima* that is composed of an introductory quatrain, a *cuarteta* or *redondilla*, plus four regular *décima* strophes, is the all-important traditional and conventional type, both in literary and popular tradition; but several other types developed together with it or directly from it. The Porto-Rican collection has all the types. The type of class B (introductory quatrain plus three instead of four regular *décima* strophes) may be an independently developed type, or type A with one strophe less, or, in the case of the Porto-Rican compositions, lost or forgotten. The type of the regular series of four *décima* strophes without the introductory quatrain may also be an independent development; but the Porto-Rican collectors may have forgotten the introduction, or tradition there may have lost it. In the "Romancero y Cancionero Sagrados" this type is not found at all. It is also to be noted that such a type does not seem to exist in New Mexico and Chile. There is some evidence, therefore, in support of the view that these Porto-Rican *décimas* of class C belong with class A, the introductory quatrain missing for one reason or another. As for the *décimas* which are composed of the introductory quatrain plus three, two, or a single *décima* strophe, it is not easy to determine, in the case of a collection like the present one, whether they are complete or fragmentary. Some are certainly complete, and with equal certainty one can say that some are fragmentary, and no one can say to what class they belonged originally. In the collection of *décimas*

<sup>1</sup> Lenz, *op. cit.*, 146. In New Mexico we find one *décima* (No. 69) where there is at the end a quatrain, called *despedida*; but the introductory strophe is not a quatrain, but a six-line strophe. In New Mexico, as in Porto Rico (the *aguinaldos*) we frequently find this quatrain called *la despedida* after a series of quatrains or popular *coplas*. For another meaning of this term *despedida* in New-Mexican Spanish see "Romancero Nuevo-mejicano" (*l. c.*, 84).

of the classic period above mentioned, there are numerous compositions similar to the Porto-Rican types B, D, etc.

As regards subject-matter, the *décimas* taken from modern oral tradition differ greatly from those of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. In fact, one can say that the *décima* is traditional as a poetic type only. The old *décimas* of the classic period are of a religious character, and are called *canciones sagradas* or *glosas sagradas*. Some are incorporated, as we have already said, in Nativity plays, such as "Los Pastores de Belén" of Lope de Vega, and also in the "Autos Sacramentales" of Calderón. The *décima* of modern oral tradition may not be very modern in its development, although it is certainly very old as a poetic form; but as regards subject-matter it is certainly quite different from the religious composition of the classic period. The modern *décimas* from New Mexico, Chile, and Porto Rico, are composed on love-themes; they are of a lyric character. There is a notable exception in the Porto-Rican *décimas* of class II; but these are not in the traditional octosyllabic metres, as already stated, but in hexasyllabic metre. Just how the conventional type of the old *décima* came to treat of an entirely different material, and the hexasyllabic type continued the old traditional material, is not easy to say. In Porto Rico we have the extraordinary condition of having the octosyllabic *décima* in its most popular and conventional form in full vigor, but employed for themes of love and adventure, for the most part lyric in character; while the hexasyllabic *décima*, a type not common in other Spanish countries or in old classic tradition, continues the subject-matter of the older octosyllabic *décimas*, the themes of a religious character, having to do for the most part with the Nativity. In New Mexico, Chile, and also in Porto Rico, some of the *décimas* also continue the ballad themes.

The fact that a great majority of the *décimas* from modern tradition are comparatively recent as regards subject-matter, and of a lyric character, — the important theme being love, and the old biblical material has not been continued (at least in the octosyllabic *décimas*), — makes comparative studies almost impossible. There seem to be very few *décimas* that are actually traditional in form and context. Some of these are on general and abstract subjects, or riddle *décimas*, as we shall see later.

The Porto-Rican *décimas* in octosyllabic metre are published in the order of the various types, A, B, C, D, E, already given.

#### A. OF THE TYPE CUARTETA OR REDONDILLA, PLUS FOUR REGULAR DÉCIMA STROPHES.

This is the traditional and conventional type of *décima* as found in New Mexico, Chile, Porto Rico, California, etc., and the most popular literary type of the classic period.

Aside from the general characteristics of this most popular, conventional type of octosyllabic *décima*, discussed in the foregoing pages, we must here mention the more detailed characteristics of this interesting poetic form. Although some of the earlier *décimas* of Spanish literature have no special form aside from the general arrangement already mentioned as regards the number of verses of each strophe (which in all cases must be ten), the rhyme-arrangements, etc., there seems to have been developed very early a scheme of verse repetitions which resulted in a more specialized form of the octosyllabic *décima* of type A. This scheme involved the repetition in the four regular strophes of the *décima* of the four verses of the quatrain. The last verse of the first strophe is the same as the first of the quatrain; the last verse of the second strophe is the second verse of the quatrain; the last of the third, the third verse; and the last of the fourth, the fourth. In this way the four verses of the quatrain, which give an introductory account, stating the subject of the *décima*, are repeated in the *décimas*. This additional characteristic of the *décima* of type A is a special sign of poetic skill, and the repetition adds force and coherence to the *décima* as a whole.

The New-Mexican *décimas* of type A all follow the scheme above mentioned. The Chilean *décimas* published by Lenz also are of the same type, excepting the learned ones; and the Porto-Rican *décimas* of type A are practically all composed according to this scheme of repetitions. Of the entire number of Porto-Rican *décimas* of type A, or 121, 98, or 81%, have this repetition scheme. In some cases we do not have a verbatim repetition on account of faulty copies, omissions, etc. These are in the majority of cases easy to correct; but it has been thought best to leave them uncorrected, in order to present the material in a popular form as much as possible. It is very clear, however, that the *décima* as a poetic form, with all its traditional, special, and conventional characteristics, is perfectly well known and understood in Porto Rico, and also in New Mexico and other places. In Nos. 109, 116, for example, we have the scheme followed perfectly, and these *décimas* are of purely local and recent character.

As for the older Spanish *décimas* of this type found in the literary works of the classic period, we find exactly the same scheme of repetition. The Porto-Rican octosyllabic *décimas* of type A, therefore,—an octosyllabic *décima* consisting of an introductory quatrain which states in general the subject of the composition, plus four regular *décima* strophes, and in each one of these four strophes the repetitions according to the scheme above discussed,—are the most popular, traditional, and conventional *décimas* of Spanish folk-poetry. This is the Spanish *décima par excellence*. Its lineage is very old. We have already stated that some such *décimas* are found in the popular

Nativity plays and *autos sacramentales* of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Of the popular *décimas* of this type found in the famous "Los Pastores de Belén" of Lope de Vega, we give the following, which as a poetic form is exactly the same as Porto-Rican *décimas* Nos. 1, 7, 8, 10, 12, 15, 17, 18, 19, 20, and many more.

*A esta aldea bienvenida  
sedis, niña tierna y fuerte,  
porque habéis de dar la muerte  
al que nos quitó la vida.*

Eva, primera pastora,  
la vida al mundo quitó,  
más ya, hermosa labrador,  
si por ella se perdió,  
por vos se restaura agora;  
la vida entonces perdida  
venís, naciendo, a traer;  
pues si nos traéis la vida,  
¿Quién, como vos, puede ser  
*a esta aldea bienvenida?*

Mató un león animoso,  
yendo a Tamnata Sansón,  
y volviendo cuidadoso,  
halló en el muerto león  
un panal dulce y sabroso.  
¿Qué mucho que el hombre acierte  
este enigma celestial,  
y que, si a vos se convierte,  
como león y panal,  
*sedis, niña tierna y fuerte?*

Pero como del león  
salió a Sansón el panal,  
ya que tan distintos son,  
de vos, panal celestial,  
Saldrá el cordero a Sion.  
Este dará muerte al fuerte  
enemigo, y vos daréis  
vida al mundo de tal suerte,  
que tierna y fuerte seréis,  
*pues habéis de dar la muerte.*

Apenas pudo tener  
de que a una mujer burló  
la sierpe antigua placer,  
cuando Dios la amenazó  
con el pie de otra mujer.  
Si vos, reina esclarecida,  
la luna habéis de pisar,  
vos seréis del sol vestida,  
la planta que ha de matar  
*a quien nos quitó la vida.<sup>1</sup>*

<sup>1</sup> Romancero y Cancionero Sagrados, No. 816, p. 330.

It will be noticed that in this popular *décima*, Lope de Vega has not followed the rhyme-arrangement of the traditional *décimas* of Espinel and his immediate imitators, or the scheme *abbaaccddc*, but the arrangement *ababacdcdc*, — an arrangement popular, however, in a large number of the old and modern *décimas*. In this matter we find all sorts of changes and alterations; and in the case of the Porto-Rican collection, with its many imperfections, it seems unwise to make a study of rhyme-arrangements.

In some *décimas* of type A (for example, in No. 9, Porto Rico; and New Mexico, No. 66) we find the first or last verse of the introductory quatrain repeated as the last verse of all the *décima* strophes, — a scheme that is also of traditional character.<sup>1</sup> There are a few Porto-Rican *décimas* of type A of a special type, where the introductory quatrain is composed of four identical verses, and here the verse repeated as the final in the strophes is necessarily the same. *Décimas* of this type are Nos. 29–36.

The Porto-Rican *décimas* of type A follow.<sup>2</sup>

I.

*Si te fuieres a bañar  
me avisarás tres días antes,  
para empedrarte el camino  
de rubles y de diamantes.*

Mandaré buscar a América  
doscientos empedradores  
para empedrar tus primores  
un día por la mañana.  
Te formaré una compañía  
de todo el cabildo real  
y te mandaré tapiar  
el río con sus corrientes,  
y acompañada de gentes  
*si te fuieres a bañar.*

Mandaré formar la tropa  
para cruzar el vergel,  
y te mandaré poner  
esmeraldas en la boca;  
de aquí me voy a la Europa  
a buscar medias y guantes;  
una calesa triunfante  
pronto yo la hago venir,  
y cuando te vayas a ir  
*me avisarás tres días antes.*

Mandaré cuatro soldados  
que te saquen en vidriera,

con sus cuatro charreteras  
y sus fusiles calados;  
mandaré dos hacendados  
para que vayan contigo,  
un general, un cabildo,  
un comandante y su ley,  
y también brazos de rey  
*para empedrarte el camino.*

Mandaré a buscar al cielo  
toda la corte divina,  
una corona de espinas  
para bajar tu consuelo;  
y sin ponerte en el suelo  
ni una hora, ni un instante,  
mandaré dos arrogantes  
mozos sin duda ninguna;  
haré que baje la luna  
*con sus rubles y diamantes.*

I (a).

*Si te fuieres a bañar  
avísame tres días antes,  
para empedrarte el camino  
de rubles y diamantes.*

Mandaré a formar la tropa  
doscientos emperadores,  
que te saquen en primores  
un día por la mañana;

<sup>1</sup> Romancero y Cancionero Sagrados, Nos. 824, 877.

<sup>2</sup> See note on p. 318.

te formaré una campaña  
de todo el camino real  
y te mandaré tapar  
el río con las corrientes,  
y acompañada de gentes  
*si te fueras a bañar.*

Mandaré a buscar a España  
para pasar a vergel,  
y te mandaré poner  
esmeraldas en la boca;  
luego pasaré a Europa  
a buscar medias y guantes;  
una calesa triunfante  
pronto yo la haré venir  
para cuando quieras ir  
*me avisarás tres días antes.*

Mandaré a bajar del cielo  
toda la corte divina,  
una corona de espinas,  
esto es para tu consuelo;  
y sin ponerte en el suelo  
en manos de un comandante  
mandaré dos estudiantes  
para que vayan contigo,  
un general y un cabildo,  
un comandante y su ley,  
y mando brazos de rey  
*para impedirte el camino.*

Mandaré cuatro soldados  
con sus cuatro charreteras  
que te saquen en vidriera  
con sus fusiles calados;  
mandaré dos hacendados,  
cada uno con su pluma,  
y mando a eclipsar la luna  
con doscientos emperadores  
que te saquen en primores  
*de rubies y diamantes.*

## 2.

*Eres rosa entre las rosas,  
clavel entre los claveles,  
y eres la más linda dama  
entre todas las mujeres.*

Eres la luna oriental  
eres la linda azucena;  
hermosísima sirena,  
yo quisiera ser tu amante;

tu cuerpo es tan elegante  
que eres para mí una diosa  
como la dalia preciosa;  
a tus piés yo estoy rendido  
*eres rosa entre las rosas.*

Naciste de un olivar,  
de un árbol fortalecido,  
sólo con el dios cupido  
te debo de comparar;  
yo te mandaré a pintar  
con admirados pinceles;  
eres rosa si túquieres  
la más bella, la más pura,  
*y por tu gran hermosura  
clavel entre los claveles.*

Eres la estrella de Venus,  
de los navegantes guía,  
eres la aurora del día,  
eres el precioso cielo:  
eres un bello lucero  
que sale de madrugada,  
y quien te quiere y te ama  
es un bello serafín,  
y eres un blanco jazmín  
*y eres la más linda dama.*

Eres tú la encantadora  
que encontró mi corazón,  
por eso todo mi amor  
lo voy a poner en tí sola;  
por eso todas las horas  
para mí son de placer  
y si constante mequieres  
yo por ti pierdo la vida;  
*y eres la más preferida  
entre todas las mujeres.*

## 3.

*Descose lo que has cosido,  
sácame la hebra entera,  
paga lo que te has comido  
y sal por la puerta afuera.*

Retrate de aquí, ingrata,  
más no te puedo querer,  
pues buscaré otra mujer  
que gobernará mi casa;  
tú eres mala, eres falsa,  
nada me has agradecido;

los días que por tí he perdido  
siéndote fiel y constante,  
y para no verte delante  
*descose lo que has cosido.*

Ese flus que me has cosido  
con puntadas de cuarta a cuarta  
y que con algunas faltas,  
lo desbaratas en seguida;  
yo lo tenía por perdido  
pero me sirve siquiera;  
lo daré a otra costurera  
que bien lo sepa coser  
y para el hilo no perder  
*sácame le hebra entera.*

Los gastos que en tí he hecho  
desde trajes hasta zapatos,  
platillos, tazas y platos  
y alimentos para el cuerpo,  
no agradeces nada de eso,  
lo bien que yo te he servido;  
pero estoy bien convencido  
que a un buen servicio, mal pago,  
y ya que te has enamorado  
*paga lo que te has comido.*

Si a mí me hicieran fiscal  
para este caso, en seguida  
te hubiera echado al presidio  
con cadena temporal;  
y si quisieras apelar,  
pena de muerte te saliera;  
tú eres mala, eres rastrera  
y eres mal agradecida;  
y si aprecias en algo tu vida  
*hoy sal por la puerta afuera.*

## 4.

*Aunque me pongan paredes  
a no dejarme pasar,  
por encima he de volar  
y caer en tus bateyes.*

Hermoso cielo estrellado,  
aquí me tienes presente,  
aunque de tí vivo ausente  
siempre te tengo a mi lado;  
sabía que me hallo rodeado  
de muy buenos pareceres,  
yo cumple con mis deberes  
en donde quiera que estoy,  
porque yo a tu casa voy  
*aunque me pongan paredes.*

Aunque de tí vivo ausente,  
no pienses en que te olvido,  
que yo he de ser para tí  
uno de los escogidos;  
sabrás que me hallo rendido  
con este amor sin igual;  
yo sé que hay que tropezar  
con varios inconvenientes  
y que me pondrán enfrente  
*que yo no pueda pasar.*

Aunque ausente de tí estoy  
no tengas ningún cuidado,  
yo te cumplio lo tratado  
aunque a tu casa no voy;  
comprenderás tú que estoy  
en este amor sin igual;  
si te tratan de ocultar  
a la más alta región  
que yo he de buscar protección  
*y por encima he de volar.*

Yo contemplo desde lejos  
el lugar donde tú estas,  
porque veo de noche y día  
tu imágén en donde quiera;  
esos fueron los reflejos  
según los marcan los reyes,  
y si es verdad que me quieres  
pronto te veré en mis brazos,  
y yo he de salvar las paredes  
*y caer en tus bateyes.*

## 5.

*Recuerdo cuando te vi  
y en tu rostro me fijé;  
sobre mi alma gravé  
amor puro para ti.*

Una tarde silenciosa  
sentí una fuerte pasión  
y latía mi corazón  
al contemplarte dichosa;  
siendo tú la más hermosa  
extasióse mi alma aquí;  
al momento yo vertí  
fuertes lágrimas de amor,  
y al contemplar una flor  
*recuerdo cuando te vi.*

Mi pecho late por tí  
y se sentía enamorado

cuando me senté a tu lado  
con un amor muy ardiente;  
estampé sobre mi mente  
esa pasión que os brindé,  
volviendo a mi alma la fe  
viendo un amor abnegado;  
cuando me encontré a tu lado  
*yo en tu rostro me fijé.*

*¡Oh! ¡qué amor abrasador  
se encuentra en mi ardiente alma!  
No estoy un momento en calma  
si no consigo tu amor;  
soy futuro trovador  
que en tu ventana te canta  
los amores de mi alma;  
te confieso toda mi pasión  
y al contemplar una flor  
me parece verte a ti.*

Tu belleza me encantó,  
tu gracia y tu figura,  
una diosa te me figuras;  
quedó mi pecho anegado;  
el corazón me has robado  
desde el punto en que te ví;  
grandes ratos tuve calma  
reconcentrando en mi alma  
amor puro para ti,  
*amor que llena mi alma.*

## 5 (a).

*Recuerdo cuando te vi  
en tu rostro me fijé:  
en mi alma yo encontré  
amor puro para ti.*

Una tarde silenciosa  
sentí una fuerte pasión,  
latía mi corazón  
al contemplarte dichosa;  
siendo tú la más hermosa  
extasióse mi alma aquí;  
al momento yo vertí  
dulces lágrimas de amor,  
al contemplar una flor  
*recuerdo cuando te vi.*

Mis labios que son tan mártires  
se sentían enamorados  
cuando me sentí a tu lado  
con un amor muy inmenso;

estampé sobre mi mente  
esa pasión que te brindé,  
volviendo a mi alma la fe  
viendo un amor abnegado,  
cuando me encontré a tu lado  
*yo en ti sola me fijé.*

*¡Oh! ¡qué amor devorador  
rebosa en mi ardiente alma!  
No estoy ni un momento en calma  
si no consigo tu amor;  
yo soy tu fiel trovador  
que en tu ventana te canto;  
te contemplo y no sé que  
germinaba con fulgor;  
viéndote hermosa con pasión  
*en mi alma te gravé.**

Tus bellezas me encantaron  
tus gracias y tu figura,  
eres diosa por tu hermosura;  
quedó mi pecho hechizado;  
el corazón me has robado  
desde el punto en que te ví;  
grandes ratos estuve en calma  
reconcentrando en mi alma  
amor puro para ti,  
*amor que llena mi alma.*

## 6.

*Aunque me ausente de ti  
no es por dejarte burlada,  
si no es por quererte bien  
porque el mucho amor enfada.*

Cierto es que estoy dividido  
de este amor tan verdadero,  
pero no he sido el primero  
que es un tanto atrevido;  
si tú echas en olvido  
la fe que te prometí  
y si lo piensas de mí  
te hallas equivocada,  
*y no te hagas la enojada  
aunque me ausente de ti.*

Cierto es que he estado sin verte  
hace un tropel de tiempo,  
pero con el pensamiento  
siempre te tengo presente;  
te encuentro tan permanente  
tu cara bella, estimada,

y si tu pecho guardara  
la palabra en que tratamos  
aunque sin vernos estamos  
*no es por dejarte burlada.*

Con el corazón me amas,  
con el corazón te amo;  
aunque sin vernos estamos  
no es caso para olvidar  
si no es caso para adorar  
firmemente en el querer;  
sin que pueda haber desdén  
ni disgusto en el tratado  
quiero vivir separado  
*solo por quererte bien.*

En mí no hallas falsoedad,  
que es lo que te está matando;  
te advierto que estás tratando  
con quien no te olvidará,  
ni tampoco te verás  
de mi amor tan mal pagada;  
y si te hallas enojada  
no será por culpa mía;  
yo la razón te daría  
*porque mucho amor enfada.*

## 7.

*No quiero amores con viuda  
aunque el caudal sea inmenso,  
por no ponerle la mano  
donde se la puso el muerto.*

Es triste vivir amando  
con ese amor compartido,  
que aunque esté muerto el marido  
siempre lo están recordando;  
ellas viven suspirando  
y uno las quiere con duda,  
y aunque en la sepultura  
va el marido a descansar,  
pero me puede asustar  
*y no quiero amores con viuda.*

Al año de haber vivido  
si tienen algún chiquito  
y lo encuentran muy bonito  
se le pareció al marido;  
entonces me echa al olvido,  
y todito eso yo pienso  
y siento placer intenso  
porque me encuentro soltero;

y no las quiero, y no las quiero,  
*aunque el caudal sea inmenso.*

Al año y medio de casados  
tuvimos un gran disgusto,  
y yo le dije que al difunto  
ella misma lo había matado;  
así seguimos enojados  
y ella tratándome mal;  
al fin me quiso botar  
y mis luchas fueron en vano  
y me tuve que marchar  
*por no ponerle la mano.*

Pasaban días y meses  
y la mujer no cambiaba,  
siempre conmigo peleaba  
y me botaba algunas veces.  
Yo le decía:—No empieces  
que no quiero tener disgustos;  
vivamos aquí bien juntos,  
como dos buenos hermanos,  
porque te voy a poner la mano  
*donde la puso el difunto.*

## 8.

*Ay, amante de mi vida,  
si es verdad que tu me quieres  
¿cómo no ves lo que pasa?  
¿cómo de mi no te dueles?*

Mi amante me está mirando  
en tan crecida fatiga,  
pero no se está acordando  
si me quiere o si me olvida;  
extraño mi bien que diga  
de mis penas tan crecidas,  
y de antes perseguida  
apartado de ti he sido;  
vivo sin hallar consuelo,  
*ay amante de mi vida.*

Desde aquellos tristes días  
que tus ojos me dejaron  
de mi vista se apartaron  
gusto, placer y alegría;  
son tantas las penas mías  
en ver que a otra más quieres;  
se marchitan los vergeles  
aunque más reverdes fueran;  
de tu pecho disminuyera  
*si es verdad de que me quieres.*

Desde aquellos tristes días  
que me amabas con empeño,  
porque si tú eres mi dueño  
sácame de este rigor;  
¿dónde está tu valor,  
tu voluntad y recato,  
el alivio de tus brazos  
que me ofreciste constante?  
Veo que si eres mi amante  
*¿cómo no ves lo que pasa?*

Dime, cielo idolatrado,  
imposible que consientas  
el dolor que me atormenta;  
para mí sería aliviado;  
dime si se ha acabado  
la palma y los laureles  
en donde están los vergeles  
que el corazón siente y gime;  
pero si me quieres, dime  
*¿cómo de mí no te dueles?*

## 9.

*¡Ay, mi Dios, si yo pudiera  
hablar con tu corazón!  
Al mismo instante te diera  
entera satisfacción.*

Yo quisiera que a la una  
te vistiera y te calzara  
para empolvarte la cara  
y ponerte amor más fuerte.  
Tu cuerpito me divierte  
cuando me das el saludo,  
y mi corazón es tuyo.  
*¡Ay, mi Dios, si yo pudiera!*

Quisiera dar escogida  
que me quisieras a mí,  
y que me dieras el "sí"  
para yo darte mi vida.  
Te la daría compartida  
si tú la mitad cogieras.  
La otra mitad te diera  
así que estuvieramos juntos  
y si fuéramos solos en el mundo.  
*¡Ay, mi Dios, si yo pudiera!*

Yo te quisiera explicar  
lo que sufro yo por ti,  
pero luego has de decir  
que te pienso abandonar;  
y es mentira tu pensar  
si piensas de esa manera,  
yo sé que te amo de veras  
y que te puse afición  
verte brillar como el sol.  
*¡Ay, mi Dios, si yo pudiera!*

Yo quisiera que a las siete  
te vistiera y te calzara  
y te lavara la cara  
pa ponerte amor más fuerte.  
Tu cuerpito me divierte  
cuando sales a la sera (*sic*).  
El corazón se me alegra  
cuando me das el saludo  
y siendo solo en el mundo.  
*¡Ay, mi Dios, si yo pudiera!*

## 10.

*¿Cuál debe ser castigado  
en el tribunal de Dios,  
el hijo desobediente  
o el padre consentidor?*

El padre ha de castigar  
su hijo cuando culpado,  
y lo debe de apremiar  
para que sea bien mirado;  
y así vivirá agraciado  
del Cordero celestial;  
lo debe de encaminar  
por el camino si va errado,  
para que sea bien mirado  
en la presencia de Dios;  
pero si faltan los dos  
*¿cuál debe ser castigado?*

El hijo sepa, por cierto,  
que a su padre no ha de faltar  
si no quiere quebrantar  
todos los diez mandamientos;  
perderá los sacramentos  
si se halla en culpa atroz,

10. Compare New-Mexican Spanish *décima* No. 65 ("Romancero Nuevo-mexicano," *op. cit.*). Many of the verses are the same, and the subject-matter is the same. This is evidently one of the old traditional *décimas*. The differences in rhymes, etc., prove its age. The Porto-Rican and New-Mexican *décimas* are evidently modern versions of the same old original.

si a su padre le faltó  
merece ser castigado;  
y si no, no es perdonado  
*en el tribunal de Dios.*

Padres, doctrinen sus hijos  
denles buena educación;  
es el mejor galardón,  
es el tesoro más lindo,  
es un grande regocijo  
para un padre que es prudente  
hacer sus hijos decentes  
para que sean bien mirados;  
creo que no es perdonado  
*el hijo desobediente.*

El padre ha de castigar  
a su hijo cuando chiquito,  
y lo debe de apremiar  
para que sea bien visto;  
así vivirá conquistó  
por su buena educación,  
si a su padre le faltó  
merece ser castigado  
y si no, no es perdonado  
*el padre consentidor.*

## II.

*Servir para merecer  
ninguno lo consiguó,  
que siempre merece más  
aquel que menos sirvió.*

El espejo lo tenemos  
donde todos nos miramos  
y nunca consideramos  
que Dios no se pone viejo;  
aquel que me dió el consejo  
perplejo no se encontró;  
en un tiempo estaba yo  
que vivía sin malicia;  
tener lo que necesita  
*ninguno lo consiguó.*

Tengo una experiencia ahora  
que a mí nadie me la ha dado,  
porque tengo repasado

que el que se brinda se sobra;  
también tengo en la memoria  
un caso que me pasó,  
en un tiempo estaba yo  
que vivía sin malicia,  
hallar lo que necesita  
*ninguno lo consiguó.*

Muchos se valen de la idea  
y se ponen a pensar;  
yo me pongo a calcular  
que este mundo es una rueda;  
y si la persona es fea  
lo miran con falsedad  
y después que aquel se va  
pronto le dan el retiro,  
viene otro bien vestido  
*y siempre merece más.*

A mí nadie me conquiste  
ni me dé satisfacciones,  
a fuerza de tropezones  
es como se aclara la vista;  
el que tuvo la gran dicha  
el que le llegue a caer  
hasta no acabar con él  
no se le quita el celo,  
porque ninguno ha logrado  
*saber para merecer.*

## 12.

*Nada en este mundo dura  
fallecen bienes y males,  
y una triste sepultura  
a todos nos hace iguales.*

¿Para qué vale el tesoro  
siendo la vida prestada,  
si el que se muere se acaba  
y deja en este mundo todo?  
Esta morada es tan solo  
un afán, una locura,  
esto viene de fortuna;  
nos someten a un engaño,  
todo lo vencen los años  
*y nada en este mundo dura.*

12. This is another traditional *décima*. An almost identical version is New Mexico, No. 62. The introductory quatrain is exactly the same. The four strophes are very similar. See also No. 10. A larger number of *décimas* from New Mexico and other Spanish countries would show, I believe, that many of the *décimas* of the modern collections

Muere el rey con gobernar  
una empresa, una nación,  
muere en esa situación  
el capitán y el general,  
muere el cura con estar  
predicando en los altares,  
muere el juez y muere el alcalde  
y toda su jerarquía;  
cuando se nos llega el día  
*fallecen bienes y males.*

¿Para qué vale el egoísmo  
la pompa y la vanidad,  
el orgullo y el capital,  
si todo es un fanatismo  
en este generalismo?  
Es una materia impura;  
estos bienes de fortuna  
no debían de existir  
si todos tendremos que ir  
*a una triste sepultura.*

Muere el rico, muere el pobre,  
el mendigo y el pordiosero,  
el mudo, el cojo y el ciego,  
si la muerte viene y no escoge.  
¿Para qué le valen los dones  
a esos hombres más formales  
orgullosos sin fundamento  
si todas son ausencias?  
Allá arriba en la omnipotencia  
*toditos somos iguales.*

## 13.

*Qué malo es saber querer  
y no ser correspondido;  
por una ingrata mujer  
me hallo perdiendo el sentido.*

Hablo pero no me entiendo,  
me miro y no me conozco,

no sé que tiene mi rostro  
que nadie lo puede ver.  
¿A dónde está la mujer  
que me ha puesto en este estado.  
por un corazón malvado  
que no la sabes querer?  
Qué malo es saber querer  
*y no ser correspondido.*

Veo con los ojos cerrados,  
abro los ojos y no veo,  
veo lo que no deseo  
y ando y estoy parado;  
estoy contento y enojado,  
y soy quien no puedo ser;  
todo lo quiero saber,  
todo es mío y nada tengo,  
y todo lo estoy sufriendo  
*por cuenta de una mujer.*

Veo con los ojos cerrados,  
abro los ojos y no veo,  
veo lo que no deseo  
y ando y estoy parado  
estoy contento y enojado,  
y soy quien no puedo ser;  
todo lo quiero saber,  
todo es mío y nada tengo,  
y todo lo estoy suriendo  
*por cuenta de una mujer.*<sup>1</sup>

Cuando voy a suspirar  
otro suspira por mí;  
pienso estar cerca de ti  
y me hallo en otro lugar  
así puedo considerar;  
lo mucho que yo he sufrido,  
y que constante he sido;  
guárdame la libertad,  
que tú la culpa tendrás  
*de que yo pierda el sentido.*

---

are traditional and old. This is a didactic *décima*, and the subject-matter and style recall the verses of the famous "Danza de la muerte," a fourteenth-century Spanish version of the well-known European "Dance of Death." Didactic *décimas* of this kind must have been common in the seventeenth century. See, for example, "Romancero y Cancionero Sagrados" (*op. cit.*, No. 820, *A Una Calavera*).

<sup>1</sup> I do not know why the second *décima* is repeated here. It may be a mere error of the copyist, but it was so found in two manuscript copies, and for this reason I have left it.

14.

*Yo probé los sentimientos  
de una joven que quería;  
me ausente por unos días  
y otro se sentó en mi asiento.*

Te quise por unos días  
porque no me figuraba  
que otro tomara la entrada  
siendo de mí tan querida;  
se comprende que tenías  
para mí un mal pensamiento,  
y yo por pasar el tiempo  
dije: "Me enamoraré ya."  
Y para que veas la verdad  
*yo probé los sentimientos.*

Por probar fué mi retiro  
que bien me ha salido el plan,  
que no es así me dan  
el rifle sin bala el tiro;  
yo pronto cogí el camino  
porque así me convenía,  
pero digo que algún día  
no me cuento por faltar,  
que no me deje burlar  
*de una joven que quería.*

Si yo me hubiera casado  
contigo ¡ay! ¡triste de mí!  
el bien sería para ti  
yo quedaría burlado;  
pero digo que ha quedado  
sin pensar en quien quería;  
el corazón me decía  
esa no te quiere a ti,  
y yo por probarle así  
*me ausenté por unos días.*

Adiós, ingrata mujer,  
tan infiel, que me querías,  
pero en tan poquitos días  
tuviste nuevo placer;  
la mujer debe de ver  
que el hombre tiene su tiempo;  
la que tiene fundamento  
para probar donde hay fe  
y apenas me levanté  
*otro se sentó en mi asiento.*

15.

*Se te fué el ruisenor ya  
que en las manos lo tuviste;  
no sabes lo que perdiste;  
el tiempo te lo dirá.*

Otro ruisenor vendrá  
a hacer en tu pecho un nido,  
otro gusto te darás  
pero no como el perdido;  
él se halla adormecido  
de aquello que adora más;  
en una montaña está  
en un ramito parado;  
por haberlo despreciado  
*se te fué el ruisenor ya.*

¿Dónde está la linda flor  
bella como un serafín?  
¿Porqué no vas al jardín  
a buscar tu ruisenor?  
Si en él pusiste tu amor,  
¿para qué lo despediste?  
Si tú la culpa tuviste  
de su nido levantar  
no lo salgas a buscar,  
*que en las manos lo tuviste.*

A este triste ruisenor  
le han quebrantado su vuelo;  
él marcha con desconsuelo  
porque ha perdido su honor;  
en el pico lleva una flor,  
ten cuenta, no se marchite;  
en una montaña triste  
está llorando su inclemencia,  
hoy lo apartan de su ausencia,  
*no sabes lo que perdiste.*

No te quedará dolor  
de ver la jaula vacía  
del que cantaba en tu día  
la declaración de amor;  
este triste ruisenor  
por tus pueras no vendrá;  
en el monte cantará  
la ingratitud que le hiciste;  
no sabes lo que perdiste;  
*el tiempo te lo dirá.*

16.

*En las orillas de un río  
a la sombra de un laurel  
estaba la vida mía  
mirando el agua correr.*

Yo ví a una Salomé  
que me pareció bonita,  
y ví a una Margarita  
que enlelado me quedé;  
tambien ví a una Isabel  
que me dejó enternecido;  
próximo a perder el sentido  
al ver tantas maravillas,  
ví a una Juana y Toribia  
*a las orillas de un río.*

Yo ví a una Juana oculta  
bautizando a una esmeralda,  
también ví a una Laura  
con Carmen y Manuela juntas,  
haciéndole mil preguntas  
a una santa mujer;  
a Eloisa la ví antier,  
no la pude acompañar,  
porque se iba a bañar  
*a las sombras de un laurel.*

Ví a Rosa y a Trinidad,  
ví a Francisca y a Apolonia,  
y juntas con Celedonia  
iban Bárbara y Lucía;  
Anita, la prenda mía  
un peine se le ha caído;  
como estaba enternecido  
lo cogieron Bárbara y Juana,  
y en vista de tantas damas  
*estaba la vida mía.*

Yo ví a una María Engracia  
que iba tocando guitarra.  
Justa le lleva la caja,  
toca el pandereto Ignacia,  
y también lleva Ignacia  
en la mano un cascabel;  
a Jacinta la ví antier

no la pude acompañar  
porque se iba a bañar  
*mirando el agua correr.*

17.

*A punto lo he de llevar,  
como Dios me preste vida,  
quererte con fantasía  
como ver, oír callar.*

Mucho es lo que me interesan  
tus manos, bella mujer,  
que tú mi esposa has de ser  
para pagar tu fineza;  
tu trato y delicadeza  
en el mundo es sin igual,  
y yo te puedo asegurar  
que te quiero sin medida,  
y aunque me cueste la vida  
*a punto lo he de llevar.*

El amor es penetrante  
como bien lo he conocido,  
lecciones me dió cupido  
para ser tu firme amante;  
no se me pasa un instante  
sin que te nombre, querida,  
pero la muerte atrevida  
perturbará mi reposo;  
yo te ofrezco ser tu esposo  
*como Dios me preste vida.*

Robaste un corazón  
con tu sonrisa halagüeña,  
siendo de un alma que enseña  
el amor y la razón;  
por eso mi corazón  
desea que en breves días  
pueda nombrarla por mía;  
y es mucha la ligereza,  
porque mi delicadeza  
*es<sup>1</sup> quererte con fantasía.*

El amor está arraigado  
y reina en mi corazón,  
en los brazos de tu amor

16. See No. 115. *Décimas* such as these are evidently composed merely to show skill in versifying. No. 115 is a mere list of names, but with great skill the popular poet has composed a perfect *décima*.

<sup>1</sup> This syllable is really joined with the last of the previous verse. This is synalepha between verses, a phenomenon by no means rare in Spanish versification.

es un vínculo encantado;  
pero de tu pecho amado  
algo tengo que esperar,  
el mundo podrá contar  
lo mucho que yo te adoro,  
me guardarás el decoro  
*como ver, oír y callar.*

## 18.

*No hay justicia como Dios,  
ni que más derecha se haga,  
que en llegándose la hora  
el que la debe la paga.*

El que quiso con intento  
hacerme tanto perjuicio  
gracias le doy al Sacramento  
que me hizo beneficios;  
ya tendrás el beneficio  
con esto que digo yo  
que un hombre me atropelló  
contando hacerme perjuicio  
y me hizo beneficio;  
*no hay justicia como Dios.*

Este mundo es un fandango  
y el pobre vive abatido,  
el rico está engrandecido,  
solo él presume su rango,  
pero Dios lo está mirando,  
sabe que todo se acaba;  
la muerte no lleva nada,  
allí no hay nadie con caudal,  
no hay justicia más cabal  
*ni que más derecha se halle.*

No hay justicia como la del cielo,  
ni que se haga más derecha;  
allí no cabe sospecha  
porque prefiere lo bueno;  
no hay más que un Dios eterno  
que a todo abraza y adora,  
hijo de una gran Señora,

porque al rico lo engrandece;  
ricos y pobres padecen  
*en llegándose la hora.*

El que quiso con intento  
hacerme tanto perjuicio  
gracias le doy al Sacramento  
que me hizo beneficio;  
allí tendrás el martirio,  
por aquellas cinco llagas  
que aquel que todo lo acaba  
y lo hace permanecer;  
y no hay justicia más fiel  
*que el que la debe la paga.*

## 19.

*Quisiera vivir contigo  
para vivir consolado,  
pero bien sabes que vivo  
de mi libertad privado.*

Siento el verte padecer  
y me llora el corazón;  
considera la afición,  
encanto de mi placer.  
¡Quién te pudiera tener,  
como el silencio es testigo,  
hasta tenerte a mi abrigo  
como mi alma lo desea!  
Para que claro lo veas,  
*quisiera vivir contigo.*

¡Quién libre se encontrara  
para pagar tu fineza!  
Entonces con más certeza  
en mis brazos te cargara;  
tus martirios remediaría  
tan sólo estando a tu lado,  
y no verme despojado  
de que lloro cada instante,  
sin ver tu hermoso semblante,  
*para vivir consolado.*

18. Many of the didactic *décimas*, such as this one, have various verses of a proverbial or sententious character. The introductory quatrain here, as well as in Nos. 12, 13, 20, 39, and others, is in reality a proverbial or sententious popular *copia*. The popular *coplas* of this kind are very abundant in Spanish tradition. See the numerous New-Mexican Spanish proverbs in *coplas* (JAFL 26 : 111-114). The introductory quatrains of the *décimas*, therefore, are not the work of the composer of *décimas*. Most of them are taken from the thousands already found in the oral tradition of all Spanish countries.

*¡Quién pudiera idolatrarte  
para aliviar tus tormentos!  
Para hacerte en un momento  
quisiera tener un arte,  
y sin poder explicarte,  
los tormentos que recibo,  
y mirándome cautivo  
cuando el alma te entregué;  
tú bien conoces mi fe,  
pero bien sabes que vivo.*

*¡Quién pudiera idolatrarte  
y aliviar a tus tormentos!  
Para hacerte en un momento  
quisiera tener un arte,  
y sin poder explicarte,  
los tormentos que recibo,  
y mirándome cautivo  
cuando el alma te entregué;  
tú bien conoces mi fe  
pero bien sabes que vivo.<sup>1</sup>*

## 20.

*Nadie se fíe de mujeres  
el que se quiera casar;  
las buenas están espueladas  
las malas, ¿qué tal serán?*

El lujo y la vanidad  
es sobre todas las cosas,  
y todas son amorosas  
cuando quieren engañar;  
al que llegan a clavar  
le sirven con mil placeres;  
son falsos sus procederes,  
por donde quiera que van.  
Oigan que dice un refrán:  
— *Nadie se fíe de mujeres.*

Mocitos, anden alertas;  
el que damas quiera hallar,  
mire bien este ejemplar  
y comprenda bien las letras;  
esta décima discreta  
os podrá desengañar;  
conoceréis la verdad

20. There are a few *décimas* in the Porto-Rican collection which seem of learned origin, as we have stated in our preliminary remarks. This is one of them. It is too polished for popular composition, and it also lacks the popular inspiration of the really popular compositions.

<sup>1</sup> See No. 13. It may be that the copyist has copied the same strophe twice, where the fourth was missing.

escrita en este papel;  
no debe quedar sin él  
*el que se quiera casar.*

Son víboras ponzoñosas  
todas llenas de malicias;  
algunas por sus codicias  
se venden por otra cosa;  
hay muchas escandalosas  
y también interesadas;  
olviden a esas malvadas,  
que es fácil el padecer,  
porque tocante a mujer  
*la que es buena, sale mala.*

Son peor que Lucifer  
con sus palabras y engaños,  
hacen al hombre más daño  
que se puede conocer;  
porque jamás se ha de ver  
en ellas una verdad;  
siempre andan con falsoedad,  
siempre serán desgraciadas;  
si las buenas están espuelead  
*las malas, ¿qué tal serán?*

## 21.

*Yo mi amor no lo demuestro,  
me quisiera declarar,  
pues te estoy mirando atento,  
pero no te puedo hablar.*

El primer amor que tuve  
yo no lo puedo olvidar,  
con una prenda que fué  
vecina de este lugar;  
yo a ella le quisiera hablar;  
con mucha pena y dolor,  
yo le declaro mi amor  
y lo que encierra mi pecho,  
pues yo me atrevía a jurar  
*que mi amor no lo demuestro.*

Un clavel de mil colores  
en una ponchera puse,  
pero yo alcancé a ver luces

de tus ojos encantadores;  
flores de miles colores  
de tus manos yo cogí;  
te voy a declarar a tí  
la ciencia del corazón,  
sufro por no estar a tu lado  
*para declarar mi pasión.*

Cogí una rosa gigante  
con mucha pena y dolor.  
Recibe con atención  
los secretos de tu amante;  
como a un lucero brillante  
yo a tí te quisiera hablar,  
y te quisiera declarar  
toda la ciencia de mi pecho,  
*pues te estoy mirando atento*  
*pero no te puedo hablar.*

Recibe, ángel querido,  
los secretos de tu prenda;  
tú a mí nada me devuelvas,  
oye bien lo que te digo;  
en blanco papel te escribo  
y te quisiera declarar,  
y la fe te voy a jurar  
con mucha pena y dolor,  
que te declaro mi amor  
*aunque no te puedo hablar.*

## 22.

*Mi amor no halla consuelo*  
*si te ausentas, mi vidita;*  
*te mandaré una carita*  
*para que veas que te quiero.*

Si puedo constantemente  
por ti, mujer de mi vida,  
si eres tú la más querida  
y por ti mi amor algo siente,  
voy hablando claramente  
con muchísimo anhelo;  
sabrás que por ti me muero,  
ángel de los celestiales;  
si te llegas a ausentar  
*mi amor no hallará consuelo.*

Pasaré miles tormentos  
si me llegas a olvidar;  
triste me pongo a llorar  
en esos tristes momentos;  
quedaré en un sufrimiento

porque eres la más bonita;  
hoy mi amor te solicita  
y te ama con frenesí;  
no puedo vivir sin tí,  
*si te ausentas, mi vidita.*

Para mí no habrá placer,  
se me acabaron los gustos;  
me voy a vestir de luto  
si tú me olvidas, mujer,  
sufriendo por tu querer  
porque eres muy graciosita;  
no me olvides, mi vidita,  
aunque esté en el Este,  
que aunque la vida me cueste  
*te mandaré una carita.*

¡Ay, Dios, qué será de mí!  
Si te alejas de mi lado  
mi amor quedará turbado  
y no se hallará feliz,  
porque yo pensando en tí  
en mi cama me desvelo;  
olvidarte yo no puedo  
y en nadie pondré mi amor,  
· · · · ·  
*para que veas que te quiero.*

## 23.

*Le hice el punto a una paloma,*  
*erré el tiro y se me fué,*  
*pero un día por fortuna*  
*no se espantó y la maté.*

Un día salí a cazar  
con una pólvora fina,  
con una real carabina  
que otra como ella no había;  
con gusto y con alegría  
me fui acercando a una loma  
cuando vi que se asoma  
aquella ave diferente,  
y sin descubrirme al frente,  
*le hice el punto a una paloma.*

Yo de mi casa salí  
caminando poco a poco,  
y sin armar alboroto  
en el monte me perdí;  
a poco que anduve vi  
la misma que le tiré,  
dañificada de un pie,

que la hirió una munición,  
y como fué sin afición  
*hice el tiro y se me fué.*

Yo muy confuso quedé  
en ver la desgracia mía  
que me sirvió de armonía  
el ver la muerte a mis piés;  
mi carabina cargué  
por si hubiere gente alguna;  
arrimado a una columna  
seguido que me vió se fué;  
tres veces se me escapó  
*menos un día de fortuna.*

Cansado de caminar  
por los desiertos y valles,  
otras veces por las calles  
y no la podía mirar;  
no la podía encontrar  
como te digo y no sé,  
yo adelante caminé  
como el que se está bañando;  
ahí la fui convocando  
*no se espantó, y la maté.*

## 24.

*El día del juicio final,*  
*¡Jesús! ¡qué terrible día!*  
*temblaran los santos todos*  
*menos la Virgen María.*

Se ha de formar una estrella  
de muy grandes dimensiones,  
se eclipsarán el sol y la luna,  
caerán rayos y centellas;  
se ha de ver temblar la tierra  
mucho tiempo y sin parar;  
allí debemos de estar,  
y con rostro muy severo  
bajará mi Dios del cielo  
*el día del juicio final.*

Bajan los cuatro elementos  
que tienen su libertad;  
al mismo tiempo se verá  
salir la mar de su centro  
y ahora el Santo Sacramento  
que es lo primero que había,  
vuestra madre concebía  
anegada en triste llanto,  
baja el Espíritu Santo;  
*¡Jesús! ¡qué terrible día!*

Este juicio ha de venir  
por todo el género humano,  
y también ha de venir  
el Ante-Cristo a engañarnos;  
deja los vicios mundanos  
por aquel Dios que te adora;  
las almas del purgatorio  
te canten con alegría,  
porque en este propio día  
*temblarán los santos todos.*

Allí sabrás lo que has sido  
en tus pensamientos leves,  
allí pagarás lo que debes  
las culpas que has cometido;  
vivías muy engrandecido  
contabas de que no había  
un verdadero Mesías  
que juzgará el pensamiento;  
*tiembla todo el firmamento*  
*menos la Virgen María.*

## 25.

*Borinquen, nido de flores,*  
*de ninjas e indianos nidos,*  
*sobre tus mares dormidos*  
*bello edén de mis amores.*

Tú eres límpido destello  
del sol que llena el espacio  
inmenso y vivo topacio  
de guirnalda, alcázar bello;  
virgen que lleva en el cuello  
sus diamantes brilladores,  
los vívidos resplandores  
que pueblan la inmensidad  
*bello edén de mis amores.*

El zéfiro, ese viajero  
que pasa por tu jardín,  
se entretiene en tu confín  
jugueteando placentero;  
un ruisenor y un jilguero  
en el naranjo florido  
dan dulces halagos al oído,  
y son tus hijos tan bellos  
que tu corona son ellos,  
*de ninjas e indianas nido.*

Mar afuera en lontananza  
se divisa el marinero,  
como brillante lucero

en la plácida bonanza;  
pero si vagel alcanza  
más cerca su edén florido  
con entusiasmo atrevido  
te contemplo enamorado,  
con un brillante pintado  
*sobre tus mares dormido.*

El Creador se inspiró,  
Puerto Rico, en tu belleza,  
pero la naturaleza  
de esmeralda y zafir te vistió;  
el ambiente perfumó  
y dió a tus cielos colores,  
de tus campos seductores  
que puebla la inmensidad,  
y cantan mi soledad  
*bello edén de mis amores.*

## 26.

*Compañera, no llorar,*  
*resignación y paciencia,*  
*que el que ha de ser desgraciado*  
*desde pequeño comienza.*

Yo voy a ser ajusticiado  
encontrándome inocente;  
yo te diré francamente  
que yo no he sido culpable,  
pero el dichoso jurado  
no ha sabido castigar  
el rigor del tribunal;  
cuando esto lo creía  
ya me quedan pocos días;  
*compañera, no llorar.*

Hoy el cadalso me llama,  
¡ay! ¡la muerte ya me espera!

Amarrado con cadenas  
entregaré yo mi alma,  
pués al toque de campana  
el verdugo sin conciencia  
me ata de manos y piernas  
hasta que acabe conmigo,  
*y en este momento pido*  
*resignación y paciencia.*

Mis hijos quedan sin padre  
y mi mujer sin esposo,  
me hallo en un calabozo  
sin poderlos consolar;  
a mi mujer como madre  
tenedle mucho cuidado;  
mi sino hoy ha llegado  
que me tengan que matar;  
tiene esto que pasar  
*al que nace desgraciado.*

Les darás besos a mis hijos  
y también la bendición,  
una buena educación  
que siempre lleven consigo;  
oye bien lo que te digo,  
pídele a Dios su clemencia,  
de que tenga la conciencia,  
al tiempo de ejecutarme;  
*el que esto ha de pasar*  
*desde pequeño comienza.*

## 27.

*Cuando yo estaba en prisiones*  
*con lo que me divertía*  
*era con los eslabones*  
*que mi cadena tenía.*

26. Ballads and *décimas* are common in the modern popular tradition of all Spanish countries that treat of subjects such as this. See "Romancero Nuevomejicano" (Nos. 47-53) and the *quintillas*, pp. 92-96.  
27. This introductory quatrain is a well-known traditional *copla*. Compare Biblioteca de las T. P., V, 23:—

*Cuando yo estaba en prisiones*  
*solito me divertía*  
*en contar los eslabones*  
*que mi cadena tenía.*

The composer of the Porto-Rican *décima* followed the argument of the *copla* in a very general way only, and none of its verses are repeated.

Sufro con resignación  
la ausencia de mi familia,  
y siempre mira que te ama  
mi corazón, que ha llegado  
la ocasión de no poderte  
ir a ver por estar metido  
dentro de paredes;  
y yo no tengo abrigo  
y siempre recordando vivo  
*a un solo y querido ser.*

Si el pensamiento no tarda  
pienso ir donde yo deseo;  
todos los días yo te veo  
con los ojos de mi alma;  
tan triste y penosa calma  
como en la que yo me hallo;  
yo quisiera mejor que mi Dios  
me quitara de este mundo;  
acuérdate de aquel profundo  
*amor que te profesé.*

Si algún día un amigo  
de los míos te preguntara  
por mí, diles que yo estoy  
metido dentro de paredes;  
es un favor que te pido,  
bien lo debes comprender,  
si es que piensas por deber  
aunque tarde sea tu vista,  
espero de Dios que siempre  
*tú sola me has de querer.*

Cuando estaba en mi carrera  
tú siempre me lo decías;  
más triste para mí sería  
porque en la prisión me vieras  
que a ti te causara pena  
decir que me habías querido;  
ya mi nombre se acabó,  
ya yo no me llamo aquél;  
acuérdate de aquel ser  
*que de tu casa salí.*

## 28.

*No hagas caso, Rafael  
de palabras que te digan,  
que te cae la ley encima  
sin poderte defender.*

No acostumbres a tomar  
de mañana muchas veces,  
que van y te echan seis meses,  
sin poderlo remediar;  
nunca acostumbres andar  
con quien no lo sabe hacer;  
todavía aunque tu mujer  
sea más linda que una estrella  
si hay quien la enamore a ella  
*no hagas caso, Rafael.*

Y esa maña que tú tienes  
de siempre estar retozando  
ya la puedes ir dejando,  
que eso a ti no te conviene;  
porque como están las leyes  
no hay padrino que te sirva;  
te aconsejo que no sigas  
esa vida desordenada,  
ni trates de hacerte caja  
*de palabras que te digan.*

Deja el vicio de jugar,  
que el jugar está regulado;  
si la policía te coge  
lo vas a pasar bien mal;  
no trates de recholar  
con la mujer de la vida,  
todavía aunque te diga  
que eres un hombre intrigante  
la mano no la levantes  
*que te cae la ley encima.*

Si hay quien te ofenda en palabra  
nombra dos o tres testigos  
y denúncialo en seguida,  
que el juez no conoce el caso,  
porque hasta con una palabra  
te puedes comprometer;  
procura siempre tener  
la razón a donde vayas  
y no irás a los tribunales  
*sin poderte defender.*

## 29.

*Los ojos del gavilán,  
los ojos del gavilán,  
los ojos del gavilán,  
los ojos del gavilán.*

29-36. These *décimas* are of a new and special type, where the quatrain which introduces the *décimas* has four identical verses, evidently to add force. I have not seen any *décimas* similar to these from other Spanish countries.

Voy a contar una historia  
de una que yo conocí,  
puesto que la traigo aquí  
bien grabada en mi memoria;  
yo oí que con fé notaría  
la enamoró un catalán  
que se llamaba Don Juan;  
él por fin logró su intento  
y le echó en un momento  
*los ojos del gavilán.*

El catalán que creyó  
que la esposa lo quería  
dos mil elogios le hacía  
y ella entonces lo cornó;  
mas luego reflexionó  
y le dijo con afán:  
— Te lo juro por San Juan  
que me lo pagas mujer,  
porque siempre he de tener  
*los ojos del gavilán.*

La mujer que se enamora  
después de querer a dos  
será prodigo de Dios  
si casada no empeora;  
ella velará la hora  
que el marido con afán  
salga a buscarle el pan,  
dinero y otras cositas;  
ésa sí que necesita  
*los ojos del gavilán.*

Hasta las viejas señoras  
con su arrugado pellejo,  
que están hediendo a cangrejo,  
están pensando en los hombres;  
ni aunque se vistan de flores  
no encuentran ni al sacristán  
que las mire con afán  
para alivio de sus quejas;  
por eso mismo las viejas  
*son ojos de gavilán.*

## 30.

*Que se muera compay Feliz,*  
*que se muera compay Feliz,*  
*que se muera compay Feliz,*  
*que se muera compay Feliz.*

Una vez yo tenía un vicio  
de comer polvo de ladrillos;  
me fui poniendo amarillo  
porque la suerte lo quiso;  
los muchachos me miraban  
y se echaban a reír,  
y a quien no le ha de sentir  
*que se muera compay Feliz.*

Una vez yo tenía un vicio,  
de mascar tabaco hilao;  
me fui poniendo morao  
porque la suerte lo quiso;  
los muchachos me miraban  
y se echaban a reír  
y a quien no le ha de sentir  
*que se muera compay Feliz.*

Una vez yo tenía un vicio  
de montar caballo ajeno;  
me fui poniendo moreno  
porque la suerte lo quiso;  
las mujeres me miraban  
y se echaban a reír,  
y a quien no le ha de sentir  
*que se muera compay Feliz.*

Una vez yo tenía un vicio  
de enamorar mujer ajena;  
se me puso la tez morena  
porque la suerte lo quiso;  
los hombres me miraban  
y se echaban a reír  
y a quien no le ha de sentir  
*que se muera compay Feliz.*

30. Although most of the *décimas* were written in good Spanish in the manuscripts, in some cases the writer attempted to reproduce the popular speech. In such cases the popular dialectic words and expressions are kept whenever possible. *Compay* is the popular Puerto Rican form for *compadre*. In the same way one finds *pae*, *mae*, *pai*, *mai*, for *padre*, *madre*.

It will be noticed that the strophes of this composition are not *décimas*, but *octavas*. Since it has the general form of these *décimas*, we include it here. It is even possible that the strophes are incomplete in this version.

31.

*La reina de mis amores,  
la reina de mis amores,  
la reina de mis amores,  
la reina de mis amores.*

Buscando el consuelo mío  
a un monte me retiré;  
por descansar me senté  
en las orillas de un río;  
préstame, árbol sombrío,  
la calma a mi dolor;  
pasaron dos labradores  
y les dije: — Por piedad,  
denme razón donde está  
*la reina de mis amores.*

Me dijeron: — Con placer  
vamos a darle una seña;  
hemos visto una trigueña  
en la sombra de un laurel;  
quizás esa pueda ser.  
Yo les dije: — Gracias señores.  
Pasaron los labradores  
y ella delante, dormida  
la hallé, de blanco vestida,  
¡Oh! bendita y querida,  
adorada nena mía,  
*la reina de mis amores.*

Le dije: — Indiana mujer,  
aquí tienes a tu criollo,  
que dormido en el arroyo  
viendo las aguas correr.  
Despierta la india cruel  
con sus divinos colores,  
y yo viendo sus primores,  
le dije con mil placeres:  
— Abre los brazos, tú eres  
*la reina de mis amores.*

Bañada con el rocío  
ando buscándote, cielo;  
cúbreme con tu pañuelo,  
recompensa el amor mío;  
si en ti existe el poderío  
eres hija de las flores;  
son los únicos primores  
que me llenan de placer,  
y mientras vivas has de ser  
*la reina de mis amores.*

32.

*No quiero saber del ron,  
no quiero saber del ron,  
no quiero saber del ron,  
no quiero saber del ron.*

Un amigo me invitó  
a tomar la Noche Buena,  
y de tanto que me gustó  
lo cogí de almuerzo y cena;  
y yo me metí en carrera  
con unos ocho en reunión;  
me formaron una cuestión  
cuando ajumado me vieron,  
y de tantos golpes que me dieron  
*no quiero saber del ron.*

Cuando mi tiempo rutero  
me fui a rutiar a la altura;  
yo me pegué una ejumá  
que en palabra de Dios muero;  
y por cuenta del terreno  
resbalar como un jabón,  
me fui por un farallón  
envuelto en unos bejucos;  
y para no pasar más sustos  
*no quiero saber del ron.*

Me puse a ligar bebida  
un día para tomar,  
y después me fui a bailar  
a casa de una vecina;  
me fui por una cocina,  
caí abajo de un matón  
y una puerca y un lechón  
con la trompa me ensuciaron;  
y en ver lo que me ha pasado  
*no quiero saber del ron.*

Un día yo me ajumé  
a ver si era bueno el ron;  
me fui por un farallón  
un brazo me desconcerté;  
serían como las tres,  
no había quien diera razón;  
esto como a la oración  
a gatas tuve que salir;  
desde entonces hasta aquí  
*no quiero saber del ron.*

## 33.

*Según se debe se paga,  
según se debe se paga,  
según se debe se paga,  
según se debe se paga.*

No puede tener perdón  
en nuestra antilla querida  
quien mata a una querida  
valido de la ocasión;  
eso causaba hasta horror  
verla toda asesinada,  
diez y siete puñaladas,  
encontrándose dormida,  
marchando para allá arriba;  
*según se debe se paga.*

El jurado está conforme  
pidiendo la pena de muerte;  
con razón el alma siente  
que se mate aquí a ese hombre,  
porque ha buscado por donde  
y su hora está llegada;  
si la policía declara  
nada más allí lo cierto;  
sufrimiento a sufrimiento,  
*según se debe se paga.*

Asesinato en primer grado,  
bendito, eso daba pena,  
y siendo de esa manera  
creo que aquí no se ha salvado;  
porque un cuerpo asesinado  
según datos que ha tomado  
la policía lo ha apresado  
con el puñal en la mano,  
al despedirse de su hermano;  
*según se debe se paga.*

Aunque apele a Washington  
y ponga trece abogados  
siempre será ejecutado;  
a mí no me da dolor  
de verlo en una prisión  
con la horca preparada,  
y que esa hora está fijada  
para subirlo al cadalso.  
Diría yo en ese caso:  
— *Según se debe se paga.*

## 34.

*Vengan a mi patria, vengan,  
vengan a Borinquen, vengan,  
vengan a mi patria, vengan,  
vengan a Borinquen, vengan.*

Suelo benigno, mi patria  
es pequeña y es sencilla,  
es reina de las Antillas,  
chiquita y a mí me basta;  
la quiero, ella no es ingrata,  
no es que el cariño me ciega;  
yo tengo amorosas pruebas  
tan claras como la luz  
para un dulce laud;  
*vengan a mi patria, vengan.*

¿Qué me decis de mis bellas?  
¿Qué me decis de su cielo?  
Parecen otros luceros,  
parecen otras estrellas;  
el ruisenor parlero  
cante cuando le convenga;  
que cante y no se detenga,  
y en melodioso gorjeo,  
que yo os llamo con deseo;  
*vengan a Borinquen, vengan.*

Desde extraños hemisferios  
venga la colgante hamaca;  
yo no sé lo que aquí pasa,  
aquí se encierra un misterio;  
nunca se conoce el tedio,  
la fatiga aquí se ruega  
en oración solariega  
por toda la humanidad,  
aquí se invita a rezar;  
*vengan a mi patria, vengan.*

Hay como en todas sus noches  
oscuras, volubles, fuertes  
truenos que anuncian la muerte,  
de oscuras nubes un derroche  
seguido aparece entonces  
en lontananza, a legua,  
una claridad suprema,  
la que anuncia la bonanza  
para inclinar la balanza,  
*vengan a Borinquen, vengan.*

33. From the reference to Washington in the last strophe it seems that this *décima* is very recent.

35.

*Golpe a golpe sin cesar,  
golpe a golpe sin cesar,  
golpe a golpe sin cesar,  
golpe a golpe sin cesar.*

Grande tendrán su caída  
según lo estoy observando,  
porque se hallan gobernando  
a nuestra patria oprimida,  
que en la lucha electoral  
señores, voy a apostar  
de todito corazón  
que sigan con sus partidas,  
que se pierde La Unión;  
*golpe a golpe sin cesar.*

La Unión está de chositos  
con ese vil Barceló,  
y aquel que lo presentó  
contemplará el jibarito,  
que ya se le oyen los gritos  
de ellos por lo regular;  
porque van a triunfar  
en mi suelo borincano;  
ganamos, porque ganamos,  
*golpe a golpe sin cesar.*

Ya se les acabará el mamey  
a toditos los unionistas,  
y Muñú con sus conquistas  
este año se comerá un buey;  
yo no le falto a la ley  
pero me pongo a pensar  
cómo se suele hallar  
ese partido de hipócritas,  
esperando su derrota;  
*golpe a golpe sin cesar.*

Ellos cuentan con los siete  
Distritos en Puerto Rico,  
y tanto el grande como el chico  
van a llorar en paquetes,  
porque este año, frente a frente,  
todos vamos a luchar  
hasta poder acabar  
con esa semilla mala,  
y será La Unión derrotada  
*golpe a golpe sin cesar.*

36.

*No lo quiero y no lo quiero,  
no lo quiero y no lo quiero,  
no lo quiero y no lo quiero,  
no lo quiero y no lo quiero.*

No me venga a enamorar,  
ni se me arrime a mi lado;  
usted se pega dos palos  
después me quiere pegar;  
yo no lo puedo aceptar  
aunque me ofrezca dinero,  
no es usted ningún soltero  
para yo irlo a querer;  
tiene usted su gran mujer,  
*no lo quiero y no lo quiero.*

En fin, no quiero visitas  
se lo vuelvo a suplicar,  
que si lo coge papá  
¡ay Dios mío, qué paliza!  
Me han prohibido hasta ir a misa,  
que a la iglesia yo iba luego;  
será usted un caballero,  
pero no le he puesto amor;  
así me ofrezca un millón,  
*no lo quiero y no lo quiero.*

Hoy está recomendado  
de toditas las mujeres;  
usted a ninguna mantiene  
y mucha leña le ha dado;  
debe estar abochornado  
teniendo tanto dinero;  
usted no es hombre sincero,  
y hablándole de este modo  
aunque usted me de un tesoro  
*no lo quiero y no lo quiero.*

Déjese de tonterías,  
ya se puede retirar;  
me da asco oírlo hablar  
siempre con hipocrecía;  
la muerte yo le daría  
en vez de darle consuelo;  
si usted fuera un hombre bueno  
quizás estaría a mi lado,  
pero con lo que me han contado  
*no lo quiero y no lo quiero.*

35. This is a *décima* of a local political character. *Décimas* and ballads of similar character are also popular in New Mexico. See "Romancero Nuevomejicano" (*op. cit.*, 58-59) and *décima* No. 75.

37.

*Si el querer bien se pagara  
cuanto me fueras debiendo,  
pero como no se paga  
ni me debes, ni te debo.*

Era una serpiente astuta  
más que ningún animal,  
que con una voz singular  
a Eva le hizo una pregunta;  
que comiera de la fruta  
de la que en el huerto estaba,  
de la que Adán le privaba  
para que no se murieran;  
y entonces contestó Adán:  
— *Si el querer bien se pagara.*

De los árboles del huerto  
yo cogí todos los frutos,  
pero del que estaba en medio  
que era un árbol absoluto,  
tiene rico sabor y gusto,  
por eso es que lo cogemos,  
porque sé que si lo comemos  
no causara grave pena,  
y como si fuera una deuda  
*cuanto me fuera debiendo.*

Pregunta Adán a la serpiente  
que ya ellos habían comido  
del árbol prohibido.  
Se cubrieron con las hojas  
porque habían sentido rumor  
y Dios les había prohibido  
que comieran de esa manzana;  
grandes, chicas y medianas,  
maduras tenían que ser;  
y me quedarás a deber  
*pero como no se paga.*

Sintió Adán por el aire  
las voces de un Soberano,  
y se ha venido a sentar  
bajo las ramas de un árbol.  
Respondió Adán ocultado,  
Cristo lo llamó de lejos.  
— ¿Dónde ustedes se escondieron?  
— Porque andábamos desnudos  
y vamos a gozar del mundo,  
*que ni me debes ni te debo.*

38.

*Estudiantes es muy serio  
el asunto de barrer;  
pues no debemos querer  
que se establezca el imperio.*

Se nos dice, carpinteros,  
en la ley obligatoria  
que cambiemos nuestra historia  
de estudiante a barrendero;  
pero queremos primero  
que nos digan en su imperio  
si por estos hemisferios,  
donde reina la verdad,  
no tenemos libertad  
*de decir que esto es muy serio.*

Estudiantes, preguntemos  
si es ley del comisionado  
o es ley del profesorado  
por deber lo que tenemos  
y decir que no queremos  
esa ley obedecer;  
pues no debemos querer  
que esta hermosa juventud  
se lance a la esclavitud  
*empezando por barrer.*

En escuelas de San Juan  
no se ha visto nunca eso,  
porque en ellas hay progreso  
como en Ponce y San Germán,  
donde los jóvenes van  
a estudiar y no a barrer;  
y si vamos a acoger  
los errores de esa ley  
iremos a ser la grey  
*que no debemos querer.*

Seamos hombres algún día,  
conservemos nuestro honor,  
y digamos que es mejor  
libertad que tiranía.  
No existe la monarquía  
en occidente hemisferio,  
y como el asunto es serio  
para todo ciudadano  
decimos a tregua y mano  
*que no queremos imperio.*

39.

*Dueño mío, se acabó  
este mi amor tan constante;  
goza de tu nuevo amante  
que no soy tu dueña yo.*

Muy incomparable soy  
y los tormentos que hasta aquí  
estoy sufriendo por ti,  
y mi triste corazón  
es mi amor sin compasión;  
las pueras me las cerraste  
y tan mal pago me diste  
en premio de mi amistad,  
que hoy viendo tu falsoedad,  
*dueño mío, se acabó.*

Solo Diós sabe que siempre  
dejar vuestra compañía,  
que quizás algún día  
tenga alivio en mis tormentos;  
en un crecido lamento  
me verás en ese instante,  
suspirando y vigilando  
por lo que más quiero amar,  
y por eso quiero olvidar  
*este mi amor tan constante.*

Señores, habrán reparado.  
Hombre, si eres entendido  
bien puedes haber comprendido  
lo mucho que te estimé;  
hoy quedo desengañada  
bajo tu pecho arrogante;  
dirás que soy inconstante  
porque me aparto de ti,  
no hagas más cuenta de mí,  
*goza de tu nuevo amante.*

Adiós, ingrato, y advierte  
que es la última despedida;  
nos separamos en vida,  
nos veremos en la muerte;  
ingrato, no quiero verte;  
trata con la que te amaba,  
no le digas que fuí yo  
objeto de tus delicias,  
y pon en ella tus caricias  
*que no soy tu dueña yo.*

40.

*En Lima vivía tu abuelo  
y tu padre en Guayaquil,*

*tu madre en el Guaricó  
y en la corte de Madrid.*

Si me prestas atención  
claro te doy a entender  
que he llegado a conocer  
toda tu generación.  
De mulato y cuarterón  
tenía tu padre el pelo,  
y para mayor consuelo  
te diré sin que te espante,  
*esclavo de un comerciante  
en Lima vivía tu abuelo.*

A tu hermano en Caboverde  
lo ví cortando leña,  
y pará cierta señá  
era soco de una mano;  
me quiso hablar en castellano  
pero yo no le entendí;  
mucho se parece a ti  
en ser una criatura rara;  
no le quise ver la cara  
*a tu padre en el Guayaquil.*

A tu sobrina en Guinea  
esta mafiana la oí  
hablar en carabali  
con una negra muy fea;  
su color es como brea,  
estirpe de Jericó,  
montada en un gran borrico  
sin ninguna dilación,  
iba vendiendo a pregón  
*tu madre en el Guaricó.*

Bien te puedes alabar  
de tu tío el carnícero,  
primo hermano del pailero,  
dote que el cielo le ha dado;  
estás muy emparentada,  
lo debo decir así,  
que a tu madre yo la ví;  
vendiendo entró en la tienda  
porque no pudo entrar  
*a la corte de Madrid.*

41.

*Hojas del árbol querido  
que le dan sombra al poeta,  
que estando su mente inquieta  
duerme el sueño del olvido.*

Por el viento arrebatadas  
en las ráfagas inciertas  
llegáis pálidas y yertas  
tras largo tiempo llorando;  
de verdes sauces arrancadas  
por el viento y sus rugidos,  
volvedme el eco perdido  
de sus lánguidas canciones;  
llegáis palidas y yertas  
*hojas del árbol querido.*

Ya del cierzo defendidas  
no sufriréis los rigores,  
ni volveréis sin colores  
olvidadas y perdidas,  
eternamente queridas,  
que en honda angustia secreta  
se encuentra tu mente inquieta  
con las lágrimas errantes;  
y estás del tronco distantes  
*que le dan sombra al poeta.*

Hojas secas y amarillas,  
imágenes de la pena  
que hirió mi frente serena  
marchitando mis mejillas;  
de mis canciones sencillas  
no se da cuenta el poeta;  
si tu pensamiento asedia  
el blanco sin que recuerde  
*que estaba su mente inquieta*  
hojas secas y amarillas.

¡Oh! ¡cómo siento volver  
del recuerdo al triste alhago  
en alas del viento vago  
mis ilusiones de ayer!  
Los ensueños de placer  
conforme yo he conocido  
por un recuerdo querido  
de mis locos embelesos  
para despertar mis besos,  
*duerme el sueño del olvido.*

42.

*Hojas del árbol caídas*  
*juguetes del viento son;*  
*las ilusiones perdidas*  
*hojas son ¡ay! desprendidas*  
*del árbol del corazón.*

Patria, tus hijos recuerdan  
de tu perdurable historia  
y de tus largas memorias  
creo que jamás se acuerdan;  
en épocas que hoy concuerdan  
extrañas razas unidas  
en tu seno bendecidas  
tus jardines marchitaron  
*y a Borinquen arrojaron,*  
*hojas de un árbol caído.*

Ayer eras paraíso  
perfumado con las flores,  
con encantos arrebatadores  
de la vida dulce hechizo,  
que allá la natura quiso  
iluminar de inspiración  
y formar en tu corazón  
nobles caciques por reyes;  
*juguetes del viento son.*

Hoy Borinquen, bella cuna  
descubierta en el Caribe,  
genio y progreso en ti vive  
placentera cual ninguna;  
yo siento la importuna,  
débiles, contraídas  
hasta lanzar fuerte herida  
contra el noble independiente,  
hasta sellar en tu frente  
*las ilusiones perdidas.*

El cacique Guariones  
defendió con patriotismo,  
luchando con heroísmo,

- 
42. The introductory *quintilla* (not quatrain) is taken from Espronceda, *El Estudiante de Salamanca*, pt. 2, strophe No. 23, which reads (*Obras Poéticas de José de Espronceda* [Paris, 1900], 134):—

Hojas del árbol caídas  
Juguetes del viento son:  
Las ilusiones perdidas  
¡Ay! son hojas desprendidas  
Del árbol del corazón.

Compare also No. 58.

aunque falleció después,  
Borinquen vencida es  
decía con aflicción  
y con desesperación;  
clamó nobles traidores  
no caben vuestras labores  
*del árbol del corazón.*

43.

*Lo que te quiero no sabes  
porque no te puedo hablar;  
dame mi vida un lugar  
donde mi amor se declare.*

Con las llaves del silencio  
y las voces de una pluma  
al darte mi queja suma  
declaró mi sentimiento;  
con mi juicio y mi talento,  
porque en mi pecho no caben  
mis crecidas voluntades,  
porque te amo con extremo,  
y el día en que no nos vemos  
*lo que te quiero no sabes.*

Cara de lirio profundo  
ven a apagar esta llama  
de este amante que te ama  
y sufre por ti en el mundo;  
si me amas yo te juro  
ser un amante leal,  
con cariño celestial  
y con lágrimas de amor;  
el pesar es mi dolor  
*porque no te puedo hablar.*

Regalada prenda mía  
me alegra de que te halle  
con la salud que deseó,  
pido al cielo que te guarde;  
con fines de no olvidarte  
que a punto voy a llevar  
con un amor fraternal  
como el que en mi alma reposa;  
si quieres ser tú mi esposa  
*dame mi vida, un lugar.*

Gratos caríños de amor  
brotan tus labios hermosos;  
sería yo un joven dichoso  
siendo tuyo adorador;  
de día sufró con fervor

y de noche no puedo estar  
porque no te puedo hablar  
el día en que no nos vemos;  
y para que los dos hablemos  
*dame mi vida, un lugar.*

44.

*Amor con amor se paga  
no se paga con dinero,  
que el amor de un caballero  
con dinero no se paga.*

El amor es invincible  
y tú la culpa tuviste,  
di pués que mucho quisiste  
cuanto ha pasado por ti;  
pero yo esperaba en tí  
siempre que tu amor reinara  
que no dieras una baja  
del trono más imperial;  
vete a otro trono a reinar  
*que amor con amor se paga.*

Tú despreciaste mi amor,  
hoy vivirás a tu gusto;  
por eso es que pagan justos  
siempre por un pecador;  
de esto no me da dolor,  
te olvidaré desde luego;  
el mal pago es lo primero  
que se espera en la mujer,  
y hoy sabrás que un buen querer  
*no se paga con dinero.*

Yo digo con fantasía  
que no te volveré a amar,  
y no me vuelvas a mirar  
en los restos de la vida;  
si te hallas ten merecida  
toma un parecer primero;  
tu llama enciende en el fuego;  
goza tu nuevo placer,  
que valen menos mil mujeres  
*que el amor de un caballero.*

Eres como la balanza  
que sube y baja en su fiel;  
si lo engañastes a él  
conmigo te quedas ancha;  
si por tu gran ignorancia  
va tu crédito a la nada,  
y como mujer honrada

te explico en esta alianza,  
ven con tu dinero falso  
*y con dinero no se paga.*

## 45.

*Esta noche, vida mía,  
vengo a dos cosas dispuesto:  
a matar o a que me maten,  
a vivir o a quedar muerto.*

Eres linda y primorosa  
como los rayos solares;  
en ti no hay dificultades  
eres la más linda rosa;  
con tus miradas hermosas  
me tienes de noche y día  
en una fuerte agonía,  
que estoy sufriendo por ti;  
*vengo a que me des el sí  
esta noche, vida mía.*

Yo no creo en ti, vida mía,  
que tú seas conmigo ingrata;  
si el amor tuyo me mata  
nunca se ha llegado el día;  
después que tú seas mía  
yo te estamparía en mi pecho;  
yo mi corazón te ofrezco,  
todo lleno de dolor,  
y si no consigo tu amor  
*vengo a dos cosas dispuesto.*

Estoy sufriendo por ti,  
padeciendo por tu amor,  
sufriendo mi corazón,  
compadécete, por Dios;  
mi pecho te declaró  
solo al verte tan brillante,  
yo quisiera ser tu amante,  
y aunque pase mil fatigas  
porque tu amor me obliga  
*a matar o a que me maten.*

Espero en ti, vida mía,  
siquiera un rato de gozo  
y mi corazón gozoso  
está lleno de alegría;  
espero en ti, bella alegre,  
la firmeza de tu pecho;  
yo mi corazón te ofrezco  
según te lo he declarado,

y hoy me tienes a tu lado  
*a vivir o a quedar muerto.*

## 46.

*Contesto esta poesía  
a favor de Don Adrián,  
porque le querían atacar  
la turba del otro día.*

En el barrio del Roncador  
tenemos un vigilante  
que se llama Antonio Márquez.  
El se hace compositor;  
está metido en un horror  
sin conocer todavía  
quien ganará la porfía  
de estas nuevas elecciones;  
con derecho y con razones  
*contesto esta poesía.*

Habiendo tantos caminos  
los que se pueden coger  
está demás ir a volver  
a coger otros destinos;  
los que votarán conmigo  
no me debían de olvidar,  
si quieren pueden votar  
con derecho y con razón,  
porque está el Gobernador  
*a favor de Don Adrián.*

Científico, inteligente,  
de la botánica entera  
busque la idea que quiera,  
puede contar con su gente;  
aquejados antecedentes  
si quiere le pueden llamar  
hasta la junta central  
para el voto a mi favor,  
y en contra de aquel traidor  
*porque le quiere atacar.*

Acuérdate, para la izquierda  
perdiste las elecciones;  
ganaron las convenciones  
por ponerte a la derecha;  
que tarde te has dado cuenta  
por poner todos los días  
las hojas sueltas perdidas  
que todo el mundo se enteró;  
*publiquen en sus papeles  
la turba del otro día.*

47.

*¡Oh, dichosa carta escrita!*  
*¡Quién fuera dentro de ti,*  
*para dar dos mil abrazos*  
*al ángel que te ha de abrir!*

Cautivo y sin libertad,  
firme amante en el querer,  
sabrás que tu amante está  
en un puro padecer;  
olvidar no puede ser  
porque tu amor a mí me invita,  
*¡Quién fuera papel o tinta*  
*que la dicha consiguiera!*  
*¡Quién fuera oblea siquiera!*  
*¡Oh, dichosa carta escrita!*

Papel, serás venturoso  
si llegares a gozar  
de las manos donde vas;  
decidle papel dichoso  
que siempre quedo apenado  
desconsolado y sin ti;  
dale memorias de mí  
dila que yo soy aquel  
quien te ayudará a pasar.  
*¡Quién fuera dentro de ti!*

Hermosísima deidad,  
firme amante en el querer,  
en continuo padecer  
sabrás que tu amante está;  
dime si no me olvidarás  
por tu bondad exquisita,  
y yo quisiera ser tinta  
y algún alivio tuviera.  
*¡Quién fuera oblea siquiera!*  
*¡Oh, dichosa carta escrita!*

Prenda de mi corazón,  
tú, recibe este papel  
que te envío dentro de él  
alma, vida y corazón;  
ésta te dará razón  
como yo quedo al morir;  
papel, tú le has de decir  
si mi amor ya me reprocha  
que le hablarás con la boca  
al ángel que te va abrir.

48.

*La Virgen de los Dolores,*  
*la madre de Jesucristo,*  
*adorémosla, señores*  
*por aquel cáliz bendito.*

En ese sagrado templo,  
por mano del mismo Dios,  
adentro se colocó  
con muchísimo contento;  
iba un acompañamiento  
adornado con amores;  
es madre de pecadores,  
reina de la jerarquía,  
y es imagen de María;  
*adorémosla, señores.*

Cuando iban por la calle  
con sus diez y seis madrinas  
y con su música fina  
se presentan ante el cáliz;  
luego su majestad sale,  
nos presenta el paraíso,  
y por manos del obispo  
se ha adornado bien el templo  
y se ha colocado dentro  
*la madre de Jesucristo.*

Iba un acompañamiento  
de niñas muy escogidas;  
iban de blanco vestidas  
para presentarse al templo.  
*¡Oh! ¡quién tuviera tiempo*  
*para ir a ver primores!*  
Es la madre de pecadores,  
reina de la jerarquía,  
y es imagen de María;  
*adorémosla, señores.*

En esta sagrada hora  
vino esta santa bendita  
a la isla de Puerto Rico  
a poner esta mejora:  
ella es una gran señora  
y como ella no se ha visto,  
sólo el mismo Jesucristo  
fué quien la pudo encontrar;  
y la vamos a adorar  
*por aquel cáliz bendito.*

49.

*Yo me enamoré de noche*  
*y la luna me engañó;*  
*otra vez que me enamoré*  
*ha de ser de día y con sol.*

Estando en una diversión  
en compañía de dos amigos  
allí me encontré querido

de una mujer sin pasión;  
por no faltar en atención  
me puse atento a sus frases;  
dile para comprarse broches  
y para todas sus ideas  
y de una vieja muyfea  
*me enamoré yo una noche.*

Pasa de ciento ochenta años  
y se quería remozar;  
daba relación cabal  
del mundo y de sus tamaños;  
y yo mirando aquel daño  
en tan crecidos rigores  
y eran tantos sus clamores  
que al ver aquel desconsuelo  
yo compré unos espejuelos  
*para otra vez que me enamore.*

Al ver aquel menosprecio  
que deseoso estaba yo  
aguardando la mañana  
para visitar mi dama;  
me salió tuerta de un ojo,  
toda comida de piojos;  
y al ver aquel menosprecio  
que yo a ella le hacía  
se presenta ya de día  
*con un catarro en el pecho.*

Afligido quedé yo;  
en su boca no se halló  
un diente, por testimonio  
y sin duda fué el demonio  
o la luna me engañó;  
y yo mirando todo esto  
que adelante iba el Creador,  
gracias le doy al Señor  
que salí de esta pelleja  
y cuando me encuentre otra novia  
*ha de ser de día y con sol.*

## 50.

*Tuyo soy, tuyo he de ser  
a pesar del mundo entero;  
aunque pretenda morir  
en mí no cabe otro dueño.*

Es mi amor sin dilación  
con firme seguridad,

que una firmeza leal  
no tiene comparación;  
y fué tanta la pasión  
con que te llegué a querer  
antes de llegar a tener  
otros peligros más hondos  
que al decirlo no me esconde;  
*tuyo soy, tuyo he de ser.*

No tengo en quien poner duda  
ni menos en quién pensar,  
que yo constante me he de hallar  
si este tiempo no se muda;  
si esta verdad se asegura  
y yo a ti decirte quiero,  
antes de llegar a saber  
si tu amor es lisonjero  
que yo te tengo de querer  
*a pesar del mundo entero.*

Tú me brindas con fragancias,  
las recibo cuando agonizo,  
y en la mujer no es preciso  
prestar esa desconfianza;  
y más si el tiempo en bonanza  
ha de ser como el marfil,  
como la rosa de abril,  
que por quererte pretendo,  
y yo he de perder cuanto tengo  
*aunque pretenda morir.*

Mi bien, ¿cómo yo pudiera  
explicarte este dolor?  
Diga el que sabe de amor  
que hallarse ausente quiera,  
y si usted mi dueña fuera,  
mi bien, como es mi alegría  
con mis ansias y agonías,  
toda pena quita el sueño;  
digo que pierdo la vida  
*y en mí no cabe otro dueño.*

## 51.

*Es mi dama en Puerto Rico  
la más linda maravilla,  
reina de todas las flores  
que tienen los cuatro brillos.*

Es un jazmín peregrino,  
por ser hermosa le toca

51. The second and fourth strophes are not *décimas*, but *octavas*; and they are probably intended as such, because the last verse of each is the third and fourth respectively of the introductory quatrain, according to the regular rule in type A.

hermosa rosa es su boca;  
es clavel, es un pepino,  
en Añasco, lirio fino,  
por ello me gratifico,  
pero vuelvo y me explico  
que en rincón es mejorana,  
siendo azucena en la guarda,  
*es mi dama en Puerto Rico.*

Es una bella amapola  
en un florero alelí,  
de las flores protectora,  
de Cabo Rojo es señora;  
es violeta en Guayanilla  
en el río de Sebuco,  
siendo su hermosura en junto  
*la más linda maravilla.*

En un ramo es una flor  
que tiene olor verdadero,  
es una flor de romero;  
en Guayama es singular,  
en Jumacao es sin par,  
y suspiro al mirar flores  
muy ardientes sus olores  
siendo ella de primavera,  
siendo la más verdadera  
*reina de todas las flores.*

En Arecibo es geranio,  
hermosa flor de alelí,  
es jazmín en Manatí,  
es de Bayamón la palma,  
hermosa rosa de Francia  
que sale de la Aguadilla,  
porque son las más decentes  
*que tienen las cuatro villas.*

## 52.

*Ya este capulín cerró,*  
*ya este tunal no da tunas;*  
*nuestra amistad se acabó,*  
*pues no hay novedad ninguna.*

Hoy me llevo la jataca,  
pilón de moler café,  
y de lo que te compré  
no te dejo ni hilachas;  
me llevo el trapo de jacha  
pilón de moler arroz,  
todo me lo llevo yo,  
espejo, peine y peinilla,

no te dejo ni una horquilla  
*ya este capulín cerró.*

Hoy te dejo sin chancletas,  
sin cama donde acostarte,  
y para no dejar de llevarme  
la casa te dejo sin puerta,  
y vaca, becerra y puerca  
las voy vendiendo, una a una;  
dame acá esa fregadura  
para engordar mi gatita  
a ti te dejo solita  
*ya este tunal no da tunas.*

Ya me llevo las gallinas  
los puercos y los lechones;  
búscame los pantalones  
y la camisa amarilla;  
los trastos de la cocina  
pómelos en la escalera,  
las planchas y las tijeras  
también me las llevo yo;  
hasta la cuarta de arroz,  
*nuestra amistad se acabó.*

Me llevo el gallo padrón  
que es el misterio más grande,  
y para no dejar de llevarme  
hasta los marcos del fogón;  
dame acá ese camisón,  
camisa si tienes alguna,  
dame el estuche de agujas  
que te compre para coser,  
dame el rajo de beber  
*y no hay novedad ninguna.*

## 53.

*Si alguno te preguntare*  
*si tú me quieres a mí,*  
*di con la boca que no*  
*y con el corazón que sí.*

Si alguno a tratarte viene  
despáchalo si es que puedes;  
si te pregunta por qué  
dile que no te conviene;  
y si te pregunta qué tienes  
dile que esto en ti no cabe;  
si contigo se enojare  
déjalo ir enojado,  
dile que no lo has pensado  
*si alguno te preguntare.*

Si alguno porque te ve  
que tú me muestras placeres  
le dirás que si mequieres  
pero no es con interés;  
que yo no te faltaré  
como tú lo hagas así;  
yo me marcharé de aquí  
en lo que hago esta consulta  
porque sé que te preguntan  
*que si mequieres a mí.*

Yo me saldré de aquí  
en lo que hago esta consulta,  
porque el que tiene experiencia  
lo debe de hacer así;  
esto me conviene a mí,  
esto queda entre los dos,  
no le digas mas que a Dios  
que yo a tu casa paseo,  
y aunque te sobre el deseo  
*dí con la boca que no.*

Si yo vengo y te pregunto  
no te pongas a pensar,  
que yo te voy a dejar  
porque tengo otra sujetita;  
esto es porque no se sepa  
lo que pasa entre mí y ti;  
si te preguntaren di  
que se dejen de intereses;  
con la boca no lo digas,  
*con el corazón que sí.*

## 54.

*Tras de pobre desgraciado  
será mi signo planeta;  
tantas flores que he sembrado  
lloviendo se me resecan.*

Sembré un clavel de pilón  
contando en tener mejora,  
la tierra se dividió  
y se quedó la red sola;  
¡Ay, Dios! ¿qué me hago yo ahora  
sin tener nada sembrado?  
Como me encontré arrancado  
lo arranqué con malos modos,  
porque me acompaña todo,  
*tras de pobre desgraciado.*

Sembré un gancho de tolipa  
para ver si florecía,

hasta que se llegó el día  
que se secó la matita;  
las flores más exquisitas  
que el verano las ofende  
el invierno las reseca,  
y yo digo de este modo:  
— Porque me acompaña todo  
*será mi signo planeta.*

Sembré una mata de rosa  
para ver si acapullaba,  
y después de estar aganchada  
ella se volvió vidriosa;  
nunca le cogí una rosa  
que mi fé la deseó,  
y si la hubiera arrancado  
cuando mi fé lo intentó  
ahora tuviera yo  
*cuantas flores he sembrado.*

Lo último que sembré  
fue una preciosa azucena,  
y después de estar tan buena  
le comió el gusano el pié;  
hasta el jardín deseché,  
yo de esto me hago más cuenta;  
el verano le hace ofensa  
cuando más frondosa está,  
y no las vuelvo a sembrar  
*que lloviendo se resecan.*

## 55.

*Papel, si puedes llegar  
donde yo no pueda ir,  
claro le vas a decir  
que no la puedo olvidar.*

Papelito, anda ligero,  
vete pronto y en seguida,  
y dile al bien de mi vida  
que para mí no hay consuelo;  
dile que yo me desvelo  
entre la pena y el mal;  
le puedes comunicar  
cuales son mis sentimientos,  
explícale mis tormentos,  
*papel, si puedes llegar.*

Papel, decidele a mi bien  
que de mí tenga piedad,  
y que vea el tiempo que va  
que mis ojos no la ven;

que si le parece bien  
que ausente pueda vivir,  
y que me mande a decir;  
que engañado no me tenga  
si ha de ocupar la vivienda  
*donde yo no pueda ir.*

Papel, dile la verdad,  
comunicaselo así,  
que si ella me tiene a mí  
como yo la tengo acá;  
pues que vea el tiempo que va  
que ya me voy a morir;  
no me verá divertir  
hasta que no la consiga,  
y es mal que en mí no se olvida;  
*claro le vas a decir.*

Y sin que falte la voz  
dile todo mi sentir,  
y que me mande a decir  
si cuento con ella o no;  
con una bonita voz  
le puedes comunicar;  
dile todo mi penar  
para que se atemorice,  
y a más de esto me le dices  
*que no la puedo olvidar.*

## 56.

*Decidme, estrellas del cielo,  
dónde está la prenda mía,  
que la busco y no la hallo  
todas las horas del día.*

Le pregunto a una preciosa  
que por el cielo camina,  
dónde está la flor más fina,  
la más linda mariposa,  
aquella azucena hermosa  
por quien vivo y por quien muero,  
aquej brillante lucero  
que en el cielo no parece,  
y yo pregunto varias veces;  
*decidme estrellas del cielo.*

Pregunto al sol que más anda  
por ver si me da noticias  
si en el cielo se divisa  
alguna aluvial avalancha,  
a donde se espasea mi alma

con contento y alegría,  
a donde yo me divierta  
con muchísima afición;  
le pregunto al corazón  
*dónde está la prenda mía.*

Ven acá, clavel hermoso,  
lucero, luna sin menguante,  
dale consuelo a tu amante  
que por ti se halla quejoso;  
pregunto a un cielo precioso  
que trafica con sus rayos;  
partiendo mal hilo callo  
y todo el mundo también;  
dame nuevas de mi bien  
*que lo busco y no lo hallo.*

Ya no pueden mis suspiros  
porque a mi amante no veo,  
ni fragatas, ni correo  
me dan noticias, bien mío;  
ni tampoco los navíos  
que vienen de Andalucía,  
porque yo no tengo vida  
mientras no la estoy mirando,  
y en ella vivo pensando  
*todas las horas del día.*

## 57.

*Si supieras mi dolor,  
mi sentimiento y mi pena,  
lástima te habría de dar  
aunque amor no me tuvieras.*

No me trates con crueldad,  
ángel de mi adoración,  
que mi triste corazón  
siente una infelicidad;  
mírame con más piedad  
y no me niegues tu amor,  
yo muero por tu rigor  
dulce encanto de mi vida;  
no me matarías, querida,  
*si supieras mi dolor.*

Dulce encanto de mi vida  
ya no te dueles de mí,  
quien puede vivir así  
retirado en tanta calma;  
mírame, espejo del alma,  
encantadora sirena,

si eres causa de mi pena  
que yo he de morir por ti;  
porque no miras en mí  
*mi sentimiento y mi pena.*

Cansado de suspirar  
cielo, ¿qué será de mí?  
morir me verás por ti  
para acabar de penar;  
ya no puedo suspirar  
mi pena es tan riguosa,  
serás, María dichosa;  
si comprendieras mi amor  
no me mostrarías rigor  
*y lástima te habla de dar.*

En fin, adorado cielo,  
prenda de mi corazón,  
duélete de mi pasión  
para vivir con consuelo,  
que me ha causado desvelo;  
y aunque no me das siquiera  
una palabra aunque fuera  
que alivia mi padecer,  
y no te mostrarías tan cruel  
*aunque amor no me tuvieras.*

## 58.

*Hojas del árbol caídas  
juguetes del viento son;  
las ilusiones perdidas,  
hojas son ¡ay! desprendidas  
del árbol del corazón.*

La niña que por desgracia  
pierde su virginidad  
ésa no vuelve a ser más  
como en su primera edad;  
y si es mucha la tardanza  
de aquél que la haya ofendido  
y si algo le ha prometido  
y se lo quedó a deber,  
no puede restablecer  
*hojas de un árbol caídas.*

Cuando una niña se encuentra  
en toda su infancia primera  
es lo mismo que una flor  
sembrada en la primavera;  
si por su mala carrera  
llega a ver su perdición

pensando hacerlo mejor,  
luego le queda un pesar  
y no encuentra como estar,  
*y juguetes del viento son.*

Cuando una niña se encuentra  
en toda su juventud  
se le sobra la virtud,  
cariño, gusto y placer.  
Pero si llega a perder  
por su desgracia algún día,  
pasa dos mil agonías,  
porque su amor falleció,  
y ponerme a pagarle yo  
*son ilusiones perdidas.*

Aunque mil trabajos pases  
y te canses de ser coqueta  
vendrás con tu cara fresca  
buscando otro de tu clase.  
Falta quien diga: — No le hace  
que tuvo su tropezón  
y no faltará un cabrón  
que la recoja con gusto.  
Después que el blanco goce el fruto  
*del árbol del corazón.*

## 59.

*Si me quieres te regalo  
todo lo que yo poseo,  
porque es todo mi deseo  
el encontrarte a mi lado.*

Si me quieres, te doy, niña,  
entero mi corazón  
una condecoración  
de oro, perlas y esterlinas;  
yo te doy las Filipinas  
y el reinado de los magos;  
yo te doy a Curasao  
y el trono de Cartagena;  
y la gran Sierra Morena  
*si me quieres te regalo.*

Te doy las Islas Canarias,  
a Méjico y a Colón,  
las provincias de Aragón  
para hacerte millonaria;  
también te regalo a Italia,  
de Espafia mi gran recreo,  
te doy a Montevideo,

a Cádiz y Barcelona,  
a Málaga y Tarragona  
*y todo lo que yo poseo.*

También te doy a Lepanto  
y las minas de California,  
en donde tengo los bancos,  
ésos han de ser para ti;  
yo tengo un jardín allí  
para sacarte a paseo;  
el día en que no te veo  
no puedo tener alegría,  
rogando a Dios que seas mía  
*porque es todo mi deseo.*

De las islas de Alemania  
te doy una escuadra de guerra,  
y te doy a Inglaterra  
y un gran tesoro en la Habana;  
de la costa americana  
voy a nombrarte un reinado;  
si esto que te he nombrado  
no te parece bastante  
te doy un millón de brillantes  
*al encontrarte a mi lado.*

## 60.

*Muchacha, vete de aquí,*  
*no vengas a armar cuestión,*  
*que te doy un pescorón*  
*que yo no soy Machichí.*

Yo enamoré a una mujer  
que María se llamaba;  
ella de otra me celaba  
y me quería comer;  
hasta que yo la hice ver  
lo mal que marchaba así;  
ella me celaba a mí  
hasta que más no podía,  
hasta que le dije un día:  
— *Muchacha, vete de aquí.*

Un día que llegué yo  
con plátano y bacalao,  
con arroz, café y melao  
a la calle lo botó;  
mucho coraje me dió  
y le eché una maldición;  
con la piedra del pilón  
me dan ganas de achocarla,  
y le digo por espantarla:  
— *No vengas a armar cuestión.*

Otro día en la cocina  
se encontraba ella fregando,  
y me sintió conversando  
con una guapa vecina;  
en seguida abrió su bocina  
que parecía un escorpión,  
con la piedra del fogón  
me tiró como una loca,  
*que te doy un pescorón.*

Yo subí por la escalera  
y ella se hallaba endiablada,  
me tiró la condenada  
una agua de macarela;  
me tiró la sopladera,  
y entonces yo me encendí  
y al momento la cogí  
para cortarle una trenza,  
*que yo no soy Machichí.*

## 61.

*Es la mujer lo más bueno,*  
*es la mujer lo más malo,*  
*es para el hombre un veneno*  
*y es para el hombre un regalo.*

Nacen aves, peces y flores,  
árboles, plantas y frutos,  
y una variedad de frutas  
hacen plantas superiores;  
unas a otras y otras mejores  
nacen del cielo sereno,  
colocan todo en su seno;  
infinita es la hermosura;  
*es la mujer lo más bueno.*

Nacen plantas venenosas  
enroscadas por los riscos,  
nacen varios basiliscos  
y víboras ponzoñosas,  
nacen otras varias cosas  
y por lo cual lo señalo  
y todo esto lo igualo  
en el mundo, porque es cierto  
*es la mujer lo más malo.*

La mujer que mucho ama,  
según lo contemplo y siento,

es una torre de humo  
que no descubre su llama;  
es valentía y no fama  
andar sin rienda, ni freno,  
y para que sirva llena,  
deseosa a quien le adoró;  
y si otro se la enamoró  
*para el hombre es un veneno.*

Cuando la mujer intenta  
demostrarse agradecida  
le da al hombre buena vida  
por si algún mal le atormenta;  
y si es cosa que le alimenta  
no encuentra a ninguno malo,  
y si pasa algún intervalo  
es porque en ella se infiere;  
y la mujer cuando quiere  
*para el hombre es un regalo.*

## 62.

*Usted me mandó mis prendas,  
le doy la satisfacción;  
yo no le mando las tuyas  
en ver su poca atención.*

Niña, si usted comprendiera  
lo que es moral y dignidad  
no me hubiera hecho jamás  
una acción tan hechicera;  
pero en fin, mi Dios quiera  
sean pesares los que tenga,  
pues yo tengo vida nueva,  
que nunca faltó al deber  
por no saber comprender;  
*usted me mandó mis prendas.*

Usted es poco alcanzada  
de inteligencia y moral,  
y si yo le he hecho mal  
comprenderá estas palabras;  
pero en fin, mi amor le ama  
le adora mi corazón;  
comprenda usted la atención  
que merece un joven digno;  
por faltas que ha cometido  
*le doy la satisfacción.*

Señorita, yo deseara  
hacerla a usted saber  
lo que quiso usted cometer,  
volver mis prendas a la cara;

no siento dos mil palabras  
aunque su boca me insulta,  
si yo me hallara en disputa  
con los consejeros causantes  
*yo no le mando las tuyas.*

Si usted tiene inteligencia  
comprenderá en su memoria  
que ninguna que sea de gloria  
aguanta acciones como ésta;  
la vida yo la perdiera  
con los contrarios que son,  
que son falsos y traidores  
por la carta que han mandado;  
mis prendas no van a sus manos  
*por ver su poca atención.*

## 63.

*Ya que cantas por amor  
con airosa valentía,  
quiero saber versador  
si sabes de astronomía.*

Dime si sabes por donde  
sale el sol de medio día,  
y señálame la vía  
por donde luego se esconde;  
también si sabes, responde  
que llaman Osa Mayor  
dímelo pues con valor,  
que aquí te quiero probar,  
y si sabes filosofar  
*ya que cantas por amor.*

Ya que te han enseñado  
que es fuerza de rotación  
y lo que es constelación  
en la escuela que has estado,  
dime si te han enseñado  
de toda la astronomía;  
pues eso no lo creía  
de un cantor como tú eres,  
que cantas a las mujeres  
*con airosa valentía.*

A mí siempre me ha gustado  
hablar con quien más sabe  
para poder demostrar  
lo mucho que yo he estudiado;  
seis años yo he pasado  
en casa de un profesor;

aprendí de lo mejor,  
razones en que yo me fundo,  
porque de todo en el mundo  
*quiero saber, versador.*

Aquí te quiero probar  
aunque tú no me lo implores,  
son veinticuatro las horas  
que tarda el mundo en voltear,  
la luna es el singular  
astro de la tierra impía,  
aunque ella alumbrá de día  
el sol le quita el valor;  
mete mano, versador  
*si sabes de astronomía.*

## 64.

*En tierra estéril sembré,*  
*el trigo y la flor no vi;*  
*nada de esto coseché,*  
*cuanto sembré lo perdí.*

Yo sembré en luna menguante  
la semilla del amor  
por conseguir una flor  
de esta azucena fragante;  
ella creció al instante  
y en sus verdores noté,  
pero luego reparé  
que variaba con el tiempo;  
como era falso el cimiento  
*en tierra estéril sembré.*

Yo escogí la primavera  
para esta mata sembrar,  
porque yo pensé lograr  
de esta mata la flor primera;  
yo logré de que naciera  
pero espigada no vi;  
todo el tiempo lo perdí  
dando a esta mata cultura;  
y sembré en la tierra dura,  
*el trigo y la flor no vi.*

Esta mata nada produjo  
con el rigor del verano;  
vino el invierno tirano,  
las hojas le marchitó;  
al instante llegué yo  
y marchitada la hallé;  
con lágrimas la regué  
a ver si restablecía,  
como no me convenía  
*nada de esto coseché.*

Cuando yo vi nacer  
aquej árbol tan frondoso  
me encontraba victorioso  
pensando ganar en él;  
no puede permanecer  
aquella dicha feliz;  
luego cuando yo volví  
que la encontré marchita  
la propia mata arrancada,  
*cuanto sembré lo perdí.*

## 65.

*Los campos visten de flores,*  
*de embarcaciones el mar,*  
*y de pena mi corazón*  
*si usted me deja de amar.*

Ven, imagen celestial,  
dame una prueba de amor,  
que yo te traigo una flor  
de mi jardín tropical;  
que tú eres el olivar  
donde cantan ruiseñores,  
yo te brindo mis honores  
mis virtudes y nobleza;  
*los campos visten de flores.*

Cuando la mitología  
eras tú la diosa Eros;  
yo te amo con respeto,  
reina de mis alegrías;  
tú eres la primera guía  
de todo el universal;  
con tu hechicero mirar  
te robas los corazones;  
puedes vestirte de dones  
*y de embarcaciones el mar.*

Sólo Dios con su poder  
pudo inventar tu figura,  
¡oh, dichosa criatura!  
De un pintor eres pincel,  
eres rosita, eres clavel,  
eres capullo, eres botón;  
allá en la inmensa región  
repercuten tus palabras  
puedes tú vestir de galas  
*y de penas mi corazón.*

Ni los tiernos angelitos,  
ni el preferido diamante

igualan con tus ojitos  
preciosos como un brillante;  
yo deseo ser tu amante  
cansado de suplicar;  
tus labios son de coral,  
eres una miniatura,  
moriré yo de amargura  
*si tú me dejas de amar.*

## 66.

*Desde que murió mi madre*  
*todo el mundo me atropella;*  
*aunque tenga la razón*  
*siempre me encuentro sin ella.*

Murió mi madre, jay de mí!  
¡para mí que desconsuelo!  
pero vuelvo y considero  
que para morir nacimos;  
señores, ¿qué me hago yo  
si el sentir es natural?  
Aunque fuera irracional  
justa razón me darán;  
de lo que he perdido ya  
*no lo volveré a encontrar.*

Yo no creo que hay dolor  
en el mundo que se iguale,  
que es la muerte de una madre  
para un hijo un gran dolor;  
dadme consuelo Señor  
para un golpe tan directo  
como no he de llorar  
*si ella me crió a sus pechos.*

Lloro un bien que ya perdi.  
¿Dónde lo volveré a hallar?  
Porque un bien que se ha perdido  
no se volverá a encontrar;  
madre, la que me crió  
fué la que me dió la leche  
madre, la que me tuvo  
nueve meses en su vientre,  
como la he perdido ya  
*no la volveré a encontrar.*

De mi hermano yo no sé  
que me tiene olvidado a mí;  
parece que no hemos nacido  
ni me tiene por hermano;  
me trata como un tirano  
y él nunca a mí me ha querido;  
lloro un bien que ya he perdido.  
*¿Dónde lo volveré a hallar?*

## 67.

*Te he de adorar y querer,*  
*dulce prenda hasta la muerte;*  
*aunque dejara de verte*  
*más firme siempre he de ser.*

Adorado hechizo mío,  
no pierdo las esperanzas,  
en mí no ha de haber mudanza,  
jamás te echaré en olvido;  
en mi pecho tengo un nido  
en donde te he de esconder  
con mucho gusto y placer,  
que de verlo es lo más cierto;  
todavía después de muerto  
*te he de adorar y querer.*

No es lisonja lo que digo  
que es una pura verdad;  
sólo Dios me privará,  
mi bien, el hablar contigo;  
yo a morir por ti me obligo  
en cualquier lance de muerte,  
y de llegar a ofenderte,  
mil muertes me desearía,  
y más firme te querría,  
*dulce prenda, hasta la muerte.*

Yo sería un Salomón  
en adorar tu hermosura;  
por gozar de tu ternura  
sería más fiel mi afición;  
y considerando el valor  
del amor que te prometo  
yo siempre he de quererte  
aunque el mundo se opusiera;  
más firme y constante fuera  
*aunque dejara de verte.*

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66. See No. 30, where all the strophes are *octavas* instead of *décimas*. Although we do not find in the Porto-Rican collection any regular series of *octavas*, it seems that the popular *poetas* or *cantadores* compose *octavas* also, and the *décimas* are confused with them. As we have said in the preliminary notes, compositions composed of series of *octavas* with the introductory quatrain are found, in the Spanish literature of the Classic period, side by side with the *décimas*.

Con esto no digo más  
pues mi amor es verdadero,  
pero digo desde luego  
que no te olvido jamás;  
por ti lo experimentarás,  
por tu vista lo has de ver;  
si no lo quieres creer  
allá lo verán tus ojos;  
aunque oigan mil enojos  
más firme siempre he de ser.

68.

*Si la fortuna me ayuda  
tu padre ha de ser mi suegro,  
tus hermanos mis cuñados  
y tus parientes mis deudos.*

El día que me dispuse a hablar  
sobre el amor me pediste  
un favor que yo te diré;  
la cuenta no sé por qué,  
siendo mis palabras dignas  
tan dulce y tan peregrina,  
usted con tantos placeres;  
si me quieres o no me quieres  
*dígame qué determina.*

Adios, que me quiero ir,  
acábeme de decir  
cuál es mi bien o mi mal  
*dígame si puedo entrar*  
a su casa por usted;  
su firme amante seré,  
y a sus piés estoy postrado;  
quiero ponerme en estado,  
*y la cuenta está por usted.*

Cuando yo llegue mañana  
a pedirte, que más vale,  
cuando yo llame a tu padre  
vengo por su hija fulana;  
cuando tu padre te llame  
si me quieres con esmero  
tú dirás: — Sí, padre, bueno,  
como de su gusto sea,  
*pero le diré que lo quiero.*

Cuando vengamos del pueblo,  
que ya vengamos casados,  
mi caballo ha desbocado  
y sin guía bota el sombrero,  
y me le hinco a mi suegro  
aquí tiene usted esta luna  
para que con él presuma  
y con tu poco tener;  
todo esto tengo que hacer  
*si la fortuna me ayuda.*

69.

*Trescientos sesenta y seis  
son los días que tiene el año;  
multiplicado a mi ley  
me dan este resultado.*

Desde que existe el tornillo  
tú tienes la cerradura;  
siempre esperando el futuro  
y no le encuentro la orilla;  
toditos tus ventorrillos  
han sido ramos de flores;  
por tus malditos amores  
hoy capital no tenéis.  
*¿Cuántas clases hay de licores?*

*Trescientas sesenta y seis.*

Tuviste en el tamarindo  
donde te sopló la suerte,  
pero te viste a la muerte  
bebiendo ron de lo lindo;  
como poeta me rindo  
para darte este regaño;  
ni los muertos de antaño  
bebén tanto ron, Aurora;  
con una lámpara sola  
*son los días que tiene el año.*

Son tres patitos de ron;  
si te los dan a diario  
necesitas un notario,  
buena multiplicación;  
al día seis centavos son,  
trescientos sesenta y seis  
multiplicado por seis,  
después que está bien echado;

68. The confusion of the pronouns *usted* and *tú* which we see in this *décima* is not uncommon in many other Porto-Rican *décimas* and other compositions. The metre and rhyme frequently demand these changes absolutely, so that the copyists cannot be blamed for them.

ni a Cristo le sobra un clavo  
*multiplicado a mi ley.*

Cuando tenías tus dos ojos  
hablabas menos que ahora,  
y te decían — La cotorra;  
ahora te dicen: — El loro;  
si vivieras entre moros  
te habrían sacado los ojos;  
ni el ron el habla te mengua  
hasta tuerta te has quedado.  
Amigo, el ron de la tienda  
*me ha dado este resultado.*

70.

*No me mires si no quieres  
mujer ingrata e inconstante;  
no prosigas adelante,  
que desprecio tus palabras.*

No quiero más tu amistad,  
hoy desprecio tu querer,  
yo buscaré otra mujer  
para amarla en realidad;  
hoy te voy a retirar  
cumpliendo con un deber,  
porque hay distintas mujeres  
que puedo amar con fervor,  
y por despreciar tu amor  
*no me mires si no quieres.*

Cuando aquel tiempo pasado  
que en tus brazos me tenías  
siempre yo a ti te decía  
que eres tú lo más amado;  
hoy lo viejo está olvidado  
y debes ya retirarte,  
y aunque te pongas diamantes  
no te persigo a enamorar;  
mejor me prefiero ahorcar  
*mujer ingrata, inconstante.*

Contigo yo no me caso  
porque sé tus condiciones;  
aunque me ofrezcas millones  
no te acepto en este caso;  
prefiero echarme a un lago  
y morir en un instante;  
hoy vengo a desengañarte  
porque se llegó la hora,  
mujer infame y traidora  
*no prosigas adelante.*

No eres tú una princesa  
para darte tanto puesto;  
solamente un elemento  
que no tienes ni nobleza;  
hablando con toda franqueza  
contar conmigo no puedes  
si claro saberlo quieres;  
algo ya a mí me han contado,  
retírate de mi lado  
*que desprecio tus palabras.*

71.

*En esta vida prestada  
que es de la creencia la llave  
quien sabe salvarse, sabe,  
y el que no, no sabe nada.*

¿Qué se hicieron de Sansón  
las fuerzas que en sí mantuvo,  
o la belleza que tuvo  
aquej soberbio Absalón?  
¿La creencia de Salomón  
no es de todos alabada?  
¿Dónde está depositada?  
¿Qué se hizo? Ya no parece,  
luego nada permanece  
*en esta vida prestada.*

De Aristóteles la creencia  
del gran Platón el saber,  
¿qué es lo que han venido a ser?  
¿Una apariencia? Apariencia.  
Sólo Dios es eficacia,  
sólo Dios todo lo sabe;  
nadie en el mundo se alabe  
ignorante de su fin,  
que así lo dice Agustín,  
*que es de la creencia la llave.*

Todos los hombres quisieron  
ser firmes en el saber,  
que lo fueron, no hay que hacer  
según ellos se creyeron;  
quizás muchos se perdieron  
por no ir en segura nave,  
camino en seguro o grave,  
si en Dios no fundan su ciencia;  
pues me dice la experiencia:  
*quien sabe salvarse, sabe.*

El que piense poseer  
alguna cosa en la vida

que a otro no se lo diga,  
que no puede permanecer;  
sólo el que sepa obtener  
por una vida arreglada  
un asiento en la morada  
de la celestial mansión  
sabe más que Salomón,  
*y el que nō, no sabe nada.*

## 72.

*De varios padres es la causa  
que sus hijos se les pierdan,  
porque son ovejas mansas  
los ponen como una fiera.*

Hay padres muy rigurosos,  
hipócritas y temerarios,  
que no conocen el daño  
que se hacen con ser celosos;  
todo lo quieren al pronto  
y para nada tienen pausa,  
quieren adornar su casa  
con el honor de sus hijas,  
y si alguna se halla perdida  
*de vanos padres es la causa.*

La razón tienen los padres,  
no se les debe quitar,  
que a sus hijas deben tratar  
pero con cariño amable;  
porque la vida no es estable  
y tiene que tener mudanzas,  
porque el amor nunca alcanza  
a tener seguridad;  
y luego les será más mal  
*que sus hijas se le pierdan.*

Los padres deben de ver  
que cuando una joven ama,  
es la más grandiosa llama  
que en el mundo puede haber;  
deben de comprender  
y considerar en ella,  
será su sino o su estrella,  
no se le debe quitar,  
y a sus hijas deben celar  
*aunque sean ovejas mansas.*

Las mujeres son temerarias  
cuando les andan con cautela,  
y si les muestran firmeza  
no las sujetan murallas;

pierden el honor y su fama  
y a sus maridos se entregan  
por una pasión ligera  
que no se puede sufrir,  
y le quitan el vivir  
*y los ponen como una fiera.*

## 73.

*Hace tres días que no como  
cosa que tenga alimento;  
me voy a llevar el cuero  
para taparme del viento.*

Como a la una o las dos,  
fué que sucedió este caso.  
Sico Ampíon se hallaba en su casa  
y de pronto se presentó  
diciendo: — Aquí estoy yo  
que los puedo acompañar,  
conmigo no hay casualidad  
lo mismo en el agua que en lo seco,  
me estoy llevando un seto  
*hace tres días que no como.*

Solf como inteligente  
a Manuela se lo avisa,  
Andrés muerto de la risa  
seguido arrancó a correr;  
la manca allí se hallaba también  
en este grande suceso.  
— Yo quiero hacer varios pesos,  
decía este mangansón,  
— porque hace tres días que no como  
*cosa que tenga alimento.*

Chispita en seguida  
se dispuso a perseguirlos.  
— Porque esto trae buen resultao  
tengo cien almuerzos atrasaos.  
Si en esto no me equivoco  
Andrés llegó loco,  
creyendo que se había acabado  
y dijo: — Este deo está malo  
y si no me dan mi pedazo  
*me voy a llevar el cuero.*

Como a los cinco minutos  
Maño se presentó  
y decía: — Aquí estoy yo  
en busca de mi pedazo,  
yo lo echo entre un saco  
en que se me hunda el casco.

Manuela entonces le dijo:  
 — Yo estoy por el elemento;  
 me amarro de dos palos  
*paque no me lleve el viento.*

como a usted le de un ataque  
 o se le hinche la franela,  
 a ésa le darán candela  
*y a usted, la casa y el catre.*

## 74.

*Cual alegre triquitraque  
 se reventaba el pulgón;  
 la pulguita del bubón  
 y usted la casa y al catre.*

Cuando la peste y Cortón  
 andaban por la Crimea  
 no era la pulga tan fea  
 como nos la pintan hoy;  
 entonces por diversión  
 la niña en su merienda  
 la tentaba y en el catre  
 con la uña la apretaba,  
 y la pulga reventaba  
*cual alegre triquitraque.*

En medias de color fino  
 vivía la pulga escondida  
 desafiando, ¡qué atrevida!  
 todo el poder femenino;  
 en su estímulo camino  
 a nadie causó aflicción;  
 al revés, su picazón  
 motivo era de alegrarse  
 porque al tiempo de rascarse  
*se reventaba el pulgón.*

Hoy la pulga siendo Chema  
 a todos causa temores,  
 y hasta los sabios doctores  
 le soban con gas la pierna  
 aquella doncella terna  
 que en camisa de algodón  
 las tuvo siempre a montón;  
 hoy no se atreve a estrujarla  
 porque puede inocularla  
*la pulguita del bubón.*

Por la pulga hoy muere el perro,  
 muere el gato y el ratón,  
 pero en esta destrucción  
 no cuento la del tabaco;  
 las que suben por el taco  
 y al catre van o al petate,

## 75.

*Entró el pollito a picar  
 cara a cara, frente a frente;  
 le doy veinticinco a veinte  
 le volvemos a ganar.*

Alerta, republicanos,  
 venid a nuestro partido,  
 se acercan los enemigos  
 con el partido adversario;  
 iremos a derrotarlos  
 a toditos por igual;  
 veremos a Muñoz llorar  
 en su célebre derrota  
 y que conteste Barbasa:  
*Entre el pollito a picar.*

Se encuentra Muñoz Rivera  
 con su derrota trastornado,  
 y el águila le ha picado  
 encima de la mollera;  
 en toda la isla entera  
 no hay quien se nos pare en frente;  
 esto es lo más prudente,  
 que nos dicta el corazón  
 de derrotar a la unión  
*poniéndole el arma al frente.*

A nuestro partido adversario  
 se le oyen los clamores  
 porque en estas elecciones  
 serán todos derrotados;  
 venid, venid republicanos,  
 a luchar correctamente,  
 yo sé que aquí no se pierden  
 según estoy enterado;  
 muchachos, ¿a que ganamos?  
*Les doy veinticinco a veinte.*

Nuestro partido unionista  
 tendrá ya su desengaño;  
 me parece que este año  
 se le acaban las conquistas;  
 saber lo que significa  
 la lucha electoral

y no dejarse conquistar  
cuando se llegue el momento,  
me atrevo a apostar diez pesos  
*a que volvemos a ganar.*

76.

*Eres la mujer más pura  
que en el mundo puede haber;  
eres el lindo clavel  
y eres rosa de hermosura.*

En un jardín de recreo  
cogí la hermosa deidad  
junta con la resedá  
para darte en el paseo;  
se cumplieron mis deseos  
pudo cerrar mi locura,  
y tú serás mi dulzura  
donde yo pongo mi amor;  
eres regalada flor,  
*eres la mujer más pura.*

Eres la tulipa hermosa,  
eres la linda camelia,  
eres la flor de canela,  
tornadora mariposa;  
te busco de rosa en rosa  
hasta yo poderte ver,  
te hallo en la flor de laurel  
brillando como una estrella;  
eres la joven más bella  
*que en el mundo puede haber.*

Dime lindo mira-sol,  
por qué es que tanto deliro,  
si eres el hermoso lirio  
que se ve en el espesor;  
te comparo con el sol  
que sale al amanecer;  
en mí tu debes poner  
una esperanza completa;  
eres la hermosa violeta,  
*eres el lindo clavel.*

Nombrando todas las flores  
eres la más exquisita,  
eres flor de margarita  
que guarda bien sus olores;  
lo digo por tus honores  
en ver tu esbelta figura;  
yo te amo con ternura  
y me hallo ser feliz;

eres tú la flor de lis,  
*eres rosa de hermosura.*

77.

*Enamoré a una cocinera  
para en el barril pensar;  
me dejó sin almorcá,  
mira qué mujer más fiera.*

Yo muy bien no me fijaba  
y un día miré desde lejos  
que ella tenía otro cortejo  
y siempre me lo negaba;  
pero ella se figuraba  
que me engañaba de veras  
y la engañada era ella  
trayéndome el barrilito;  
para evitar mis chavitos  
*enamoré una cocinera.*

Temprano se levantaba,  
para la plaza cogía,  
luego yo, detrás seguía  
para ver lo que me daba;  
amarillitos buscaba  
y conmigo al tropezar  
la canasta hubo de alzar  
para que yo no los viera;  
enamoré una cocinera,  
*para en el barril pensar.*

El demonio de la mujer  
cuando me daba el café  
a mí me salía de fé  
que algo me quería hacer;  
pensaba en mi propio ser  
y dije: — Puede alcanzar  
que ella me quiera cazar  
lo mismo que a un palomito;  
pensando en el barrilito  
*me dejó sin almorcá.*

A las ocho de la noche  
llegaba con la comida;  
yo me sentaba en seguida  
para que batiera un ponche,  
le decía: — No te enconches,  
ven bátemelo acá afuera.  
Ella me decía: — Yo quisiera  
batirlo en el aposento.  
Llevaba malos intentos,  
*mira qué mujer mas fiera.*

78.

*Ayer me desembarqué  
en el muelle de la Habana,  
vendiendo la moda ufana  
que en Puerto Rico compré.*

Fuí teniente en Barcelona,  
en Valencia Regidor,  
y en Cádiz fuí matador  
y mendigante en Pamplona;  
orden tuve de corona  
pero misa no canté,  
los hábitos arrastré,  
senté plaza de soldado  
y oficial abanderado,  
*ayer me desembarqué.*

En Málaga fuí sargento,  
de guarda de aquella costa,  
después fuí maestro de costa,  
capitán de un regimiento;  
general fuí, como cuento  
me embarqué una mañana  
en una fragata ufana  
marché de navegación,  
y me hallo de comisión  
*en el muelle de la Habana.*

Fuí chalán en minoría  
y zángano en Almería,  
y en Tolón fuí zapatero  
y en Nápoles consejero;  
y mi suerte fué profana,  
de sacristán en Santa Ana  
y en Vera Cruz contratante,  
y hoy me hallo de comerciante  
*vendiendo la moda ufana.*

Fuí general en Matanzas,  
en Santo Domingo, fraile,  
intendente en Buenos Aires  
y en Londres maestro de danzas;

en Valladolid por chanza  
manto de cura tomé  
y de allí no sé por qué  
de Mandarín a la China,  
y me hallo vendiendo harina  
*que en Puerto Rico compré.*

79.

*Yo les voy a relatar  
de un caso que me ha pasado,  
en la plaza del mercazo  
en un viaje que fuí a dar.*

Yo le dije a mi mamá:  
— Cuando el gallo tuerto cante  
más vale que te levantes  
que tengo que madrugar;  
el barraco hay que colar  
que yo me lo arrimo pulla,  
que si la suerte me ayuda  
voy a hacerme un capitán.  
Válgame la yegua baya  
*yo les voy a relatar.*

Madrugué como demonio,  
cogí, me puse a ensillar,  
cuando oí a mi cámara  
que me dice: — Señor Antonio,  
hoy va el primo Celedonio,  
vamo a perdel la venta;  
él no se había dao cuenta  
que no se había persinao,  
y todavía tengo la muestra  
*de un caso que me pasó.*

Aguardamo la mañana  
ya que diba a amanecer,  
cuando soinó la campana  
dijo Peiro: — Son las tres,  
vaimono a beber café  
que ya toy esbetilao.

78. See *décima* No. 68 of the "Romancero Nuevomejicano."

79. In this *décima*, also, the copyist attempted to reproduce the popular speech of Porto Rico, and it has been printed from the manuscript copy without corrections. The distinctive and important characteristics of the Spanish dialect of Porto Rico can be studied in the work of Teófilo Marxuach, *El Lenguaje Castellano en Puerto Rico* (San Juan, 1903). A comprehensive and scientific study of the dialect of the island would be very welcome. Dr. Mason has collected much interesting and important material for such a study.

Cuando taba arrellanao  
se oyó un tiro que sonó,  
y fué un bousón que dentro  
*en la plaza del mercao.*

Me gritó: — Compaí Tiburcio,  
váyase a buscar su yegua.  
Y a mí me temblaba el pulso  
lo mismo que una culeira;  
me tiré a la jescalera  
y me trepé en el tranvía;  
un guardia civil que había  
me trató de atropellar  
oí tocar mi jaigonia  
*en un viaje que fut a dal.*

80.

*El jueves murió Ruperta  
al aclarecer el día,  
y un elemento decía  
que tenía la boca abierta.*

Voto un bill<sup>1</sup> Amalio Cruz,  
Eulogio probó la ley;  
de todos modos tienes tú  
que enterrarla capa-juey;  
soy en esta finca el rey  
sin valerme de ocasión  
por derecho y por razón,  
o te empleo esta maseta  
Lino le digo: — Señor.  
*El jueves murió Ruperta.*

Amalio empezó a reunir  
para el velorio de la yegua.  
Lorenzo dice: Qué tregua,  
no doy ni un maravedí;  
que le dé gollo el anfís,  
que bastante la montó.  
Domingo refunfuñó  
porque bien lo conocía,  
y su envoltura dejó  
*al aclarecer el día.*

Dice Pío con coraje  
con su cara de soquete:  
— Si yo agarro mi machete  
para hacer el no se pare,  
a ésa la entierra su madre;  
si me llego a molestar

cuatro metros puedo dar,  
aunque la finca no es mía;  
o la tiene que enterrar  
*un elemento decía.*

Déjense de chascarrillos  
que el gusto engendra el disgusto;  
se viste el campo de luto  
al cerrar este castillo;  
y Pío con un cigarrillo  
permanecía sordo y mudo  
con un cachemir oscuro  
que le cortó una Marieta.  
Dice Eulogio: — No hay apuro,  
*que tiene la boca abierta.*

81.

*El sol de mi tierra es  
foco muy iluminante,  
y con su luz centellante  
presta luz, calor y sed.*

La caña, café y cacao,  
algodón, coco y yautía  
llevan hoy la supremacía  
en su producto, el ganado;  
Puerto Rico se ha dignado  
acerca de minerales  
oro, plata y manantiales,  
vegetales de interés;  
quien viene a purificarle  
*el sol de mi tierra es.*

Aquí los frutos menores,  
sin mencionar las legumbres,  
sembramos muy de costumbre,  
frutos de varios sabores,  
donde los agricultores  
le dan condición constante  
con cosechas abundantes;  
yautía, patata y frijoles,  
quien nos da sus resplandores  
*foco muy iluminante.*

El plátano es una planta  
que aquí produce bastante;  
guineos, hongos y gigantes  
producen bastante plata;  
se da bien la calabaza,  
el quimbombo y habichuela,

<sup>1</sup> English bill (congressional law).

y preparamos las eras  
donde el tomate abundante,  
y con sus rayos alegra  
*y con su luz centellante.*

Se siembran muchos repollos,  
coleas, nabos y perejil;  
se da el rábano, es decir,  
y el tabaco se hila en rollos;  
al recibir el descollo  
de un astro que nos alegra,  
permanece en esta tierra  
un manantial de placer,  
desde el Oriente hacia fuera  
*nos da luz, calor y sed.*

## 82.

*Yo salí de Colobó*  
*a coger unos juelles a Vieque;*  
*si no llevo mi machete*  
*me dan más palos que a Dios.*

Cuando llegué al Puerto Real  
yo me encontré arrepentido,  
entre tantos enemigos  
no me atrevía a pestañear.  
Raimundo con un puñal,  
Tomás se me molestó,  
Patricio me examinó,  
hizo de cabo de marina;  
al verme entre tanta ruina  
*yo salí de Colobó.*

Salió Juan el de Barbina  
con sus barcos de la playa,  
con todo el pecho gritaba:  
— Soy comandante de marina.  
Ahora se te examina  
y pagarás tu delito.  
Y Don Peregrín de Vito  
me metió en un precipicio,  
por ir sin tener permiso  
*a cojer juelles a Vieque.*

Me ajotaron trece perros,  
me iban a descuartizar;  
y a mí me costó llamar  
a "Colorado" aduanero.  
Mano-Mundo el carcelero  
mandó por la comisión;  
vino negro el juez mayor  
y el detective Vicente  
me iban a dar en reunión  
*si no llevo mi machete.*

Yo le dije: — Caballero,  
estoy entre la justicia.  
Nieves se moría de risa  
cuando llegó el pasajero.  
— Si no te embarcas ligero  
juro que te ha de pesar;  
allí viene el cabo Tomás  
con "Cuenco" el ejecutor.  
Si me dejo manganear  
*me dan más palos que a Dios.*

## 83.

*Antero compró una yegua.*  
*¡Lo cara que le costó!*  
*Polo se la cogió a medias*  
*y se fué al caño y se le ahogó.*

Una yegua tuerta y flaca,  
coja, manca y de mal trote,  
luego con un pasmarote  
de la crin hasta las ancas;  
un aretin que le canta  
miserere en las costillas,  
con piojos y con vejiga,  
las orejas de una legua,  
para revender rodillas,  
*Antero compró una yegua.*

Polo le dijo: — No Antero,  
Démela a media a las crías.  
La llevo a la compañía  
y engorda como camello.  
Tengo que pegarle el sello  
no se vaya a esgaritar.  
Tú no me la vas a robar,  
confianza a su amo mató;  
no me canso de pensar  
*lo cara que le costó.*

Mire, si me la va a dar  
no lo consulte con nadie.  
Bendita reina, ¡ay mi madre!  
¡qué mucho voy a gozar!  
Mandaré a hacer un disfraz  
que me cueste un buen piquito,  
me compro un muñequito  
que ya tengo el tragalegua;  
para el día de Santiaguito  
*Polo se la pidió a medias.*

Dijo Toribio: — Usted vea,  
esa yo la garantizo,  
tiene un paso que es preciso  
y un taconear que marea;

aunque usted la vea así fea,  
ésta a luperón ajó;  
ya la avena me faltó  
y no la puedo tener.  
Polo dijo: — ¡Qué pastel!  
*Se fué al caño y se le ahogó.*

84.

*Tú sola no eres mujer  
porque te das tanto puesto.  
¡Ave María, qué elemento!  
si cres que te voy a querer.*

Me encuentro ser elegante  
y de buenas apariencias;  
tengo mucha inteligencia  
y a ti no puedo amarte;  
prefiero mejor que antes  
para mí no haya mujer;  
se acabó este padecer  
que mi corazón tenía,  
y digo con alegría,  
*tú sola no eres mujer.*

Así parezca una diosa  
más linda que un cromito  
no pico, porque no pico,  
aunque estés entre las rosas;  
porque yo he visto a otras  
según mi conocimiento,  
te digo en el pensamiento  
qué bueno es despreciar;  
y si te vine a enamorar  
*porque te das tanto puesto.*

Eres un capitalista,  
y tienes mucho dinero,  
pero eso yo no lo quiero  
aunque a los hombres conquistas;  
para mí no estás bonita,  
te lo digo en los momentos,  
yo te miro y te contemplo  
pero no te pongo amor,  
y dice mi corazón:  
*¡Ave María, qué elemento!*

Hablando de las mujeres,  
en fin, no te quiero a ti;  
tú no me quieres a mí  
que el mismo derecho tienes,  
porque tú no me convienes  
así parezcas un vergel,

porque suelo tener  
otra más estimada,  
y te encuentras engañada  
*si cres que te voy a querer.*

85.

*Plancha, plancha, planchadora,  
cajita de mi remedio;  
ven búscame peso y medio  
para yo pasearme ahora.*

Plánchame el pantaloncito  
y mi gabancito blanco,  
que voy a pasear al campo  
donde hay una gran reunión;  
tú no pierdas la ocasión  
no dejes pasar la hora  
si alguno viene y te azora  
y te dice que no es cierto;  
traeme dos pesos completos,  
*plancha, plancha, planchadora.*

Plánchame bien la camisa,  
aquella de diez posturas,  
que me visto de figura  
y deja correr la brisa;  
si alguna viene y te avisa  
dile que es necio y soberbio,  
y si se pone muy serio  
tú no le sigas mirando;  
sigue, mi vida, planchando,  
*cajita de mi remedio.*

Búscame la camiseta,  
aquella de veinte rolitos,  
que me visto muy bonito  
para pasear con Enriqueta;  
mis zapatos de chanabeta,  
únicos de mi remedio,  
me los compondrá Eleuterio  
y tú los vas a pagar,  
y para yo ir a pasear  
*ven, búscame peso y medio.*

Plánchame el pantaloncito  
que el domingo me quité,  
hoy me lo pongo otra vez  
porque son frescos y sencillos;  
son aquellos amarillos,  
búscalos en esta hora;  
el calcetín me devora  
los callos, piso muy fuerte;  
anda, ve tráeme el billete  
*para yo pasear ahora.*

86.

*Con el tiempo y un ganchito  
no pierdo las esperanzas  
de comprar un caballito;  
esto es de veras, no es chanza.*

Sembré una tala de café  
y tenía como tres cuadras;  
fueron tales mis enfados  
que volví y los arranqué;  
y le juro por mi fé  
mi suerte fué muy fatal;  
después sembré un yautial  
para hacerme de unos chavitos;  
espero hacer capital  
*con el tiempo y un ganchito.*

El dinero que tenía  
yo lo metí a una jugada,  
y mis mismos camaradas  
me alistarón en un día;  
me hallé con un policía,  
caballero de mi confianza,  
me examinó sin tardanza  
y me llevó a la alcaldía;  
yo estando preso decía:  
*— No pierdo las esperanzas.*

Cumplí mi primer campaña  
como Cristo en el Calvario,  
y me daban de diario,  
en plata corriente daban,  
doce centavos que en cafia;  
me los comía en un ratito  
y yo dije: — Jesucristo  
Dios y hombre verdadero,  
¿dónde encontraré el dinero  
*para comprar un caballito?*

Cuando cumplí mi condena  
le dije: — Hermano Narciso,  
quiero que me dé permiso,  
voy a sembrar berenjena;  
si yo la cosecho buena  
me aplicaré a la labranza,  
y usted verá que mudanza  
voy a hacer en mi conducta;  
si la cosecha me gusta  
*esto es de veras, no es chanza.*

87.

*Me quejo porque me duele,  
que si nō, no me quejara.*

*¿Cuál es aquél que se queja  
sin que no le duela nada?*

María sufre un desmayo  
a los piés de un Redentor  
y le dice con primor:  
— No hay mal que dure cien años;  
hijo mío, yo te acompañó  
a la tierra donde fueres.  
— Madre mía, usted no puede,  
porque voy para la cruz  
y le respondió Jesús:  
*— Me quejo porque me duele.*

A los piés de un ronco pito  
vide yo a mi Redentor;  
los judíos con primor  
sin darle ningún delito;  
San Juan deja por escrito  
que Marco le dió en la cara;  
a San José le agradaba  
decir María, con ternura;  
yo me quejo de las criaturas  
*sin que no les duela nada.*

Me puse a considerar  
lo que mi Dios padecía;  
dice su madre María:  
— El cuerpo me hace temblar.  
Aquel divino azahar  
que a su voluntad lo deja  
su madre se desmadeja  
y les dice a los pecadores  
María llena de dolores:  
*— ¿Cuál es aquél que se queja?*

Cuando yo andaba de noche  
entonces sí que gozaba  
porque se viste de luto  
la calle por donde andaba;  
la Magdalena lloraba  
y le decía a San Facundo:  
No hay quien se queje en el mundo  
*sin que no le duela nada.*

88.

*Soy un pescador de fama  
cuando cojo un cordón,  
lo mismo mato el jurel  
parguosa que la sama.*

La liza es peje<sup>1</sup> veloz  
que en las orillas del río  
desafía con poderío

<sup>1</sup> Spanish *per*.

al más noble pescador;  
el corvino roncador,  
la muníama y el barbudo  
los pescamos a menudo,  
y la liviana mojarra;  
tirándole al balajudo  
*soy un pescador de fama.*

Lo mismo pesco el chinchorro  
que pesco al parguito prieto;  
pesco el parguito careto  
echo a bordo lo que agarro;  
en un pestañar lo amarro  
para mandarlo a vender  
y como sé conocer  
el peje<sup>1</sup> donde se halla  
nunca dejo mi atarraya  
*cuando cojo mi cordel.*

Cojo el pulpo, el antoncobo,  
la raya, el chucio, la almeja,  
busco la mojarra vieja  
soy más astuto que el lobo;  
el ostión lo vendo todo;  
en la casa de los ricos  
se hacen platos exquisitos  
sabrosos para comer;  
según pesco al tontorito  
*lo mismo mato al jurel.*

Lo que es criolla y carey  
es un peje de valor;  
la tortuga es de un sabor  
y da comer como buey;  
es un peje que su ley  
después que le da la gana;  
sube a poner de mañana  
en las playas arenosas,  
lo mismo la mariposa  
*pargoguasa que la sama.*

## 89.

*Le debo a Félix Servín,  
cuatro reales americanos;  
en el negocio he perdido,  
no lo niego, ni le pago.*

Dos docenas de caretas  
con el dinero compré,  
y después que pasó la fiesta  
tres docenas encontré;

<sup>1</sup> Spanish pes.

yo me puse y las conté  
con un grande desatino;  
estos demonios han parido,  
porque yo los veo rindiendo;  
me consolaré diciendo:  
— *Le debo a Félix Servín.*

Félix aprovecha la ganga  
según le he calculado,  
porque llevara a Fajardo  
cuatro docenas de máscaras;  
se monta en su yegua parda,  
coge la otra de mano,  
el domingo va a Fajardo  
y las vende a medio peso,  
— ¿Sabes cuánto vale eso?  
— *Cuatro reales americanos.*

Félix se ha de aprovechar,  
ha de salir victorioso;  
con tantas caras de osos  
a él no le saldrá muy mal  
si las sabes detallar;  
puede él hacer su fortuna,  
que las presente una a una,  
y no se muestre ofendido;  
como no vendió ninguna  
*en el comercio ha perdido.*

Félix mata su picúa  
así que llegue a la plaza  
y destape una banasta  
de máscaras jocicúas;  
estas con cosas de Júas<sup>2</sup>  
que yo pierda mi trabajo;  
a veces digo: — Barajo,  
no se las voy a embrollar.  
*y si me viene a cobrar  
no le debo ni le pago.*

## 90.

*Quisiera que un fuerte rayo  
de allá do estén las estrellas,  
rompiendo nubes a la tierra  
llegase, pero me callo.*

Civilización y luz,  
bienandanza, ricos dones,  
los humanos corazones,  
de esto llevaba, no cruz  
y que la excelsa virtud

<sup>2</sup> Judas.

pasaba de límite el rádio,  
así huiría todo lo malo  
y sería todo vivir,  
que venga, lo aguardo aquí,  
*quisiera que un fuerte rayo.*<sup>1</sup>

Donde no existe la envidia  
está la paz, la abundancia,  
tiene el campo más fragancia  
y se vive nueva vida;  
sólo, sólo el homicida  
tantos que llenan la tierra  
hasta el fruto que ella encierra;  
quisieran acapararlo,  
se atreven a hablar, son malos,  
*de allá do están las estrellas.*

Sigan su necia proficia,  
sigan torcido el camino,  
que llegará un día divino  
que cesará su apostasía,  
y entonces, feliz el día  
que la redención encierra,  
que con verdad y sin miseria  
que venga un rayo de luz,  
que venga como Jesús  
*rompiendo nubes a la tierra.*

Cese la mala intención,  
la villanía y la envidia,  
el rencor y la perfidia;  
que viva solo el amor,  
se levante cual condor  
rey del espacio, ¡ay Dios mio!  
si tu excelso poderío  
me da luz y cual la nave  
que plega la vela al viento  
y que sin perder momento  
*llegase, pero me callo.*

## 91.

*Paloma, dame la mano,*  
*que a tus pies estoy rendido;*  
*te advierto que soy cupido*  
*y de mi amor te traigo un ramo.*

Eres la más linda dama  
que en el mundo puede haber,

mira si te quiero bien  
con quien mi amor te compara;  
yo no te digo más nada  
si sabes que yo te amo;  
del jardín americano  
eres la más linda flor;  
si quieres vencer mi amor  
*paloma, dame la mano.*

¡Qué feliz si yo me hallara  
estrechándote en mis brazos!  
diría yo en ese caso  
en vista de mi prenda amada.  
De mí no sería olvidada  
haberme correspondido  
sería su esposo y querido  
si usted lo quiere saber;  
cumpliendo con mi deber  
*a tus pies estoy rendido.*<sup>2</sup>

Quisiera estar a su lado,  
óigame, fragante flor,  
le diría en baja voz  
un sueño que yo he soñado,  
que me encontraba abarcado  
de parte a parte y unidos,  
que era usted lo más florido;  
así lo puedo decir  
para calmar el sufrir,  
*te advierto que soy cupido.*

Eres la más linda dama,  
eres flor entre las flores,  
eres mi encanto, mis primores;  
los tengo cifrados en ti  
yo no te digo más nada  
si ya sabes cuanto te amo;  
eres la más linda flor  
del jardín americano;  
si quieres premiar mi amor  
*de mi amor te traigo un ramo.*

## 91(a).

*Paloma dame tu mano,*  
*que a tus pies estoy rendido;*  
*te advierto que soy cupido*  
*y de mi amor te traigo un ramo.*

<sup>1</sup> There are some strophes in these *décimas* that are mere lists of words with metre and rhymes. No attempt has been made to correct them, in order to keep as far as possible the original popular forms.

<sup>2</sup> In this strophe we have again a curious confusion of the subject pronouns *usted* and *tu* in the same sentences. The *décima* as a whole is very poor.

¡Qué feliz si yo me hallara  
estrechándote en mis brazos!  
diría yo en este caso  
en vista mi prenda amada.  
De mí no sería olvidada  
haberme correspondido  
sería su esposo y querido,  
si usted lo quiere saber  
cumpliendo con mi deber  
*que a sus pies estoy rendido.*

Quisiera estar a tu lado,  
oírte, fragante flor;  
le diría en baja voz  
un sueño que yo he soñado  
que me encontraba abarcado,  
de parte a parte unidos,  
que era usted lo más florido;  
así lo puedo decir,  
y para calmar mi sufrir  
*te advierto que soy cupido.*

Oyeme, vidita mía,  
mis palabras con anhelo,  
me darás algún consuelo  
para tener alegría  
si eres tú la prenda mía;  
ven acá, flor de verano  
quiero que me des la mano  
para seguir la amistad;  
si eres mía en realidad  
*de mi amor te traigo un ramo.*

## 92.

*No temas niña a la guerra,  
ni a los pesares y al duelo,  
que lo que Dios ata en el cielo  
nadie lo desata en la tierra.*

Comprendo en que has llegado  
a sentir lo que yo siento,  
ese doble sentimiento  
de nuestras almas ligadas;  
ese fuego consagrado  
que todo pesar encierra,  
esa flecha con que aterra  
cupido, rey del amor;  
mas no temas el rigor,  
*no temas niña a la guerra.*

En semejante ocasión  
obedece con certeza  
los labios a la cabeza,  
los ojos al corazón;

guarda con resignación  
de mi amor el puro anhelo  
tranquiliza por consuelo  
de la ilusión dulce calma;  
no vengan a herir tu alma,  
*ni los pesares, ni el duelo.*

Tu pobre pecho turbado  
prefiere mi ángel querido  
a nuestro amor convertido  
un amor sacrificado;  
mas yo habiéndote jurado  
ser tu esposo con desvelo;  
¿por qué entonces tu recelo,  
tu pesar y tu sufrir?  
No hay quien pueda destruir  
*lo que Dios ata en el cielo.*

Como el ave que ya herida  
cruza cantando el espacio,  
entre nubes de topacio  
se remonta y es perdida,  
así contempla en la vida  
este misterio que encierra,  
esta ilusión que se aferra  
entre dos seres amantes,  
rayos de amor que triunfantes  
*nadie los desata en la tierra.*

## 93.

*Se fué mi dueño querido  
y solita me ha dejado,  
como palomita triste  
volando de rama en rama.*

Lloro mi triste inclemencia,  
lloro sin tener consuelo,  
porque me dejó aquel cielo  
al amparo de una ausencia;  
yo lloro mi residencia  
aunque desgraciada ha sido,  
sin tener culpa he perdido  
la prenda que más amaba;  
y cuando más contenta estaba  
*se fué mi dueño querido.*

Cuando yo en tu compañía  
gozaba tiernos halagos,  
yo me dormía en tus brazos,  
dos mil caricias me hacías;  
cielito del alma mía  
serafín, cielo estrellado,

*¡ah! ¡qué amor tan mal pagado,  
que mala correspondencia!  
Hoy me lo quita la ausencia  
y solita me ha dejado.*

*Si por divertir paseo  
y por divertir paseando  
me parece que lo veo  
y con él estoy hablando;  
si duermo, lo estoy soñando,  
pués la pena que me asiste,  
dime, estrella, ¿tú no viste  
por donde mi amor pasó?  
que se ha ido y me dejo  
como palomita triste.*

*Ojos no hubiera tenido  
para no haberte mirado,  
antes me hubiera cegado,  
antes que te conociera;  
dos mil tormentos tuviera  
por no andar suspirando,  
de noche y día llorando  
el joven mas enternecido,  
porque ausente de tu nido  
*de rama en rama volando.**

## 94.

*¿Por qué me miras así,  
por qué me tratas tan mal,  
si sabes que estoy cansado  
de rogar y suplicar?*

*Me sorprende tu desdén,  
tu indiferencia me mata,  
eres demasiado ingrata  
con el que te quiere bien;  
debías de comprender  
lo mucho que te amo a ti  
y hacerme un hombre feliz  
ya que me tienes rendido;  
y si no te he dado motivo  
*¿por qué me miras así?**

*Conmigo debías de ser  
indulgente y generosa,  
y cuando fueras mi esposa  
te sabría corresponder;  
y no hacerme padecer  
un desengaño fatal,  
porque tú no has de encontrar  
otro que te quiera así;  
no lo puedes tú ignorar,  
*¿por qué me tratas tan mal?**

*Esto me hace pensar  
que soy un desventurado;  
yo me siento acongojado  
y se aumenta mi penar,  
porque luchar es en balde,  
no me trates de cobarde,  
bello corazón amante;  
hermoso cielo estrellado,  
te quiero porque te quiero  
*y de esto no estoy cansado.**

*Vuelvo por última vez  
a persistir en la idea  
para que tú no veas  
qué hablo para perder,  
haciéndote comprender  
mis sufrimientos y penas;  
debías de considerar  
que por ti un hombre se muere  
viendo que el alma me duele  
*de rogar y suplicar.**

## 95.

*No me quisiera acordar  
de una joven que adoré,  
vecina de este lugar,  
la cual no diré quien es.*

*No es gruesa, no es delgadita,  
no es bajita, ni es muy alta,  
ni es trigueña, ni es muy blanca,  
no es fea pero es bonita;  
de cintura es delgadita  
y de un talle regular,  
tiene todo lo esencial,  
es bonita de facciones,  
pero en varias ocasiones  
*no me quisiera acordar.**

*Ella no es muy orgullosa  
ni le gusta presumir,  
y aunque tenga que lucir  
no quiere ser fantasiosa;  
es humilde y cariñosa  
y muy buena moza es,  
sabe amar y pretender  
cuando llega la ocasión,  
y no hallo quien me dé razón  
*de una joven que adoré.**

*Ella es cortita de pierna,  
tiene un talle muy bonito,*

tiene los brazos cortitos,  
no es blanca, ni es morena,  
su conversación es buena  
y agradable en el hablar;  
tiene un bonito mirar  
con cariño y con bondad,  
no está lejos; cerca está,  
*vecina de este lugar.*

Tiene bonita la boca,  
bonito su conversar,  
agradable en el mirar  
y en su genio es bondadosa;  
es amable y cariñosa  
y muy buena moza es,  
y para todo tener  
un mirar tan elocuente,  
y de este barrio residente,  
*la cual no diré quien es.*

## 96.

*Tengo una casa en la Habana  
perfumada por el viento,  
las paredes de cristal  
y de algodón el cimiento.*

Las soleras son de plata  
y las vigas de oro fino  
y las tallas son de pino  
y los clavos de metal;  
razón me tienes que dar  
porque conmigo no ganas;  
de cobre son las ventanas,  
comiéndame a sacar cuentas,  
para pensar, los poetas,  
*tengo una casa en la Habana.*

Los tirantes son de hierro,  
y los palos deben ser;  
también tengo que comprar  
un plomo que sea bueno;  
aprevénganse los hierros  
para hacer el aposento;  
lo comida pa'l maestro  
que va a fumentar la casa,  
y las soleras son de plata  
*perfumada por el viento.*

Pongo la sobresolera  
aunque sea de semilón;  
también tengo que comprar  
hoja lata que sea buena;

esta sí es buena madera,  
comiéndame a sacar cuentas,  
de barro pongo las puertas  
*y las paredes de cristal.*

Tengo que comprar buenas tejas  
de plomo que sea recio,  
para hacer un cielo raso  
se necesita un maestro;  
éste es el último resto  
quedará en confusión;  
tengo de hacer el fogón  
aunque sea de marfil,  
pa que pueda competir  
*con el cimiento de algodón.*

## 97.

*Regalada prenda mía,  
hoy nos aparta la ausencia,  
y quedarán a su gusto  
varias lenguas embusteras.*

Unas que llevan y traen,  
otras llevando y trayendo,  
poniendo mal corazón  
a aquél que lo tiene bueno.  
Un amor tan verdadero  
como el que yo te tenía,  
hoy, en este propio día  
a mí me están abrasando;  
me apartan de ti llorando,  
*regalada prenda mía.*

Si supieras el dolor  
que me da cuando me acuerdo  
que llevamos amistad  
los dos por un largo tiempo;  
hoy se verán los intentos  
que contra mí se presentan,  
porque a tu padre le cuentan  
cosas que yo no he pensado;  
pero que hablen con cuidado,  
*hoy nos aparta la ausencia.*

Nunca yo hubiera creído  
una cosa semejante  
pero son muchas las lenguas  
que hablan de mí a cada instante;  
siendo yo tu firme amante  
y el que te adoré lo justo  
hoy me hallo tan confuso  
a causa de tanto amar,

*y nos van a retirar  
y quedarán a su gusto.*

Nunca yo hubiera creído  
dejarme de tu amistad,  
pero si los cuentos siguen  
dejarla me costará;  
hoy que digo la verdad,  
como si el confesor fuera,  
mi vida por ti quisiera  
siendo tu gusto y el mío;  
pero se han entremetido  
*muchas lenguas embusteras.*

## 98.

*Esperar y no venir,  
querer y que no me quieran,  
acostarme y no dormir,  
¿cuál será la mayor pena?*

Más no quisiera esperar  
y me costará la vida;  
amada prenda querida,  
no me hagas más penar,  
que yo quisiera encontrar  
un corazón muy sutil  
para poderle decir:  
— Tú serás mi prenda amada,  
y creo que así cesará  
*esperar y no venir.*

Me acabarás de matar  
o me das algún consuelo,  
que pensando en ti me desvelo  
y me falta el respirar;  
mi dolor no tiene igual  
aunque me viera en cadenas;  
así cesará la pena  
de un corazón como el mío,  
y me das por contenido  
*querer y que no me quieran.*

La esperanza no se acaba  
para el que sabe querer;  
tú sola eres la mujer  
que con mi vida acaba,  
y si a tu lado me hallara  
para poderte decir,  
eres tú mi serafín  
si me das algún consuelo;  
se me quitará el desvelo  
*de acostarme y no dormir.*

Tú sola eres la mujer  
que mi corazón oprime,  
y creo que los serafines  
no me quitan tu querer;  
creo que me tengas que ver  
en la más terrible esfera;  
recordarás que tú eras  
dueña de mi corazón  
y hoy preguntas a tu amor:  
— *¿Cuál será la mayor pena?*

## 99.

*Boquita de medicina,  
labios de medicamento,  
¿me dirás cómo se olvida  
la ausencia de un largo tiempo?*

Cuanto vale una trigueña,  
cuanto vale un sí de amor,  
sabes que mi corazón  
está sufriendo por ella.  
Tú eres la prenda más bella,  
mi mente nunca te olvida,  
necesario es que te diga  
que no te puedo olvidar;  
no me hagas más penar  
*boquita de medicina.*

Tanto como yo he esperado,  
tanto como yo he sufrido,  
hoy me echas en olvido  
y me borras del pensamiento;  
a veces me fijo al viento  
a ver si veo volar una hojita  
para escribirte, vidita,  
lo mucho que yo te adoro,  
*labios de medicamento.*

Una noche fresca y clara  
a la orilla de la fuente  
tú me hablaste de repente,  
que por nadie me olvidabas.  
Si es verdad y no te acordabas  
llévalo en recuerdo, niña,  
que una palabra cumplida  
se estima de corazón;  
y si no me tienes amor,  
*me dirás cómo se olvida.*

En un tiempo eras mi amada,  
que en mis brazos te tenía,

dos mil caricias te hacía,  
cuando yo a tu lado estaba.  
Hoy te haces la olvidada,  
me borras del pensamiento,  
y siempre me hallo dispuesto  
para quererte y amarte;  
pues que no puedo olvidar  
*la ausencia de un largo tiempo.*

100.

*Tanto como yo te quiero,*  
*ángel mío consolador,*  
*dame un besito de amor,*  
*brillantísimo lucero.*

En fin, mujer tan ingrata,  
no me mires con despojo,  
porque la luz de tus ojos  
a mi corazón abrasa.  
Eres clavel en la mata  
en un jardín verdadero.  
Yo seré tu regadero  
y al mismo tiempo tu dueño;  
con tu mirar halagüeño  
*no sabes como te quiero.*

Ya me encuentro trastornado,  
lo debo decir así.  
Desde el día que te vi  
el corazón me has robado;  
quisiera estar a tu lado  
para expresarte mi amor;  
sería la única flor  
que en mi pecho me prendía.  
Si tú eres la vida mía,  
*ángel mío consolador.*

Bello pulido alelí,  
no me trates de olvidar;  
para acabar de penar  
duélete ahora de mí.  
Dame de tu boca el sí  
para calmar el dolor;  
viviríamos con fervor,  
alegres toda la vida.  
Bendita nena querida,  
*dame un besito de amor.*

Eres una mariposa,  
eres un jardín florido;  
eres tú la más querida  
y eres tú la más hermosa.

Eres la más linda rosa,  
eres la estrella de Venus.  
Eres para mí un cielo,  
solita, sol de los soles;  
y eres por mis arredores<sup>1</sup>  
*brillantísimo lucero.*

100 (a).

*Tanto como yo te quiero,*  
*ángel mío consolador,*  
*hazme una visita de amor,*  
*brillantísimo lucero.*

En fin, mujer tan ingrata,  
no me mires con enojo,  
porque la luz de tus ojos  
a mi corazón abrasa;  
eres clavel en la mata  
en un jardín verdadero.  
Yo seré tu jardinero  
y al mismo tiempo tu dueño;  
*tanto como yo te quiero.*

Ya me encuentro trastornado,  
lo debo decir así;  
pués desde que te vi  
el corazón me has robado.  
Quisiera estar a tu lado  
para expresarte mi amor;  
sería la única flor  
que en mi pecho me pondría.  
Si eres tú la vida mía,  
*ángel mío consolador.*

Bello pulido alelí,  
no me trates de olvidar;  
y para acabar de penar  
duélete ahora de mí.  
Dame de tu boca el sí  
para calmar mi dolor;  
alivia con más fervor  
al que alegre te da la vida;  
bendita nena querida,  
*dame un besito de amor.*

Eres tú una mariposa,  
eres tú un jardín florido;  
eres tú lo más querido,  
eres tú la más hermosa;

<sup>1</sup> Alrededores.

eres la más linda rosa,  
eres la estrella de Vénus,  
eres para mí un mi cielo,  
Lolita, sol de los soles;  
eres para mis amores  
*brillantísimo lucero.*

## 101.

*Ya yo no te quiero a ti,  
que yo tengo a quien querer.  
Yo tengo otra más bonita;  
vente si laquieres ver.*

Tengo la joven más bella  
que el sol puede calentar,  
y en oro se ha de pesar  
la que se iguale con ella.  
Es reluciente su estrella,  
mi amor la penetra así.  
Me despreciaste a mí  
porque otro te pretendía,  
y en ver tu cruel tiranía  
*ya yo no te quiero a ti.*

Metida entre las doncellas  
no tiene comparación,  
porque los rayos del sol  
no han igualado con ella.  
La luna ni las estrellas  
no la han podido vencer,  
porque es un lindo placer  
tener la luz en la casa.  
Y a ti te daré las gracias,  
*que yo tengo a quien querer.*

En un tiempo me querías  
y yo te quería a ti;  
me despreciaste a mí  
porque otro te pretendía.  
Todas las horas del día  
él te hacía la visita;  
te mostrabas esquisita  
en tu modo de querer.  
Goza tu mucho placer,  
*yo tengo otra más bonita.*

"Adiós mi pueblo querido,  
donde yo me recreaba,"  
un jilguerito cantaba  
muy triste y adolorido.  
Si tu la culpa has tenido  
que yo vaya a padecer,

tengo la joven más fiel  
que en el mundo haya nacido.  
Parece un jardín florido;  
*vente si laquieres ver.*

## 102.

*Estudiarás geografía  
en tus estudios mayores,  
y sabrás los sinsabores  
que nuestro mundo tenía.*

La tierra es cuerpo flotante,  
lo primero nuestro globo  
en donde se encierra todo,  
el más mínimo habitante.  
Seguiremos adelante  
hasta llegar a Oceanía,  
que me falta todavía  
algo que hablar de la tierra.  
Para que veas lo que encierra  
*estudiarás geografía.*

Nos dice la geografía  
que son cuatro continentes,  
y que en ellos se convierte  
y se les unen Las Antillas.  
Las gentes que los habitan  
de diferentes colores.  
Estudiarás los rubores  
entre animales y plantas.  
Estudiarás la gramática  
*en tus estudios mayores.*

Una luna imaginaria  
que en nuestra mente se explica,  
y la geografía dedica  
que hay tres cuartas partes de agua  
en nuestra tierra adorada.  
Hay varias plantas y flores  
en diferentes colores.  
Nuestro Dios lo supo hacer.  
Debes ponerte a aprender  
*y sabrás los sinsabores.*

En la inmensidad de agua  
se hallan varios océanos  
y mares mediterráneos  
que nuestras tierras soportan.  
En la astronomía se hallan  
muchos astros y planetas,  
que nos dicen los poetas,  
los que estudian cada día

en esas grandes naciones  
que nuestro mundo tenta.

103.

*Abajo el vil Barceló,  
grita Puerto Rico entero,  
Abajo los camareros  
y el que ese vil presentó.*

Aguila, remonta el vuelo  
con tu pico encorvado,  
agarra los delegados  
y tíralos contra el suelo,  
que piedad no tenga el cielo  
para el mar que pretendió  
contra un pueblo que sufrió  
y ha sufrido tantos años;  
no queremos más engaños.  
*¡Abajo el vil Barceló!*

No es solamente un partido  
el que pide redención,  
sino la comparación  
de nuestro pueblo sufrido;  
Puerto Rico todo unido  
junto con el extranjero  
que reclama verdadero  
querencia a nuestro lado.  
— ¡Abajo los delegados!  
*grita Puerto Rico entero.*

Tiene el señor Barceló  
pruebas de vil ciento seis,  
un cerebro como él;  
pués según me imagino yo  
un hombre que no presentó  
con ese vil tan severo;  
los infelices obreros  
de aquí tendrán que emigrar  
señores, a protestar:  
— *¡Abajo los camareros!*

En fin, esos camareros  
que fueron a formar leyes  
cogiendo en la playa juelles,  
no servían, malos juelleros;  
porque es triste y verdadero  
en ver lo que contestó  
el *speaker*<sup>1</sup> cuando vió  
al país todo enojado;  
es que el pobre está infastiado  
del que ese vil presentó.

104.

*Como de Birón la lengua,  
la libertad nuevo sol,  
queremos nuevas reformas  
¡oh glorioso pabellón!*

¡Salve, pabellón de estrellas!  
¡Gloria eterna a McKinley!  
Destino, suprema ley,  
tronchaste la flor más bella.  
¡Oh! Wilson, sigue tu huella.  
Te bendecirá la historia.  
Este país chico en forma,  
pero grande en el pensar  
desea la libertad  
*como de Birón la lengua.*

El universo te admira,  
país de la libertad;  
en una era de paz  
te levantas dando vida,  
sembrando la siempreviva:  
en sepulcral panteón,  
do la tiranía se hundió  
para siempre pueblo invicto,  
tomando de Jesucristo  
*la libertad nuevo sol.*

Arrancar nuevos resabios  
tras de siglos aprendidos

103-107. All these *décimas* are of recent composition and of a political character (see No. 35). The last four must have been composed immediately after the American occupation of Porto Rico in 1898. See also Nos. 29-36, the type of *décima* to which this belongs in the matter of mere form.

<sup>1</sup> The manuscript has the English word; but the metre demands *espica(r)*, which would be the regular phonetic development of the English word in popular Spanish. See my "Studies in New Mexican Spanish, Part III. The English Elements" (*Revue de Dialectologie Romane* [Hamburg, 1914], §49 [3]). In *décima* 104 the English names also probably have their corresponding popular developments in Porto Rico.

y nos verá confundidos  
en tu número de sabios.  
No pronuncie nuestro labio  
la insolente maldición  
al ofuscado español.  
Leguémosles a la historia.  
No olvidando su memoria  
*es nuestro anhelo mayor.*

Jamás de Washington pueblo,  
de Lincoln noble figura,  
do esta la sepultura  
de McKinley, un hombre nuevo,  
que siguió con fe de bueno  
de Monroe la buena intención.  
Es americano honor  
seguir doctrinas tan bellas  
el calor de tus estrellas  
*¡oh glorioso pabellón!*

## 105.

*Bajo tus verdes palmeras,*  
*cuantos suspiros lancé*  
*Borinquen, cuanto lloré*  
*por la libertad de mi tierra.*

Como en quimérico sueño  
libertad te concebía,  
y oculta voz me decía  
sigue, sigue en tus esfuerzos.  
Libre será el borinqueño  
me decía el ave parlera,  
y su hermosa cantinela  
*ací yo la comprendía,*  
y un consuelo recibía  
*bajo tus verdes palmeras.*

Hubo veces que creí  
la libertad imposible,  
y entonces martirio horrible  
se apoderaba de mí.  
¡Qué triste es vivir así  
con férrea cadena al pie,  
y ver cefiado el laurel  
en la frente del tirano!  
Pálida la de mi hermano  
*cuantos suspiros lancé.*

Calumniados y ofuscada  
España no comprendía  
que si algo noble aquí había  
eran los que cara a cara

sus defectos censuraban;  
sin pactos con interés  
de la luz y la luz brilló después  
por las armas de la unión.  
¿Y hoy? triunfa la razón;  
*Borinquen, cuanto lloré.*

Aquel que libre ha nacido  
no estorba la libertad  
¿Por qué habla de escatimar  
América lo ofrecido?  
Ese pueblo que fué ungido  
el más libre de la esfera  
¿ha de amortiguar la hoguera  
en que vivimos hermanos?  
Dadnos con pródiga mano  
*la libertad de mi tierra.*

## 106.

*En el lejano destierro*  
*mucho sufre el desterrado,*  
*lejos del hogar preciado*  
*por fuerte mano de hierro.*

Apurando amarga copa,  
amargo trago cruento,  
para la vida en momento  
el infeliz destinado.  
Este tiempo ya ha pasado  
no opriñe mano de hierro;  
concibe hermano cerebro  
que esta patria es tuya hoy,  
y que Betances murió  
*en el lejano destierro.*

Borinquen, tus hijos doctos  
todos fueron perseguidos.  
Blanco de ellos, el más querido,  
Ruiz, Belbes, el doctor Goico,  
Eugenio María de Hostos,  
Acosta el capacitado,  
Padilla el caribe amado;  
el gran Selis Aguilera  
Sufrió de misma manera.  
*Mucho sufre el desterrado.*

Hoy ya otro sol nos alumbría  
con poético destello.  
Veo mi cielo más bello  
y el despotismo en la tumba.  
Oigo la brisa que zumba;  
libres seremos al cabo.

Si sufrimos demasiado  
como parias cruel castigo,  
hoy no se sufre lo mismo,  
*lejos del hogar preciado.*

Vengan mis hermanos todos  
y olviden viejas querellas.  
Nuestra será nuestra tierra;  
sacúdase el viejo lodo.  
Las viejas mafias que a todos  
nos dejó la España, pero,  
nos dejó un gran español  
que Juncos se apellidó,  
y el coloniaje rompió  
*con fuerte mano de hierro.*

## 107.

*Ya tenemos libertad,*  
*ya tenemos libertad,*  
*ya tenemos libertad,*  
*ya tenemos libertad.*

Aquí tenían preparados  
unos hermosos palillos,  
que tenían dos tornillos  
que hacían forma de candado.  
Y quien los tenía guardados  
era ese infame Pisac;  
que hizo una sociedad  
mira si este hombre es malvado;  
pueblo, no tengas cuidado,  
*ya tenemos libertad.*

Los zapatos y palillos  
que traían para los hombres,  
para las mujeres corceles,  
para los niños biberones;  
no miren los manganzones  
que es una barbaridad;  
quiso la casualidad  
que llegó el americano  
y acabó con los tiranos;  
*ya tenemos libertad*

Pisac con su mala entraña  
aquí no puede volver;  
él se vistió de mujer  
para irse para España.  
Yo veo que en vuestra montaña  
entra mucha claridad  
y veo la tranquilidad  
de todo el hijo de aquí;  
y como es libre el país  
*ya tenemos libertad.*

Espada Blanca se llamaba  
la sociedad que tenían;  
todas las listas que hacían  
Pisac las tenía guardadas,  
en ver que se revocaban  
un convoy con realidad,  
que dice que viene ya;  
y entra por el horizonte  
y se fueron los del componte;  
*ya tenemos libertad.*

108. *El reo en capilla.*

*El lazo está preparado*  
*para entregarme a la muerte;*  
*me retiro para siempre,*  
*adiós, parientes y hermanos.*

Pobre Alberto Román,  
después de tanto apelar  
hoy lo van a ejecutar  
en la ciudad de San Juan;  
la vida le quitarán .  
porque ya está sentenciado;  
él está desconsolado  
en saber que va a morir  
en ese cadalzo vil;  
*el lazo está preparado.*

Adiós, mi esposa querida;  
cuídame bien a mamá;  
marchó a la eternidad  
y les doy la despedida;  
mi misión está cumplida  
porque fui culpablemente;  
hoy me retiro realmente  
de esta Antilla borincana;  
la horca está preparada  
*para entregarme a la muerte.*

Tuvo su aplicación  
según he llegado a saber  
por causa de una mujer;  
lo juzgan como el autor;  
a Washington apeló  
que no era él el delinquiente  
y se declaró inocente,  
pero ya no había piedad  
y de esta vida material  
*se retira para siempre.*

En la Habana estando él  
viviendo allí nada inquieto

pronto fué descubierto  
por su querida mujer.  
Su delito fué tan cruel  
que lo trajeron amarrado;  
con dos policías al lado  
lo vinieron a sentenciar,  
y ya se va a retirar,  
*adiós, parientes y hermanos.*

**109. Una mujer degollada.**

*Emilia Álvarez fué  
la mujer que falleció  
el veinticinco de octubre,  
que Pascacio la mató.*

Cuando en el suelo la vió  
que ya la había degollado  
al pueblo vino en seguida  
y al cuartel se ha presentado,  
y el teniente le ha preguntado:  
— Hombre, ¿qué le pasa a usted?  
— ¿Yo? que a una mujer maté,  
porque cuenta no me daba,  
y la que murió degollada

*Emilia Álvarez fué.*

En seguida fué la curia  
a ver ese crimen fiero;  
la echaron en una hamaca  
para traerla al cementerio  
y allí la autopsia le hicieron  
y el niño se le sacó;  
Iturino lo embalsamó  
y dice todo el que ve  
que esa criatura es  
*de la mujer que falleció.*

Pepe quedó trastornado  
cuando alcanzó a saber  
que su adorada mujer  
su amigo la había matado.  
Pascacio está encarcelado  
por causa de su ingratitud;  
ya ha perdido la virtud  
que tenía en su pueblo natal,  
y no quiere recordar  
*el veinticinco de octubre.*

Emilia, aquella mañana  
de su casa ¡ay! salió,  
y debajo de un mango  
la muerte la llamaba;

ella iba con su hermana  
pero su hermana huyó;  
cuando en el suelo la vió  
que la sangre derramaba  
decía: — ¡Murió mi hermana!  
*que Pascacio la mató.*

**110.**

*Daba pena y compasión  
cuando al cadalso subió;  
el verdugo lo abrazó  
en tan triste situación.*

Del pueblo él se despedía  
diciendo: — Bendito Dios,  
sin haber sido el autor  
de aquella muerte de Franchi,  
me van a quitar la vida.  
¡Adiós mi patria querida,  
hijos de mi corazón,  
no lloréis mi situación!  
Cuando estas palabras dijo,  
*daba pena y compasión.*

— ¡Oh Divina Providencia!  
ven dame resignación,  
dame la fuerza y valor  
para el cadalso subir,  
hasta cumplir mi sentencia.  
Daba pena y compasión  
cuando su celda se abrió;  
el verdugo lo abrazó  
diciendo a Almástica: — ¡Adiós!  
*cuando al cadalso subió.*

— Mis amigos me acusaron  
sin yo haber sido el autor  
de aquella muerte de Franchi;  
cómplice en aquel crimen fuí  
y a muerte me sentenciaron.  
Juan Almástica subió  
al verdugo perdonando;  
se sienta casi llorando  
en el cadalso afrentoso;  
*el verdugo lo abrazo.*

No pudo a su hija ver  
por ser grande su sentencia;  
para él no hubo clemencia  
pues no pudo su abogado  
esta causa defender.  
— Hija de mi corazón,

sufre con resignación  
si me llegan a matar;  
yo muero siendo inocente  
*en tan triste situación.*

## III.

*Con un horrible puñal  
pudo quitarse la vida;  
viendo la señora herida  
daban ganas de llorar.*

El se llamaba Isaías,  
según lo que yo he leído,  
él se hallaba decidido  
a cometer la avería;  
cuando en el suelo se veía  
herida toda de igual  
no se podía parar  
en el suelo que se hallaba,  
y la vida se quitaba  
*con un horrible puñal.*

El se encontraba en su casa  
un día por la mañana;  
la hora estaba fijada  
de cometer la desgracia.  
Él salió y dijo: — Ingrata,  
no quieres ser mi querida, —  
dándole las dos heridas  
en el cuerpo gravemente,  
y el pobrecito realmente  
*pudo quitarse la vida.*

Creo que es la perdición  
para el hombre la mujer,  
según esto para creer  
cuando llega la ocasión;  
por no ir a la prisión  
se arrebataba la vida.  
La pobre madre en seguida  
prontamente en los momentos  
decía: — ¡Qué sufrimiento!  
*viendo la señora herida.*

El se dió dos puñaladas,  
las dos en el corazón;  
eso causaba terror  
cuando la curia llegaba,  
y ambos a dos los llevaban  
en seguida al Hospital.  
El no se pudo salvar,  
según lo que yo he leído;

sobre el crimen ocurrido,  
*daban ganas de llorar.*

## 112.

*Como Dios es poderoso  
y sabe lo que se hace,  
no hay quien pueda librarse  
de la estrella con que nace.*

El Licenciado Herminio Díaz  
unido a Parra cayó  
por Alberto Román lucho;  
Alberto vió si salvarlo podía  
y Canales en compañía  
luchaba sin tener reparo;  
tres abogados ansiosos  
porque le salven la vida,  
y Ramón dijo en capilla:  
— *Como Dios es poderoso.*

Ramón cerca de la cruz  
en la capilla atrancado  
decía: — Dios le dé salud  
a Herminio Díaz, mi abogado,  
por lo mucho que ha luchado  
y por mí hubo de matarse,  
y siempre debe agradecerse  
aunque salvarme no pudo;  
si la ley manda al verdugo  
*El sabe lo que se hace.*

Herminio Díaz se marchó  
a donde el Gobernador,  
a ver si podía sacar  
de Ramón la salvación,  
y él dió la contestación:  
— Ya no hay nada que esperar  
y tendrán que ejecutar  
de doce a una de la noche.  
Y dijo Ramón entonces:  
— *No hay quien se pueda librar.*

En presencia del verdugo  
dijo Alberto: — Muero inocente, —  
y contestó su abogado:  
— Román, pórtate valiente.  
El lo miró sonriente  
y decía en amables frases:  
— Román, hubo de acabarse  
si mi desgracia prosigue.  
Dijo: — Ya no hay quien se libre  
*de la estrella con que nace.*

113.

*El Sacréon de Mahoma  
agua del río Cedrón,  
un puchero de sustancia  
al templo de Salomón.*

Dime cantador si suma  
si tiene pronunciación,  
¿cuántas fueron las columnas  
del templo de Salomón?  
Si sabes, me darás razón  
de la torre de Babilonia.  
Entraron en ceremonia  
los arquitectos de Armenia;  
todos cargan las insignias  
*del Sacréon de Mahoma.*

A la ciudad de la altura  
bajaban los arquitectos  
diciendo: — ¡Jesús mil veces!  
Hablando en letra menuda  
se hacían dos mil pinturas  
al templo de Salomón;  
le preguntan a Plutón  
si el mal soleo le daba;  
los arquitectos entraban  
*agua del río Cedrón.*

Forma de la tropa un globo  
y le tocan los timbales;  
caminan los doce pares  
en busca de un Dios Apolo;  
se meten entro de un globo  
a medir a gran distancia;  
los pajaritos se espantan,  
los que miden están al pie  
de la silla de Moisés,  
*un puchero de sustancia.*

Dime quien pintó esas puertas,  
dime quien las pintaría,  
que por su alredor tenía  
claraboyas mil seiscientas;  
dime de que se sujetan  
ese hermoso bregón  
que tenía por elevación  
doscientos pies de altitud;  
nómbrame la longitud  
*del templo de Salomón.*

114.

*Una bruja espiritista  
que estuvo en la Medianía,*

*yo no sé cómo sería  
que dejó mucha gente lista.*

Una larga relación  
voy a hacer de este suceso,  
que se llevó varios pesos  
el célebre Mangansón.  
Como acudía a montón  
gente boba y sin malicia,  
tengo una larga noticia,  
la que voy a publicar  
para poder denunciar  
*una vieja espiritista.*

Carlos y su esposa Manuela  
con destreza sin igual  
¿cómo les podrían sacar  
a tantos pobres las muelas?  
Susana se desespera,  
veinticuatro vida mía,  
los *dollars* que le daría;  
con tres que le dió Ramón  
a un conocido bribón  
*que estuvo en la Medianía.*

Como caía la gente,  
pero Carlos tenía espinas.  
Con cinco cayó Sabina.  
Abelardo, tres duretes.  
Dice Carlos el insolente  
quince le llevó a Fermina.  
Quince a Adolfa, que porfía,  
que Amelia pasó el río Nilo  
de mano con Petronilo;  
*yo no sé cómo sería.*

Susana, Ramón, Sabina,  
Abelardo el colorado,  
un tal Pedro se ha enlutado  
y dice: — Escúchame Adolfa,  
que eso de brujo es mentira.  
Domingo que le persiga  
y no le pierda la pista  
siempre metido en las leyes  
porque juez de los jueces  
*dejó mucha gente lista.*

115.

*Juan, Pedro, Saturnino,  
José, Eustaquio y Martín,  
Antonio, Lorenzo, Cerafín,  
Andrés, Luis y Marcelino.*

Tadeo, Judas, Trinidad,  
 Domingo, Claudio, Agapito,  
 Quirico, Estéban, Francisco,  
 Nicacio, Higinio, Soledad,  
 Ambrosio, Casto, Damián,  
 Tiburcio, León, Albino,  
 Augusto, Julián, Longino,  
 Ciriaco, Eulalio, Severo,  
 Santiago, Delfín, Anacleto,  
*Juan, Pedro y Saturnino.*

Climaco, Lucilo, Isabelo,  
 Mario, Fermín y Marcelo,  
 Rufo, Daniel, Valerio,  
 Enrique, Sandalio, Desiderio,  
 Amalio, Soilo, Quieterio,  
 Antonino, Eulogio, Joaquín,  
 Laureano, Javier, Felipe,  
 Victoriano, Dionisio, Ulises,  
*José, Eustaquio y Martín.*

Nicolás, Luis, Neftalí,  
 Justo, Tomás y Sabino,  
 Pascual, Pascacio, Benigno,  
 Teófilo, Ramón, David,  
 Emilio, Eduardo, Levi,  
 Heriberto, Pablo, Cristina,  
 Raimundo, Manuel, Quirino,  
 Natalio, José y Benjamín,  
 Euchides, Vicente, Severino,  
*Antonio, Lorenzo, Cerafín.*

Nicomedes, Melitón, Galo,  
 Guillermo, Gil, Maximiano,  
 Guadalupe, Pío, Maximiliano,  
 Ismael, Fulgencio, Abalo,  
 Deogracia, Emeterio, Carlos,  
 Wenceslao, Cornelio, Carlino,  
 Eurípides, Narciso, Elpidio,  
 Jesús, Lao, Sotero,  
 Bárbaro, Bruno, Anselmo,  
*Andrés, Luis y Marcelino.*

116.

*Nanqui toy ma mákinley  
 Te voy a presentar mi queja.*

*Yo foi siempre nano oveja  
 con epañol y su ley.*

Negro nalla en África vivía  
 Limbre como mariposa.  
 Chenía mi mayor no posho  
 piro con ello cumpira.  
 Nanlli lan día se curia  
 tran de tiguirí y lión,  
 limbre como el mismo sol.  
 Naturareza shu ley  
 Arante mi queja yo  
*Nanqui toy ma mákinley.*

Vine aquí nan Poto Rico  
 de una borega nanfondo;  
 me llevaron lo nemonios,  
 nontron se jicieron rico.  
 Fuete namba si era nampico,  
 negra sura entre la canaña;  
 ma mákinley chaba paña  
 Poto Rico no una oveja;  
 Bota nampaño la araña,  
*nante presento mi queja.*

Yo no conocía languera,  
 no conocía su furo,  
 piro no tuve timo.  
 Cuando si jundfan las tejas  
 dije: — Se chabó la vieja,  
 Y nan cañón hacia ¡pum!  
 Y yo contento decía: — ¡Jum!  
 chicharrone para vieja  
 que lo crabar como en cruz.  
*Yo foi siempre nano oveja.*

Cuando namoro tembró  
 y se me niaba Critoba,  
 dicía galliguito roba,  
 miti mano cumisión.  
 Tracasero duro ¡Bom!  
 Como Nantiga coría  
 y el general na me sía,  
 no icía: — Viva e rey.  
 Acaba sunsón basía,  
*con epañol y su ley.*

116. This *décima* attempts to reproduce the dialect of the Negro of Porto Rico, who speaks very poor Spanish. Many of the vocables are unknown to me, and it has not been possible to find any one who knows them. Those who are well acquainted with the dialects of the Negroes of Porto Rico will probably find some errors in our version, since the original manuscript version was not very well written.

117.

*La catástrofe de Dayton,  
según lo que explica el tiempo*

• • • • •

La inundación del Oeste,  
según lo que yo he leído,  
de dos mil que han fallecido  
hasta la hora presente;  
pero muy penosamente  
lamentan a los momentos,  
en telegramas lo advierto;  
se encuentran pidiendo auxilio,  
y esto lo hemos sabido  
*según lo que explica el tiempo.*

Las aguas han subido  
de quince a diez y siete pies,  
y este temporal fué  
en los Estados Unidos,  
Y niños han fallecido  
de un colegio cuatrocientos.  
¡Dios mío, qué sufrimiento  
de los padres de familia  
ver inundada su isla,  
*según lo que dice el tiempo!*

Seiscientos fueron salvados,  
los que iban en un tren;  
de Dayton le dijo bien  
la inundación ha arropado;  
únicamente han quedado  
escombros como un desierto,  
y de fango se halla un metro  
de altitud en la población;  
y esto causa admiración,  
*según lo que dice el tiempo.*

Protegidos del gobierno  
los auxilios recibieron;  
cien mil raciones les dieron  
y ropa para vestirlos;  
según tenemos entendido  
se facilitó al momento  
un buen servicio correcto  
para poderlos salvar,  
y así pudo terminar,  
*según lo que dice el tiempo.*

117. This décima narrates in an exaggerated manner the story of the Flood at Dayton, O.

118.

*Voy a dar una explicación  
por la historia de Carlos Magno,  
cuando Olivero peleó  
con Fierabrás el pagano.*

En el reino de Turquía  
donde vivían los paganos  
había hombres y hermanos.  
Fierabrás de Alejandría;  
creído en su valentía  
él siguió una ejecución  
y desafió una nación,  
donde vivían los cristianos;  
del reino de Carlos Magno  
*voy a dar una explicación.*

El se hallaba persuadido  
de su fuerza y valentía  
y así se hallaba creído  
que nadie le vencería;  
haló por una espada un día  
y le dijo a su criado:  
— Yo voy donde los cristianos  
para ver si quieren pelear.  
Pero luego tuvo que contar  
*de la historia de Carlos Magno.*

Fierabrás cogió una espada  
y a Carlos Magno le dijo:  
— Preséntate hombre tirano,  
que voy a reñir contigo.  
Pero entonces Don Jordán dijo:  
— Esto no puede ser, no;  
primero aquí muero yo  
con todos mis compañeros,  
porque así luego lo hicieron  
*cuando Olivero peleó.*

— No demuestres cobardía,  
vente con tus doce pares  
y así sabrás lo que vale  
una espada de Turquía.  
Y Olivero se reía  
le decía a Carlos Magno:  
— Pronto me verás armado,  
prepárame mis espadas  
que yo iré a la batalla  
*con Fierabrás el pagano.*

119.

*Yo vide matar un pollo  
para una mujer parida;  
con el hígado y la molleja  
pasó los cuarenta días.*

A los catorce días de nacido  
no lo había dejado la madre.  
Dió setecientos quintales de carne  
aquej pollito manilo.  
Créame lo que le digo,  
que ese día andaba solo.  
Hasta encima de las piedras  
se paraba y hacía hoyo.  
Para una mujer enferma  
*yo vide matar un pollo.*

Vinieron catorce carníceros  
para el día de matarlo  
y no pudieron pelarlo;  
entre catorce peones buenos,  
y siete meses estuvieron  
trabajando noche y día;  
veinte bocoyes de sal traían  
y no dió para salarlo;  
y después lo escocotaron  
*para una mujer parida.*

Mandaron a pesar la ponzoña  
para venderla a un hacendado  
y compró de tres partes una  
y se quedó medio arrancado;  
en la isla no se ha quedado  
gente que no ha comido de ella;  
todavía quedan las señas  
diez años podrán haber;  
sesos tuvo esa mujer  
*con el hígado y la molleja.*

Un hacendado se antojó  
de comprar una espuelita

y compró la más chiquita,  
le sirvió para una chimenea,  
porque la otra no la menea  
ni la gente de esta isla;  
pero la uña más chiquita  
siete quintales en cuba,  
y esa mujer con la enjundia  
*pasó los cuarenta días.*

120. *Décima-Adivinanza.*

*En la hostia soy la primera,  
con Dios en tercer lugar;  
en el cielo la postrera,  
pero no estoy en la mar.*

Estoy con Dios en su reino  
tengo todo este lugar;  
en misa no puedo estar,  
estoy en el Padre Eterno.  
En lo último del infierno  
estoy así, considera  
pues así ha sido mi esfera;  
hoy te quiero preguntar  
si sabes adivinar  
*en la hostia soy primera.*

Soy parte de la oración  
y no conozco a Jesús,  
tampoco a la Santa Cruz,  
pero estoy en la pasión;  
pues desde la encarnación  
con Cristo me han visto andar;  
si quieres adivinar  
búscame alla en tu memoria  
porque yo estoy en la gloria  
*con Dios en tercer lugar.*

Si con el padre no vivo  
no te cause admiración;  
soy de la consagración

119. This type of *décima* is well known in Spanish tradition. See "Romancero Nuevomejicano," No. 77.

120,121. *Décimas-adivinanzas* like these two must be common in Spanish tradition, although I do not find many of them in the current publications. No. 120 is a version very similar to that of the "Romancero Nuevomejicano," No. 54. Both are versions of an old original. In the publication above mentioned we find three New-Mexican riddle-*décimas*; but in the vast Porto-Rican collection we find only two, although the *décimas* and *adivinanzas* are very abundant.

In "Romancero Nuevomejicano," No. 54, note 2 is an error. The strophe in question is complete.

y del Hijo de Dios vivo.  
Siempre me verás consigo  
metido en una vidriera,  
de la lumbre siempre fuera,  
porque yo estoy en lo eterno;  
me verás en el infierno  
*en el cielo la postrera.*

En el Cáliz nunca existo  
aunque te parezca espanto.  
Soy del Espíritu Santo  
y siempre vivo con Cristo  
aunque de negro me visto,  
no es de ningún pesar.  
Si quieres adivinar  
el claro distinto mío,  
me veras en el navío,  
*pero no existo en el mar.*

La letra o.

### 121. *Décima-Adivinanza.*

*Por mano de cielo y tierra  
mi nombre es el de Juana,  
y te vengo a dar combate  
a ti que Rosa te llamas.*

En el río soy corriente,  
en el mar establecida,  
de todo el mundo querida,  
apreciada de la gente.  
Hasta el bruto se divierte  
que soy frescura a la tierra,  
porque a mí nadie me deja,  
porque soy necesitada,

y madre de la cristiandad  
*por medio de cielo y tierra.*

En la iglesia nunca falta  
para hacer niños cristianos  
para bendecir los santos  
y a todo género humano;  
a San Juan lo hice cristiano,  
que hasta el mismo Dios me alaba;  
porque yo apago las llamas  
de ese cielo blanco y puro,  
y soy madre de la frescura  
*y mi nombre se llama Juana.*

En mayo soy primavera  
hermosa y fortalecida,  
y vengo nombrando el día  
que todo el mundo me espera;  
en el cielo me hago vera  
luego caigo en todas partes,  
y yo vengo a preguntarte  
si eres mujer de temor;  
dime si tienes valor,  
*que te vengo a dar combate.*

Tengo mi casa en el mar  
y vivo en el elemento,  
y no me tiro a la tierra  
porque me estremece el viento;  
y me seco antes de tiempo  
y me hace ser verano;  
mi nombre es el de Juana  
desde el día del bautismo,  
y a contarte este prodigo  
*a ti que Rosa te llamas.*

Agua del bautismo?

---

In my "New-Mexican Spanish Folk-Lore, Riddles (JAFL 28 : 339-343) are given five *décimas-adivinanzas*, — the three of the "Romancero Nuevomejicano" published before, and two more (Nos. 164 and 165). The New-Mexican *décimas* of this type in my possession number, therefore, five. In the important riddle collections of Lehmann-Nitsche (*Adivinanzas Rioplatenses* [Buenos Aires, 1911]), Eliodoro Flores (*Adivinanzas corrientes en Chile* [Santiago, 1911]), Rodríguez Marín (*Cantos Populares Españoles* [Sevilla, 1882], Vol. 1), Fernán Caballero (*Cuentos, Oraciones y Adivinas* [Leipzig, 1878]), and the other riddle collections mentioned on p. 320 of my "New-Mexican Spanish Folk-Lore, IX" (JAFL 28 : 319-352), I do not find a single *décima-adivinanza* published. I presume, however, that folk-lorists classify them with the *décimas*, and not with the riddles. Some of the regular riddles of modern collections (for example, Porto-Rican Riddles, No. 1, *la letra a*; New-Mexico, 123, 124, etc.) may be fragmentary versions of *décimas-adivinanzas*. New Mexico, 124, is certainly a fragmentary version of 164.

B. OF THE TYPE CUARTETA OR REDONDILLA, PLUS THREE REGULAR  
DÉCIMA STROPHES.

Compare type A. Type B seems a regular type, but some may belong with class A, with one regular strophe missing.

In the observations already made with respect to type A we have stated that some *décimas* of type B and also of type C may belong with A, with one regular strophe missing, or, in the case of type C, with the introductory quatrain missing. The majority of these last two types, however, may be complete versions, since, as we have already shown, there are traditional models for all in the Spanish popular *décimas* of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. As for the Porto-Rican collection, we find little evidence that types B and C are incomplete versions, from the fact that no *décimas* of these types are versions of any of type A.

122.

*¡Oh! pájaro desgraciado  
que tan tiernamente cantas,  
si no te quieren querer,  
dime, ¿para qué te cansas?*

Mejor fuera que estuvieras  
en tu nido recogido  
y no andar entremetido  
en busca de la primavera,  
porque en llegando a la vera  
ahí sueles quedar burlado;  
será lo más acertado  
rescate en esta ocasión;  
suspende tu corazón,  
*pajarillo desgraciado.*

Peña me da, pajarito  
en verte tan desgraciado;  
deja solito esos prados,  
véte para otro ambiente;  
deja esos prados solito  
que es cosa que puede ser  
que encuentres una mujer  
que ponga su amor en ti,  
y no vuelvas más aquí  
*si no te quieren querer.*

Si dije que te quería  
era porque te callaras,

porque me tenías enfadada  
de tanta majadería;  
hasta yo lo causaría  
en darte alguna esperanza;  
no sigas esa matanza,  
deja los tiempos pasados,  
que si estás desengañado,  
*dime, ¿para qué te cansas?*

123.

*Anoche soñé que estaba  
gozando de tu cariño;  
desperté y era mentira  
y siempre sueño lo mismo.*

Cuando me acuesto a dormir  
contigo en el pensamiento  
tiene el sueño el atrevimiento  
que me llamó y me hizo sentir;  
como el sueño es tan sutil  
que le habla al hombre al oído,  
despierta si estás dormido  
que tu amante es quien te llama;  
y entonces soñé que estaba  
*gozando de tu cariño.*

Cuando el sueño me llamó  
con aquella voz traidora;  
“Aquí está la que te adora,  
despierta que ya llegó.”

---

122, 123, etc. It will be noticed that in the three strophes that follow the quatrain, the last verse is again a repetition of one of the quatrain, but not with the fixed regularity of type A, since one verse must necessarily not be repeated.

Y al oír aquella voz  
mi alma de placer suspira;  
soñé que era mi querida  
la que me llamaba a mí,  
y en el sueño yo la vi  
*desperté, y era mentira.*

So queéñ estaba contigo  
en un lugar sin amparo,  
y hallándome desamparado  
mi condena fué tu abrigo;  
yo no sé si tú conmigo  
tendrías esa alegría,  
me paso de noche y día  
tan solamente pensando,  
y en un sueño dormitando  
*yo soñé que me querías.*

## 124.

*Niña, recoge la flor  
que en un tiempo despreciaste,  
y si no la maltrataste  
cógela en prueba de amor.*

En esos pasados días  
que en sueños yo dormitaba  
era que siempre soñaba  
que tú no me olvidarías;  
soñé que tú me decías,  
al darme tu corazón,  
que siempre tendrías valor  
para cumplir lo ofrecido;  
si no te has arrepentido,  
*niña, recoge la flor.*

Registra bien en tu pecho,  
fíjate con gran cuidado,  
y si me has olvidado  
piensa bien lo que tú has hecho;  
yo mi corazón te ofrezco,  
nunca pretendí olvidarte;  
yo volveré a ser tu amante,  
recibirás mi palabra;  
que son las glorias pasadas  
*que en un tiempo despreciaste.*

No me hagas más sufrir,  
atiende lo que te digo,  
y lanza luego un suspiro  
si me vuelves a querer;  
y tu amor volverá a ser  
esa mi triste canción,  
y si yo tengo razón  
mi vida por Dios te pido;  
busca la flor que te digo  
*y cógela en prueba de amor.*

## 124 (a).

*Aunque tengas, bella flor,  
ya tu amor comprometido,  
borra el amor de tu amante  
y vente niña conmigo.*

En esos pasados días  
que mi sueño dormitaba  
era que siempre soñaba  
que tú no me olvidarías;  
soñé que tú me decías,  
al darme tu corazón,  
que siempre tendrías valor  
para cumplir lo ofrecido;  
y si no te has arrepentido  
*niña, recoge la flor.*

Sepulta bien en tu pecho,  
fíjate con gran cuidado,  
y si me has olvidado  
piensa bien lo que tú has hecho;  
yo mi corazón te ofrezco,  
nunca pretendí olvidarte;  
yo volveré a ser tu amante,  
recibirás mi palabra;  
que son las glorias pasadas  
*que en un tiempo despreciaste.*

No me hagas más sufrir,  
atiende lo que te digo,  
y lanza luego un suspiro  
si es que me vas a querer;  
y tu amor volverá a ser  
esa mi triste canción,

123. See 141. These two *décimas* are probably imperfect versions of a complete *décima* of type A.

124 (a). This is practically the same as 124, only the introductory quatrain is different; and since in 124(a) the strophes repeat the verses of the quatrain of 124, the quatrain of 124(a) may have been copied by mistake.

y si yo tengo razón  
busca la flor que te digo;  
cógela en prueba de amor,  
*guarda la flor que te digo.*

125.

*Adiós, madre de mi vida,*  
*tronco de toda mi rama;*  
*se va tu hijo querido*  
*nacido de tus entrañas.*

Hermano, por Dios le pido,  
que conserve a nuestra madre;  
queda en el lugar de padre  
dándole un gusto cumplido,  
mientras yo tan afligido  
me vea en tan triste cárcel.  
Adiós, hermano del alma,  
repite mi triste voz;  
madre encomiéndate a Dios,  
*tronco de toda mi rama.*

Siento salir de mi pueblo,  
pero el dejarle es forzoso.  
Se acaba mi reposo,  
a padecer desde luego;  
así soñaré, le ruego  
a todo al que haya ofendido;  
mil veces perdón le pido  
al verme en esta prisión.  
Madre de mi corazón,  
*se va tu hijo querido.*

Por último me despido  
de hermano primo y pariente,  
de amigo y demás gente  
y de un amante querido.  
Adiós, digo enternecido  
que voy para tierra extraña  
a padecer en campaña,  
más por eso nada me aflige;  
y madre no olvides a tu hijo  
*que nació de tus entrañas.*

126.

*Lloro mi triste clemencia,*  
*lloro triste y sin consuelo,*  
*como me dejó este cielo*  
*al pestanear de un ausencia.*

Si como, vivo y ando  
si por divertir paseo  
me parece que te veo  
y contigo estoy hablando.  
Si duermo te estoy soñando;  
es la pena que me asiste;  
sol, luna, estrella, ¿no viste  
por donde mi amor pasó?  
Y mira como me dejaste,  
*como gilgerito triste.*

Cuando yo en tu compañía  
gocé de tiernos recatos  
dos mil halagos me hacías  
y me recreaba en tus brazos.  
Mi vida del alma mía,  
serafín, cielo, estrella,  
¡oh! ¡qué amor tan mal pagado  
tan mala correspondencia,  
que me lo quitó la ausencia  
*y solita me ha dejado!*

¡Quién enojos no tuviera  
para no haberte mirado!  
Mi amor hubiera cegado  
antes de que te conociera,  
para no andar suspirando,  
de día y de noche llorando,  
por pájaros enterneados  
y ausente de mi nido.  
Menos tormentos tuviera  
*de ramo en ramo llorando.*

127.

*Me traen loco las muchachas*  
*y no las puedo olvidar;*  
*toditas han caído en gracia,*  
*me gustan más que un manjar.*

Pepita me tiene loco  
y Doloritas también;  
por otro lado Isabel,  
Josefita que reposa.  
Juanita, espérate un poco,  
tu cuerpo es todo una gracia.  
¡Jesus! que allá viene Engracia,  
mira qué sandunguerita.  
Todas las hallo bonitas,  
*me traen loco las muchachas.*

126. There is no verse repetition here, and again the quatrain may not be the one corresponding to the *décima* strophes.

Aunque Ricarda es celosa  
y chismosa Dorotea,  
todo mi amor se recrea  
en verlas tan primorosas.  
¿Qué diré de Inés y Rosa,  
de Paulita y Anastacia?  
Que son las frondas de casa.  
Las miro con atención  
y con mi grande pasión;  
*me traen loco las muchachas.*

Rosita qué linda está  
al lado de Maximina.  
Donde mis ojos se inclinan  
también veo a Trinidad;  
tan bonitas como están  
Francisca, Luisa y Pilar,  
y la hermosa Serafina  
*me gusta más que un manjar.*<sup>1</sup>

## 128.

*Los yanquis vienen por ai,*  
*agora, ¿qué nos jacemos?*  
*Como no los conocemos*  
*nos pueden atropeyai.*

Ejucha los tirolazos  
muchacho, bujca la cota,  
que pué vení una pelota  
y rompeite el pinaso.  
Anda y corre por i vaso  
que te encaigó la comai,  
yo me queo comprando ai may  
pa no volver más al pueblo;  
ejucha lo que andan diciendo  
*los yanquis que vienen ai.*

Pues ya del veigía se ven  
cuatro baicos aproximaos;  
si no son de bacalao  
de gente tien que sei  
yo no encuentro que jacei;  
más vale que nos vayemos  
poique si nosotros vemos  
esa gente aquí en ai pueblo  
y nos pinchan en ai medio,  
*agora, ¿qué nos jacemos?*

Tú no ves los aimacenes  
que toitos ejtan cerraos;  
cuando ellos tienen cuidao

es porque los yanquis vienen.  
¿No vej que los guardias tienen  
ejcopeta pa pelia?  
Aunque no les puen ganai  
con algo tienen defensa;  
como ellos no tien cuenta  
*nos pueden atropeyai.*<sup>2</sup>

## 129.

*Una muñeca vestí*  
*porque desnuda la hallé;*  
*me quiso dar compañero*  
*y pronto me retiré.*

Tanto me llegó a gustar  
el diablo de mufiequita  
que le hice la visita  
a su casa sin pensar;  
ni la llegué a saludar,  
ni los buenos días le di;  
— Señorita vengo aquí  
a tomarla por esposa.  
Y sin pensar otra cosa  
*una muñeca vestí.*

Me decía: — Amigo mío,  
usted es un hombre soltero,  
así pido caballero  
usted de mí se haga cargo.  
Me quedé como letardo,  
pero volví y reparé  
que lo que veo en usté  
se me muestra vanidosa,  
y tuve que darle ropa  
*porque desnuda la hallé.*

Fué tan grande la amistad  
que llegamos a tener  
que como marido y mujer  
nos manejamos ya;  
llegó la tranquilidad  
en casa de un caballero;  
yo la miro con anhelo;  
el movimiento que me hacia;  
quiso darme compañero  
*antes de los quince días.*

## 130.

*Año de mil ochocientos,*  
*en el de cincuenta y ocho,*  
*a veinticuatro de noviembre*  
*nos vino el susto a nosotros.*

<sup>1</sup> Incomplete.

<sup>2</sup> See No. 79.

Cuando salimos del pueblo  
todos quedamos asombrados,  
unos saltan por pardos,  
otros saltan por chiquitos;  
más palidad no se ha visto  
en este triste desierto;  
esta verdad yo lauento,  
no tengo porque esconderme;  
que a veinticuatro de noviembre  
*nos vinos el susto a nosotros.*

Yo viendo la cosa mala  
le metí mano a mi moño,  
y le di de arriba para abajo  
que me parecía un demonio.  
Me valí de San Antonio  
para ver si me escapaba,  
y cuando menos pensaba  
*nos vino el susto a nosotros.*<sup>1</sup>

Síña Paula viendo esto  
prontamente metió mano  
y le presentó a maneco  
que parecía un gusano.  
— ¡Oh! — dijo un escarabajo,  
de esos que molacheas tienen.  
El coronel dijo breve: —  
— Váyase pronto a su casa  
porque habrá una desgracia  
*a veinticuatro de noviembre.*

## 131.

*Abajo pena de muerte,*  
*abajo pena de muerte,*  
*abajo pena de muerte,*  
*abajo pena de muerte.*

Como Dios es poderoso  
siempre salva al inocente.  
Dieron inmediatamente  
para Alberto absolución,  
y se vió en la confirmación  
claro y eminentemente,  
aunque declaró realmente  
que él no era el criminal;  
por eso vamos a echar  
*abajo la pena de muerte.*

Todito el buen borinqueño  
que a la patria sepa amar

nunca debe de aceptar  
un vil indisciplinado;  
eso no es ser borincano,  
ni patriota consecuente  
querer desastrozamente  
leyes en contra del pobre.  
Y gritemos con ardores:  
*— Abajo la pena de muerte.*

Todo el buen borincano  
que a su isla sepa amar  
debe de oponerse a echar  
a esa ley por el suelo;  
esa ley no la queremos,  
una ley tan indecente;  
matan a un hombre inocente,  
ya nos matan como perros;  
y esto lo discute un ciego  
*abajo la pena de muerte.*

## 132.

*Por causa de las maniguas*  
*se pierden los jornaleros;*  
*así que pierda la vida,*  
*entonces dejaré el juego.*

Le dije al Corregidor  
cuando me mandó buscar  
que ni mi padre había podido,  
el juego hacerme dejar.  
Yo no dejo de jugar  
aunque pierda la vida,  
y si la justicia no mira,  
que el juego no lo puedo dejar  
a mí me tendrán que ahorcar  
*por causa de las maniguas.*

Hombres de sabiduría  
y de toda la grandeza,  
los veo por las malezas  
con la baraja escondida.  
Esa es toda mi alegría  
cuando me encuentro en el juego;  
cuando no tengo dinero  
me voy por el mundo a robar,  
por eso la autoridad,  
*persigue los jornaleros.*

Si al tribunal me llevaran  
delante del juez mayor,

131. See Nos. 29-36.

<sup>1</sup> Incomplete.

allí, sin ningún temor  
la baraja le cruzaba;  
y cuatro *tayas* le hechaba  
a cualquiera en la oficina,  
y si la justicia determina  
que me lleven al cañuelo,  
allá juego mi dinero  
*aunque yo pierda la vida.*

## 133.

*Este consejo, si quieres,*  
*bella india es para ti;*  
*si quieres pasar el río,*  
*indiana, vámónos de aquí.*

Mi padre me dijo a mí  
que fuera un hombre prudente  
y que con toda la gente  
tuviera tranquilidad;  
que no tuviera amistad  
con el que va y el que viene.  
— El mejor amigo que tienes  
te hace la peor traición,  
y guárdalo en tu corazón  
*este consejo, si quieres.*

Ya yo estoy entre los míos,  
donde trabajo y medro,  
tengo canoa de cedro  
para pasar ese río;  
también tengo mi bohío  
de yagua y de tibití;  
dos hamacas tengo allí  
para todo mi recreo,  
y todo cuanto poseo  
*bella india, es para ti.*

El guabá, como es valiente  
y le dice al gongolí:  
— Hombre, vámónos de aquí  
hasta que encontremos gente.  
La avispa se le va al frente  
que da picadas muy fieras;  
el grillo con su carrera  
presto se llegó a enojar,  
y lo llevan a curar  
*a casa de la culebra.*<sup>1</sup>

135, 135(a). See "Romancero Nuevomejicano" (No. 77).

<sup>1</sup> This last strophe does not seem to belong with this *décima* at all.

<sup>2</sup> The metre demands the popular form *culeco*, a form which is found in No. 135(a).

## 134.

*Tengo una pava sin plumas*  
*que pone todos los días;*  
*me la salen a comprar*  
*siendo la mantención mía.*

Don Pedro me la compraba  
y me la pagaba bien,  
yo le dije con desdén:  
— Ya yo no vendo mi pava.  
Doscientas vueltas me daba  
a ver si la conseguía,  
tres onzas me prometía,  
lo cual no valía su luna  
y delante de tres testigos  
*tengo una pava sin plumas.*

Pasando al pueblo de Añasco  
el alcalde me llamó:  
— Amigo, ¿dónde encontró  
esa calidad de pavo?  
No tiene señas de rabo,  
a manera de brujería;  
yo pensé que la vendía  
y por eso lo llamé.  
Entonces le contesté:  
— *Siendo la mantención mía.* . . .

Juana vendió su gallina  
por comprar este animal;  
dice que no le va mal  
en ver todas sus faenas;  
en poner huevos, inclina,  
que es lo más que ella apetece,  
y dice que no merece  
que la dejen sin comer;  
y a su padre le decía:  
— *¡Como yo la he de vender!*

## 135.

*La colorra y el colorro*  
*están en un palo hueco,*  
*y la colorra decía:*  
— *Cotorro, tú estás clueco.*<sup>2</sup>

Salen el pavo y la gallina  
para hacer un traje fino,

para servir de padrinos  
a estos novios consagrados;  
a la novia le han comprado  
un vestido y una gorra  
y se presenta la zorra  
que los quiere acompañar,  
porque se van a casar  
*el cotorro y la cotorra.*

Sale el alcatraz mojado  
con el pico de una vara,  
y se presenta en la sala  
creyendo ser el nombrado.  
El múcaro lo ha llamado  
y lo ha atado al secreto,  
y le dió la espalda a un seto  
antes que venga el judío,  
porque los novios se han ido  
*y están en un palo hueco.*

Sale el pato a la carrera  
queriendo ser bastonero,  
y se le cayó el sombrero  
al subir por la escalera.  
Una paloma ligera  
vino a ver este embeleso,  
a ver cual era el sujeto

el presidente del baile,  
y se han ido los compadres  
*y están en un palo hueco.*

## 135(a)

Llegó la guinea culeca  
cantando buba (*sic*) borracha;  
y salió una cucaracha  
estrenando una peineta.  
Salió un burro echando cuartetas  
y décimas de alegría,  
y salió una culebrilla  
en la orilla de un caño;  
*y por ver el desengaño,*  
*el cotorro les decía.*

Llegó el alcatraz mojado  
como el pico de una vara.  
Se presentó en la sala  
diciendo que era nombrado.  
El múcaro lo ha mirado  
y le guarda su secreto.  
Puso la espalda al seto  
cuando el judío pasaba;  
*y si los músicos se han ido*  
*búscales en el palo hueco.*

## C. OF THE TYPE CONSISTING OF FOUR REGULAR DÉCIMA STROPHES.

Some of these belong with type A, with the traditional and conventional *cuarteta* or *redondilla* missing.

Since the following *décimas* are not different from those of type A with the exception of the missing quatrain, no further commentary is required. It is only necessary to state that some of them certainly belong with class A, the quatrain which introduces the *décimas* being lost through error or forgetfulness. By observing the last verse of each of the four *décima* strophes it is possible in some cases to give the lost quatrain; the sense, metre, and rhyme make the popular quatrain complete. In Nos. 136, 139, 140, 150, 151, 152, the introductory quatrains lost should be, —

Quién fuera rico coral,  
perla de tu gargantilla,  
y el lazo de tu cintura,  
de tus zapatos la hebilla.

De esta claridad despierta  
es la noche su enemiga;  
cuando menos a la puerta  
trampas a perder la obligan.

Por otro me olvidaste,  
mujer falsa y sin sentido;  
sin querer me va a costar  
de mi memoria olvidarte.

Diga usted, señor platero,  
el oro que es menester  
para estampar un besito  
de boca de una mujer.

Nadie diga, — Yo no bebo  
agua sucia de un barril.  
Ninguno escupa pa arriba  
sin saber el porvenir.<sup>1</sup>

Dígame que determina  
tocante a lo que le hablé;  
porque es mucha la tardanza  
y la causa es por usted.

*Décimas Nos. 138, 145, 148, belong with type A, of the class of Nos. 129-136, where the verses of the introductory quatrain are identical.*

136.

Quién fuera peine en tu pelo,  
y alfiler de tu pechera,  
y lazo de tu cintura  
y hebilla de tu chinela;  
pués de tus brazos pulsera  
para en tu rostro alumbrar,  
contigo quisiera estar  
todo en tu cuerpo fijado;  
y para ser más apreciado  
*quién fuera rico coral.*

Quién fuera rico diamante  
y que en tu pecho alumbrara,  
quién fuera polvo en tu cara  
y tu pulido semblante,  
hecho de color constante  
a las finas maravillas;  
quién fuera peine o peinilla  
para rizar tu cabello  
y darte vuelta en el cuello;  
*perla de tu gargantilla.*

Quién fuera ramo de flores  
para adornar tu verjel;  
quién fuera rico clavel  
de diferentes colores;  
de tu chaqueta, botones  
hechos de varias pinturas;  
quién fuera tu vestidura  
y el traje más apreciado,  
de blanco, azul y encarnado  
*y el lazo de tu cintura.*

Quién fuera pantalla de oro  
colgada de tus orejas,  
para que todos me vieran  
como el más fino tesoro;  
por ti me expusiera a todo  
hasta dar fin a mi vida.  
Quién fuera media tejida

y se hallase entre tus piés,  
y del más fino dublé  
*de tus zapatos la hebilla.*

137.

No me quisiera acordar  
de una novia que yo tenía.  
Yo a mamá le pregunté  
y al suelo bajé mi rostro.  
— Hijo, no te vuelvas loco  
por mujer de mala fé;  
voy a darle a comprender  
a un hombre sin corazón;  
*que ella sola no es mujer.*

Voy a ponerme a cantar  
con alegría y contento  
para borrarla del pensamiento.  
Ganas me dan de llorar;  
yo quisiera averiguar  
si ella se quiere ir con él  
para que le sirva fiel  
lo mismo que le fuí yo;  
y si acaso él se la llevó  
*ella sola no es mujer.*

Yo la quería como esposa  
y la amaba con buena fé,  
pero la traición que fué  
que me salió escrupulosa;  
que viva bien y graciosa  
con mucho gusto y placer;  
se recordará de aquél  
que por ella perdía la vida  
y a ella le dije: — Cecilia,  
*tú sola no eres mujer.*

Adiós pueblo de mi vida  
donde yo me recreaba,

<sup>1</sup> One of the *coplas sentenciosas o proverbiales*, a common type of introductory quatrain, already discussed.

un jilguero que cantaba  
muy triste y adolorido.  
Si tú la culpa has tenido  
que yo vaya a padecer  
tengo la joven más fiel  
que en el mundo habrá nacido;  
parece un jardín florido  
vente si la quieres ver.<sup>1</sup>

## 138.

Hoy me hallo en un padecer,  
prenda de mi corazón;  
lo que sufro en la prisión  
es duro de comprender;  
pero te advierto, mujer,  
que mi corazón te amará;  
cuando me acuesto en mi cama,  
cielo, no puedo dormir,  
me consuelo con decir:  
— *Lo que no es hoy, es mañana.*

Hoy le dije: — Cielo amado,  
que sin ti no puedo estar;  
todo se me va en pensar  
los tormentos que me pasan;  
quiero estar a tu lado  
querida, adorada del alma.  
Te dije, prenda adorada,  
que sin ti no puedo estar,  
porque en esta cárcel real  
*lo que no es hoy, es mañana.*

Hoy que me hallo de un modo  
no sé qué será de mí;  
en acordarme de tí  
de tristeza lágrimas vierto;  
hoy los ojos de mi cara  
lloran tu cruel tiranía;  
me levanté de mañana  
y no puedo estar tranquilo,  
pero te digo bien mí:  
— *Lo que no es hoy, es mañana.*

Hoy paso dos mil penas  
en ver que estoy prisionero,  
y como tanto te quiero  
vierto sangre de mis venas;  
si este tiempo no se llega  
que yo cumpla esta campaña

tengo un dolor en el alma,  
si este tiempo no se me acerca,  
y digo lleno de tristeza:  
— *Lo que no es hoy, es mañana.*

## 139.

— ¡Ay, niña! si usté me da  
palabra de irse conmigo  
en vuelta de un mes le digo  
que me caso con usted.  
— No señor, no puede ser,  
que a salir no estoy dispuesta  
no quiero que se divierta  
el mundo en murmurar,  
*y no me quiero apartar  
de esta claridad despierta.*

— Le deposito mi alma  
y le hablo con realidad,  
niña, no me ha de faltar  
alojo para los dos.

— No señor, porque mi honor  
no permite su salida  
aceptarle esa partida,  
señor, que consideré  
que el honor de una doncella  
*es la noche su enemiga.*

— Niña, déme el gusto usted,  
se lo pido de favor,  
que soy un hombre de honor  
y nunca la olvidaré.

— No señor, no puede ser  
que hago esas conveniencias,  
la trampa está bien puesta;  
quien quita que la virara;  
puede pegármela a la entrada  
*cuando menos a la puerta.*

— A su casa voy a ir  
con intención de buscar.

— Señor, le voy a decir  
con esa intención vaya.  
No permito sus palabras  
ni conversación altaiva;  
no quiero que se dirija  
y que me haga proposiciones,  
que las palabras de los hombres  
*trampas a perder la obligan.*

<sup>1</sup> This strophe does not seem to belong here. The last strophe of this *décima* probably ended with the same verse which completes the first, second, and third strophes, as in Nos. 138, 145, etc.

140.

Falsa cuando niña fuiste,  
 falsa cuando te criaban,  
 falsas fueron las palabras  
 primeras que pronunciaste;  
 falsa es la ropa que vistes,  
 falso es tu amor inconstante,  
 falso tienes el semblante  
 por esa mala opinión,  
 falso fué tu corazón  
 y por otro me olvidaste.

Falso fué tu juramento,  
 falsa eres en el momento,  
 falso tu corto talento;  
 falsa fué la que te dió a luz,  
 falsa serás siempre tú,  
 falso tu nombre ha sido,  
 falso tu amor conmovido  
 para amar tratarme a mí;  
 pues me despido de ti,  
*mujer falsa y sin sentido.*

Falsa es la tierra que pisas,  
 falso tienes el andar,  
 falso tienes el mirar,  
 falsa tienes tu conciencia;  
 pues yo me he puesto a pensar  
 que eres más falsa que el mar,  
 que se sale de su centro;  
 y al rodear tu falso cuerpo  
*sin querer me va a costar.*

Falsos fueron los anillos  
 primeros que te pusiste,  
 falsos porque tú quisiste,  
 falso tu nombre ha sido;  
 falsos tus cinco sentidos,  
 falso tu amor inconstante,  
 que perdía un firme amor  
 y por eso me cuesta hoy  
*de mi memoria olvidarte.*<sup>1</sup>

141.

En el sueño penetraban  
 las caricias que me hacías,  
 y al despertar a la vida  
 fuí a buscarte y no te hallé;  
 te advierto que el sueño es  
 ilusión que al hombre acaba;  
 dormido yo te buscaba  
 y mi amor no te encontró,  
 y hablando contigo yo  
*soñé que feliz me hallaba.*

Cuando me acuesto a dormir  
 contigo en el pensamiento  
 tuvo el sueño el atrevimiento  
 de mentir y a mí me hizo sentir  
 como el sueño es tan sutil  
 le dice al hombre al oído:  
 — Despierta si estás dormido  
 que ya tu amor te llama.  
 Y yo sólo me contemplaba  
*gozando de tus caricias.*

Cuando el sueño me llamó  
 con esa voz tan traidora,  
 — Aquí está la que te adora,  
 despierta que ya llegó.  
 Sólo al oír esa voz  
 mi alma de placer suspira;  
 era porque mi querida  
 me estaba llamando a mí;  
 y en el sueño yo la vi  
*desperté, y era mentira.*

El sueño es una ilusión  
 que el pensamiento dispone;  
 hace derramar al hombre  
 lágrimas del corazón;  
 allá en su imaginación  
 sólo en pensar en sí mismo,  
 no siendo verdad lo mismo,  
 lo que nota el pensamiento;  
 entre dormido y despierto  
*soñé que feliz me hallaba.*

141. See No. 123. Two strophes of No. 141, the second and third, are the same as the first and second of No. 123. Both are imperfect versions of a *décima* of type A. The original quatrain is found in No. 123.

<sup>1</sup> In each of the last two strophes a verse is missing.

## 142.

Una tarde que yo estaba divertido con mi amor oí la voz de un ruisenor que alegremente cantaba; y a mí como me agradaba de aquel pájaro la voz me levanté muy veloz, a uno y otro lado mirando, y oí que estaba cantando en el jardín del amor.

Triste es ver una paloma de noche o al amanecer, pero es más triste el ver de noche a una mujer sola; triste del que se enamora y le dan de plazo un año mas si tiene un contrario que no lo deja cumplir sería más malo sufrir las penas de un desengaño.

Amarte me es imposible, esmeralda reluciente; si deseas darme la muerte haz de tu pecho un cuchillo, que yo con amor te pido que no me guardes rencor; haz de tus labios dos tazas con que recojas la sangre; son tus ojos dos puñales; ¡tú me matas, tú me matas!

Niña, yo soy el llamado por si usted me corresponde, yo le advierto como un hombre el pagarle con mi mano; yo nada le ofrezco en vano, el caudal es mi persona, además tengo una honra que soy honrado en el vivir; y si usted me quiere admitir soy morenito, señora.

## 143.

A la sombra de la casa, de majagua haciendo soga,

cuando hace un calor que ahoga el medio día se pasa. En otras partes se amasa entonces el requesón, y al puerco sin dilación le dan a beber el suero; y si hay que estacar un cuero se aprovecha la ocasión.

Por la noche en el batey y por la luna alumbrados, están en rueda sentados bajo un palo de mamey. Y después de ya cansados de jugar y armar jergorio o algún cuento muy notorio, quieren de su padre oír, y se van luego a dormir si en el barrio no hay velorio.

Los domingos se preparan, igual que los días de fiesta, a llevar llenas sus cestas del fruto que cultivaran. En una mano la vara, en la otra gallo o gallina; atrás deja la colina va al pueblo por provisiones, donde cambia sus lechones por coleta o muselinas.

Ésta es la vida enviada del jíbaro campesino, a no ser que su destino le juegue malas pasadas. Su posesión un notario, por no dar lo necesario que le cobran de subsidio; si se enferma, es un fastidio el médico y el boticario.

## 144.

En mi huerto se ha de hallar mata de — bien te quería, — y otra mata que decía, — remedio para olvidar. Otra de un fino coral y otra mata de "escarmiento;"

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142. Although these four *décima* strophes were written as a *décima*, there seems to be little connection between them.

son tantos los sufrimientos  
que me hacen pasar a mí,  
así los pasé por ti  
que yo regaré en mi huerto.

La semilla del "olvido"  
y la flor del "escarmiento,"  
todas las flores hermosas  
se presentan a la vista;  
pero luego se marchitan  
y dejan de ser hermosas,  
y entonces las mariposas  
¿qué dejan en ellas pasar?  
Con flores el signo fatal  
sólo se resta al morir,  
y le queda en la rafz  
remedio para olvidar.

La semilla Senciliana  
y el sencillo Siemprevivo,  
con colores llamativos  
engalanán la mañana.  
Hoy la mariposa ufana  
ella visita mi estancia,  
y la bella flor de Hungría  
y la flor del escarmiento,  
otra de un verde romero,  
y otra mata que decía,  
"remedio para olvidar."

Mas es la gallarda rosa  
como reina de las flores;  
también a su alrededor  
nacen varias muy hermosas.  
Hoy la alhucema orgullosa  
se abre llena de alegría;  
los claveles en porfía  
que discuten con afán,  
y otra planta que se llama  
"mata de bien te quería."

## 145.

El día 3 de noviembre,  
cuando vamos a votar,  
el cacique nos va a buscar  
en coche y en automóvil;

ese día vamos los pobres  
lo mismo que un general,  
y si ellos llegan a pillar  
el voto para engancharse  
seguro vamos a la cárcel;  
lo mismo Pedro que Juan.

Forma el rico su escalera,  
sirve el pobre de escalón,  
se pasa dando carrera,  
nunca ve su protección;  
siempre marcha en peor  
en este suelo matar,  
y yo me pongo a pensar  
en mi Borinqueño querido.  
¿No es así como yo digo,  
lo mismo es Pedro que Juan?

Una vez yo fui a votar  
por el voto de La Unión  
y me dieron un pescozón  
que tuve que bailar como trompo;  
yo me levanté muy pronto  
corriendo a un cafetal.  
¡Qué gusto daba escapar  
con el sombrero en las manos!  
Ni a La Unión ni al Republicano,  
lo mismo es Pedro que Juan.

Un viejo haló en seguida  
por un leño de Pumarosa,  
por si hablamos de Barbosa  
entrarnos a palo en seguida.  
Yo le dije: — Mire, amigo,  
usted no debe ser unión.  
Portoriqueño, y si no  
le entramos a leñazos.  
Y él me contestó enojado:  
— Lo mismo es Pedro que Juan.

## 146.

Desde aquel infeliz día  
que tu vista me faltó  
el alma se me acabó,  
gusto, placer y alegría;  
es tanta la pena mía

146. This *décima* had as an introductory quatrain the one of No. 57. The last verse of the first strophe should be, therefore, "*si supieras mi dolor*," and not a repetition of that of the third strophe. Although the introductory quatrains are identical, the *décima* strophes are different.

que te puedo asegurar  
que un bronce hiciera llorar,  
y a la más horrible fiera;  
tu pecho se enternecria  
y lástima te había de dar.

Deabajo de un arroyuelo  
sale el agua permanente;  
hace correr una fuente  
al golpe de un dolor santo;  
pero mira mi quebranto  
como te digo de veras,  
para que reconocieras  
que te amo en realidad;  
y yo entonces te explicara  
mi sentimiento y mis penas.

Cuando yo a comer me siento  
es mi pena y ansia tanta  
que pasan por mi garganta  
más lágrimas que alimento;  
y si me escuchas atento  
lo que te quiero explicar,  
no me habías de negar  
el consuelo de mi llanto;  
de verme en tanto quebranto  
lástima te había de dar.

Cuando más a gusto estoy  
gran tristeza en mí se halla;  
para conseguir tu amor  
no me sujetan murallas;  
mi corazón por las playas,  
gimiendo con grandes penas,  
aunque lejano estuviera,  
pasando mares afuera,  
no te había de olvidar  
para que pudieras ver,  
aunque amor no me tuvieras.

## 147.

Esta mañana salí  
con una perra en la mano,  
y como tenía mal de rabia  
el gran diablo se me escapó;  
ahí me quedé parado,  
pensando qué había de hacer,  
y a Julián le pregunté  
que componen cinco gramos.  
— Félix, — me dice, — tú ves  
de esta carrera mundana.

Yo le pregunté a Pascacio:  
— ¿Una perra, cuánto vale?  
y él me dice: — Tú no sabes?  
Pregúntaselo a No Santos.  
Se pasan dos mil quebrantos  
con esas perras tan feas,  
y como tan viejas están  
el demonio que las comprenda;  
quedaremos en la estaca  
con esas leyes modernas.

Yo le pregunté a Lalo:  
— ¿Una perra cuánto vale?  
pero él me dijo : — Compadre,  
pregúntaselo al demonio malo.  
Sólo me pudo decir:  
— Pregúntaselo a Martín,  
que ese entiende de centavos  
y te puede decir al fin.  
Se han amarrado los chavos  
con esas leyes modernas.

Domingo por la mañana  
me fui a comprar, . . .  
casa de Felipe el tuerto,  
y él me dijo: — Yo te advierto  
que es por moneda especial;  
para toda plata es buena  
hasta que pasa hasta el cartón;  
no se mienta ni un vellón  
para alivianar las penas  
con esas leyes modernas.

## 148.

; Madre! ;Qué palabra hermosa  
para un hijo agradecido!  
Ella interpreta el quejido  
en la noche silenciosa;  
ella le enseña gustosa  
con amable voluntad;  
lo enseña a decir verdad  
por la noche en la oración;  
y si coje educación  
aprende a decir papá.

Papá no está muy bien dicho,  
bien debes tú comprender.  
Lo exige nuestro deber  
y progreso en Puerto Rico.  
Ahora, mi querido hijito,  
gobierno es la voluntad;  
deber y derecho, igualdad,

palabras dulces y claras.  
Diciendo, no digas papá,  
*aprende a decir papá.*

No quiero que digas, — No sé,  
ni tampoco digas, — Sí sé,  
porque aquél que te conoce  
de tus palabras se rie.

— Puquí — tampoco se dice  
que es cosa de antigüedad.  
El progreso sigue ya  
por montañas y colinas.  
Se dice — así — y no — asina, —  
*y aprende a decir papá.*

Cuanto no anhela un padre  
por tener un hijo honrado;  
y que sea bien educado  
es un capital muy grande.  
Se regocija la madre  
en ver que a la escuela va,  
y el maestro allá le da  
lecciones de educación;  
y con palabra de amor  
*aprende a decir papá.*

## 149.

No es el caudillo Maceo  
el que en las conciencias vive;  
quien copa aquí es el Caribe,  
el ron que en todo himeneo  
todo bautizo o bureo  
inflama toda mejilla,  
y enoblece a quien se humilla,  
pues en Borinquen y el Ande  
con Caribe es siempre grande  
todo aquel que se arrodilla.

Que hay un Bolívar no importa,  
mientras aquí alienta y vive  
impertérrito el Caribe;  
ningún otro ron soporta;  
la multitud siempre absorta  
con Caribe todo inunda,  
que en su alegría profunda  
proclama de noche y día  
que aquí toda madre cría  
con Caribe que fecunda.

Ron magnífico, sin par,  
si el Titanic se perdió  
fué porque su quilla hendió,

no Caribe, sino en el mar.  
Ron que es gloria de este lar,  
su más noble y pura gloria,  
ron que hace digna a la historia,  
pués en ella un genio escribe  
para un palacio un Caribe,  
y éste ganó la victoria.

Porque a todo pecho inflama  
y alienta los Carvajales,  
al rodar por peñascales,  
y a Vieques llevas a llamas.  
Tú que alientes a las damas  
desde Fajardo al Rincón,  
desde Vieques al Limón,  
y de Aguadilla a Manabo,  
no admites ningún esclavo,  
pués contigo libres son.

## 150.

Sobre la campanilla,  
debajo del paladar,  
empezaré a pintar  
la flor de la maravilla;  
pínteme usted las cabrillas,  
las estrellas y luceros,  
como corren por el cielo,  
por debajo de las nubes;  
esa cantidad que sube,  
*diga usted, señor platero.*

Sus labios son de coral,  
sin que los toquen los dientes;  
yo le pondría una fuente  
con los chorros de cristal,  
el que los vaya a mirar  
quede con gusto y placer;  
diga si lo puede hacer  
poniendo en todo sentido,  
y dirá por lo que pido  
*el oro que es menester.*

Sus dientes son reformados  
toditos de perlas finas,  
que han de llevar por encima  
un casquillito agraciado;  
sus encías encarnadas,  
vaya, todo muy bonito,  
y veis en los sacrificios  
como cosa singular,  
que a mí me sobra caudal  
*para estampar un besito.*

En fin, por debajo del cielo,  
sobre la lengua, la cuna,  
pinto el sol, pinto la luna  
de oro fino, que es mi anhelo,  
y para mayor consuelo  
voy a pintar un laurel;  
yo lo hago y lo puedo hacer  
para alegrar mis instantes;  
le voy a contar un cuento  
*de boca de una mujer.*

## 151.

Un millonario decía:  
— Tengo tres hijas mayores,  
y sólo las casaría  
con Condes y con Alferes.  
La que le hacía más placeres  
vió su desgracia primero,  
la casó con un bracero  
que del mismo era alquilado,  
y sin saber el resultado  
*nadie diga:* — *Yo no bebo.*

Y la hija menor de él  
salió ser tan orgullosa,  
que antes de llegar a moza  
distinguida quiso ser;  
y compró para beber  
una copa de marfil,  
porque quería distinguir  
lo que llevaban sus labios;  
y mas luego se vió tomando  
*agua sucia de un barril.*

Cuando estaba en su apogeo  
que pisaba sobre de oro,  
el más brillante tesoro  
decía que le estaba feo.  
Como estaban sus deseos  
con su juventud florida,  
mas luego fué convertida  
a la más grande miseria,  
y entonces decía ella:  
— *Ninguno escupa para arriba.*

La mujer de este señor  
un día se puso a hablar,  
que iba a mandar a estudiar  
sus hijas a Nueva York,

porque no había profesor  
que las pudiera instruir;  
y llegaron a salir  
antes de cruzar el mar  
y tuvieron que virar  
*sin saber el porvenir.*

## 152.

El día que yo intenté  
hablarte sobre el amor  
me pediste un favor  
el cual yo te lo diré;  
pero yo no sé por qué,  
siendo mi palabra fina,  
tan dulce y tan peregrina,  
a usted con mucho placer,  
si ha de ser o no ha de ser,  
*dígame qué determina.*

No quiera prenda querida  
maltratarme con rigor,  
que ha sido la única palomita  
que ha cautivado mi amor;  
no maltrate con rigor  
a un amante que tal vez  
la vida dé por usted.  
Hermosa flor de Alejís  
*¿por qué me niegas el sí*  
*tocante a lo que te hablé?*

Yo me paso cada día  
y cada momento lloro,  
porque te tengo estampada  
por dentro de mi memoria;  
y mi regalo da gloria  
si usted me diera esperanza;  
en mí no encontrará mudanza  
porque a ti solo venero;  
usted me dice que luego,  
*porque es mucha la tardanza.*

Yo no quiero vivir más,  
.ya yo mañana me voy;  
quiero que me digas hoy  
cuál es mi bien o mi mal;  
me dirás si puedo entrar  
a su casa por usted;  
su firme amante seré  
a sus piés estoy postrado;  
quiero ponerme en estado  
*y la causa está por usted.*

152. In this *décima* we have again confusion of pronouns. *Usted* and *tú* are used indiscriminately, and even in the same sentences.

D. LONG DÉCIMAS, CONSISTING OF FIVE OR MORE REGULAR STROPHES,  
WITH AND WITHOUT THE CONVENTIONAL INTRODUCTORY QUATRAIN.

153.

Amada, querida mía,  
hoy te suplico constante  
que te duelas de un amante  
que se halla en tantas agonías;  
y de estas tristes quejas mías,  
mi vida, el remedio pon;  
en tan horrible ocasión  
te suplica un infeliz  
que tengas piedad de mí,  
dueña de mi corazón.

Dime mi vida qué piensas  
si es que el punto quieres ver;  
todo lo consigue con tener  
sin tu natural presencia;  
si tú proteges la ausencia  
serás causa de mi muerte;  
yo sé que no he de perderte  
ni tú me pierdes a mí,  
pero como yo pienso en ti  
no puedo vivir sin verte.

En tu ausencia, vida mía,  
la que dobla mi dolor,  
yo me encontraría mejor  
viéndote todos los días;  
yo quisiera, querida mía,  
dentro de mi alma tenerte,  
y si a tu lado no ha de verse  
quien tanta afición te tiene  
suspiros que van y vienen  
te avisaran de mi muerte.

Ven a mis brazos, mi bien,  
si eres firme en perfección  
y oirás mi corazón  
que horriblemente se queja;  
vida mía, como tus puertas,  
seré tu seguridad;  
entre las flores serás  
¡oh! lindísima azucena;  
tienes culpa de mi dolor  
olor de pomada buena.

Es imposible vivir  
sin la luz del claro día;

así no estaría mi vida  
que no puede más sufrir;  
yo quisiera resistir  
la fuerza de mi dolor,  
pero me falta el valor;  
y tú, preciosa azucena  
tienes culpa de mi dolor,  
olor de pomada buena.

154.

Tú que de placer gozabas  
y yo difunto seré;  
pero me consolaré  
que te amaba con lealtad;  
murió mi esperanza ya,  
morir será lo mejor;  
daré cuenta al Criador  
que yo te amaba constante  
para que veas morir a tu amante  
entre amargura y dolor.

Tú de placer gozaras  
cuando veas que se divisa  
lo blanco de mi camisa  
con mi cara destapada.  
Murió mi esperanza ya,  
morir será lo mejor;  
ingrata, hazme un favor,  
estrellita que a mí me alumbra,  
no hay quien ponga una flor  
de recuerdos en mi tumba.

El día que se deshaga  
la voluntad de mi amor  
ese día cojo y me doy  
una fuerte puñalada;  
a la primera lanzada  
caigo muerto, de verdad;  
un puño tú cogerás  
para saber a tu gusto;  
después me verás difunto,  
qué poca pena te da.

Ingrata, si estás dispuesta  
para hablar ya no hay remedio;

153. In this *décima* and in a few following it, the final verses of four of the strophes make *coplas* or *cuartetas*; a quatrain, therefore, may have originally belonged with them.

te asomarás al cementerio  
y verás mi tumba abierta;  
te asomarás a la puerta,  
verás el cadáver mío;  
en tierra se ha convertido  
y polvo se volverá;  
entonces tú llamarás  
sobre mi sepulcro frío.

Yo sé que varios profetas  
para quitarme la entrada,  
y si esto se declara  
va a haber mucho sentimiento,  
malos pagos, menoscobios;  
no me los hagas a mí,  
mira que yo soy por ti,  
hasta ponerte a mi lado,  
porque sé que a ti te han contado  
que no me quieras a mí.

## 155.

Juana, graciosa morena  
de veintiséis de febrero,  
de ojo como lucero,  
de mejillas de azucena,  
en cuya frente serena  
se refleja tu alma pura,  
haz perdido la hermosura  
de tu rostro angelical  
desde que vió de Pascual  
la simpática figura.

Pascual, joven arrogante  
de unos veintidós años,  
de ojos hermosos y garzos,  
bigote negro y brillante,  
alegre, fino y galante,  
divertido, decidido,  
ha perdido el buen humor  
desde que cierta mañana  
conoció a la bella Juana  
prototipo del candor.

Él es pobre y ella es rica;  
aunque se amaran con pasión,  
su destino y posición  
entre ambos no justifica  
ya que su amor no se explica  
de este modo lo realiza.  
Dios castiga la pobreza  
como un crimen inaudito.<sup>1</sup>

Los padres de nuestra bella  
no quieren que se ame a ella  
un joven sin porvenir.  
Más quieren verla morir,  
víctima de aquel tormento  
que dar su consentimiento  
a uno que no es su igual;  
que si ella tiene metal  
él solo tiene talento.<sup>2</sup>

Viendo Pascual que su Juana  
jura amarle hasta la muerte,  
por ver si cambia la suerte  
piensa partir a la Habana,  
aunque no de buena gana,  
y el pecho lleno de hiel,  
jurando siempre ser fiel,  
se despide esta pareja;  
ella sentada en la reja  
y al pie de la reja él.

— ¿Me amarás con frenesí  
amarás a otro en vida?  
— Adiós, Juana querida.  
— Adiós, Pascual adorado,  
hoy me apartan de tú lado;  
cuanto siento esta partida.  
Tres años han transcurrido  
desde que la hermosa Juana  
vió partir para la Habana  
a su Pascual tan querido.

¡Oh! también el dulce olvido  
fué calmando su pesar;  
aunque juró no olvidar  
a su Pascual, juró en vano,  
pues a otro amante su mano  
entregó al pie del altar.  
El mismo día en que Juana  
se unía con lazo santo  
hizo Pascual otro tanto  
con una rica Cubana.

## 156.

*A ninguna he de querer,  
todas me causan enfado;  
nunca me he de ver casado;  
siempre soltero he de ser.*

Las Anas son melindrosas,  
Micaelas feas y vanas,

156. The first three verses of the quatrain are repeated in as many strophes.

<sup>1</sup> There are two verses missing.

<sup>2</sup> One verse missing.

interesadas las Juanas  
y presumidas las Rosas.  
Las Franciscas son celosas,  
difícil de conocer;  
las Manuela dan quehacer,  
las Josefas son molestas  
y a mí aunque me rueguen éstas  
*yo a ninguna he de querer.*

Las Ineses son muy frías,  
las Teresas fraudulentas,  
las Luisas son desatentas,  
variables son las Lucías;  
pedigüeñas las Marías,  
Felipas no me han cuadrado;  
en las Bárbaras he hallado  
cosas tristes y traidoras,  
lo mismo son las Teodoras;  
*todas me causan enfado.*

Una linda Feliciana  
a un serafín se parece,  
y todo se lo merece  
una sencilla Juliana;  
me gusta una Sebastiana,  
una Eraclia y una Lucía;  
una hermosa Rosalía  
es la que a mí me conviene,  
y apasionado me tiene  
*una preciosa María.*

Muy monas son las Joaquinas  
y tercas las Nicolásas,  
puercas todas las Tomasas  
y tontas las Catalinas;  
golosas las Agustinas  
y a un hombre hacen padecer;  
las Dolores a nivel  
son muy amigas de estado,  
y por lo que yo he notado  
*nunca me he de ver casado.*

Son preciosas las Marías,  
y las Eugenias claveles,  
tulipán las Isabeles,  
azucenas las Lucías;  
yo amo a las Estefanías  
con lindos gratos colores;  
tulipán son las dos flores  
que idolatra el amor mío  
y por lo que yo he notado  
*nunca me he de ver casado.*

A la vista de una playa  
no me canso de pensar  
si me pongo a enamorar  
a una hermosa Tomasa;  
una linda Nicolasa  
me parece cuanto siento;  
es perla del Oriente  
una Engracia generosa,  
y una Marcelina y Rosa,  
*¡ay! un sol resplandeciente.*

## 157.

*Toda la vida anda el hombre  
pisando en la tierra dura,  
y a cada paso que da  
pone un pie en la sepultura.*

Oliveros estando herido  
se fué donde Carlomagno,  
y le dijo: — Yo quisiera ser armado  
para pelear con mi enemigo,  
pues en Momionda lo he sentido  
con miles provocaciones,  
y ya que tú no le respondes,  
yo le voy a responder,  
porque hasta morir o vencer  
*toda la vida anda el hombre.*

*Cuando Fierabrás llegó  
al sitio de Momionda,*

157, 157 *Continued.* These two *décimas* belong with type A, and are of the special type where the four regular verses of the introductory quatrain are repeated in the last verse of each one of the four *décima* strophes. In the manuscript, however, they came as one *décima*, and the subject is the same. It is really, therefore, a long *décima* composed of two parts, and a quatrain precedes each group of four strophes. This combination of two *décimas* of type A to form one longer *décima*, and with two introductory quatrains, is a natural and easy development of the regular type.

Nos. 157, 157 continued, and 158 are narrative *décimas* taken from the popular legendary accounts of the life and deeds of Charlemagne

dijo así en esta forma:  
 — ¿Con quién batallaré yo?  
 Carlomagno le sintió  
 su tan soberbia bravura,  
 y le dijo con ternura:  
 — ¿Quién es ese alabancioso,  
 que se halla fantacioso  
 pisando en la tierra dura?

Cuando Fierabrás llegó  
 al sitio de batallar  
 se cansaba de llamar  
 gente para la batalla;  
 a Carlomagno desafía  
 el valiente Fierabrás,  
 y le decía: — Honra tendrás  
 si tú me envías tus varones,  
 porque has de saber mi nombre  
 a cada paso que das.

Cuando Carlomagno oyó  
 a aquel que insultaba,  
 a Ricarte preguntaba:  
 — ¿Quién es ése que oigo yo?  
 Ricarte le contestó:  
 — Emperador, con dulzura  
 se acabarán las locuras

del valiente Fierabrás,  
 porque Oliveros lo pondrá  
 con un pie en la sepultura.

157. *Continued.*

*Sabrás, mi bien, que he venido  
 tan solamente a buscarte;  
 yo no me voy y te dejo;  
 lo que siento es no llevarte.*

En tan terrible combate  
 perdió Oliveros su espada,  
 y Fierabrás lo encomendaba  
 y decía: — Por vencido debes darte,  
 porque no vas a humillarte  
 si ya te encuentras vencido.  
 Pues yo a ningún hombre le he tenido  
 tanto tiempo por delante;  
 y lo que es para llevarte,  
*sabrás, mi bien, que he venido.*

Tan sólo a Oliveros le quedó  
 un pedazo del escudo,  
 y con él le dió tan duro  
 que la visera le abrió.  
 Un horrible grito dió  
 y tuvo tiempo de armarse.

and his twelve peers,— a very popular subject in modern Spanish tradition, and read by many in the popular *libro de cordel*, published in all Spanish countries, *Historia de Carlomagno y los doce pares de Francia*. In the Philippines such legendary traditions are yet published in the native tongues, and not only in the well-known *libros de cordel* in prose, but also in verse, long metrical romances in quatrains of eight and twelve syllables. The first of these is the ballad metre in stanzaic form, while the latter must be the Spanish *endecasílabo*. See Dean S. Fansler, "Metrical Romances in the Philippines" (JAFL 29 : 203-234, 235-281). Dr. Fansler states that these long metrical romances are called *corridos*, the popular word for "ballad" in all Spanish countries. It is quite likely that the material of the metrical romances discussed by Dr. Fansler in his interesting studies is taken not only from the Spanish *libros de cordel* and other sources mentioned, but also from the Carolingian ballads, one of the special and well-known groups of the *Romancero Español*.

Spanish *décimas* dealing with such materials are known not alone in Porto Rico. Lenz (*op. cit.*, 149-150) gives a long Chilean *décima* (of ten strophes), "Batalla de Oliveros con Fierabrás," the style and general character of which approach very closely our Porto-Rican version No. 158. In the "Romancero Nuevomejicano" there are no similar *décimas* published; but in No. 75, Roldán, Oliveros, and Balán are extolled for their bravery, and the *libros de cordel*, *Historia de Carlomagno y los doce pares de Francia* are found in every home, side by side with the prayer-books, and here and there a *Don Quijote*.

Babtisto, que fué constante,  
a Fierabrás ha engañado;  
lo ha mandado Carlomagno  
*tan solamente a buscarte.*

Dentro de un momento más,  
ya Fierabrás convencido,  
entonces a Oliveros dijo:  
— Yo quiero la Cristiandad;  
pero si no avanzas no tendrás  
tiempo para que lleguemos,  
porque yo tengo a reserva  
diez mil turcos escondidos,  
y entonces Oliveros dijo:  
— *Yo no me voy y te dejo.*

Hizo un esfuerzo Oliveros  
y en sus hombros le montó,  
y en su caballo el camino  
anduvo con gran recelo.  
Cuando los espías le vieron  
salieron sin demorarse,  
y lo puso bajo un árbol  
y a presencia de Carlomagno.  
*Lo que siento es no llevarte.*

#### 158. *Historia de Carlomagno.*

Oliveros al morir  
sus oraciones rezaba  
y Fierabrás lo mandaba  
a encromendarse a Polín;  
como era un Dios feliz  
salvarle la vida puede.  
— Así en esta batalla mueres,  
tu Dios no te ha de valer.  
Le dice Oliveros a él:  
— Con Dios y cuanto Dios quisiere.

Se levantó aquel judío  
y tomó una gruesa lanza,  
fué al prado e hizo balance  
para ir a un desafío;  
tomó un caballo de brío  
para ir a la batalla;  
en las primeras lanzadas  
quebró Fierabrás su acero  
y en las manos de Oliveros.  
— Sin Dios no quiero nada.

Estaba Galafre en la puente  
y dijo que lo vió pasar,  
y lo llamó a aquel lugar  
donde le causó la muerte.

— Vengan paganos al frente,  
que les voy a dar batalla  
en esta oscura montaña  
donde los moros habitan.  
Y el conde Oliveros grita:  
— Sin Dios no quiero nada.

El emparejó su caballo  
y le puso los arneses,  
y se fué a donde el pagano  
y lo llamó muchas veces;  
alzó la vista de repente  
y le dice: — ¿Quién es usted?  
Su nombre quiero saber.  
¿Quién lo ha enviado a usted aquí?  
Si hace desprecio de mí,  
hable, que quiero saber.

Un turco que entró a la torre  
que lo llaman Lula Fí,  
del propio nombre Israel  
le dieron terribles golpes,  
y dice Floripe entonces:  
— ¡Qué fuertes son las potencias  
y terribles son las fuerzas  
que cargan los doce pares;  
y no hay pagano que les iguale,  
en la ciudad de Aguas Muertas!

El almirante Balán  
tenía un hijo valeroso  
que lo llaman Fierabrás,  
hombre de seguridad,  
en su pelear muy notable,  
en la guerra es espantable.  
El peleaba sin recelo  
y en Francia decía Oliveros:  
— Yo soy de los doce pares,  
con Dios cuento Dios quiera.

Bajo un árbol se sentó  
y terribles voces ha dado:  
— ¡Salga ese Carlos Magno  
si tiene tanto valor!  
Salga pues él a pelear,  
que es de los principales,  
que yo con mis fuerzas tales  
a todos los he de vencer,  
y vencidos se han de ver  
dichosos como ayer tarde.

— ¡Oh! Roldán, ¿cómo no sales  
a darle fin a mi vida?  
Si no aceptas mi partida

publico que eres cobarde;  
te prometo que si sales  
no vas a ver a tu Dios.  
Y Oliveros contestó:  
— Dichoso como ayer tarde  
vencidos los he de ver  
con Dios y cuanto Dios quiera.

Bajo un árbol se sentó  
y le dice: — Ayúdame a vestir.  
Y pronto le puso allí  
una camisa de cuero,  
le puso un peto de acero  
y una cota con primor;  
debajo del árbol tomó  
una lanza que allí estaba;  
en sus primeras lanzadas  
quebró Fierabrás su acero  
y en las manos de Oliveros  
es muerto el buey que pitaba.

Floripe, una dama hermosa,  
que era ancha de caderas,  
de cejas muy abultadas,  
de nariz muy primorosa,  
chica tenía la boca,  
su frente desarrollada;  
era una joven amada  
y querida de los caballeros,  
y en Francia decía Oliveros:  
— Yo soy de los doce pares.

Quince reyes coronados  
iban con la embajada;  
les iban a dar batalla  
a siete de los cristianos,  
y sólo se han salvado  
en catorce fué la marcha  
dice el salvo en la venganza:  
— Yo que mi vida he salvado,  
fortuna, llévame a casa  
yo soy de los doce pares.

Terribles golpes recibió  
Oliveros del pagano  
cuando se le fué el caballo  
el cual huyendo salió,  
y Guarín se lo atajó  
y le dice: — Aquí lo tienes,

móntate en él siquieres.  
Oliveros dijo: — Nō,  
a mí me acompaña Dios  
y venga lo que viniere.

Después de haber tomado el  
campo  
aquejlos dos caballeros,  
en los encuentros primeros  
sus lanzas hicieron pedazos.  
Don Roldán clamó al cielo,  
clamó por Santa María,  
y en sus ruegos le pedía  
que la vida le guardara,  
y estas palabras escuchaba  
el mismo rey de Turquía.

Floripe se enamoró  
de uno de los doce pares  
y para alivio de sus males  
de la prisión lo sacó;  
ella a sus padres negó  
por seguir la ley cristiana.  
Oliveros que se hallaba  
en batalla con Fierabrás;  
— El que vivo lo verá,  
que sin Dios no quiero nada.

Oliveros estando herido  
cogió el bálsamo y tomó,  
y prontamente quedó  
todo su cuerpo curado.  
Oliveros clamó al cielo,  
y clamó a Santa María;  
en sus ruegos le pedía  
que la vida le guardara,  
y todo eso lo escuchaba  
el noble rey de Turquía.

Una vez que a Roma entró  
ese valiente pagano  
tomó su espada en la mano  
que Florinda se llamó;  
al apostólico mató,  
creyendo ser victorioso  
aquel Dios tan poderoso  
enviado de Carlo Magno;  
y dice al llegar allí:  
— Ayer tarde fuí dichoso.

159. *La Creación.*

Dios es un ser poderoso,  
sabio, bueno e inmortal,  
es también inmaterial,  
omnipotente y glorioso;  
con su poder misterioso  
hizo el mundo eficazmente;  
en la nada eternamente  
se hallaba este ser profundo  
cuando quiso crear el mundo  
si la escritura no miente.

El hizo la fiel esfera  
con todos sus arreboles;  
esos infinitos soles  
eternos en su carrera;  
esa máquina ligera  
que llama globo la gente  
con muchísima alegría,  
pues así lo hizo en seis días  
si la escritura no miente.<sup>1</sup>

El hizo el cielo y la tierra  
con su inmensa voluntad,  
rasgando a la eternidad  
en ennegrecido velo,  
para en su infinito anhelo  
para verla de repente  
hizo brillar resplandeciente  
la luz como gran mechero;  
esto lo hizo el día primero  
si la escritura no miente.

Siguiendo su obra empezada  
aquej divino talento  
dió nombre a aquel firmamento  
a quien sacó de la nada;  
con su gloriosa mirada  
y su voluntad potente  
hace que el cielo presente  
mil astros con alegría,  
haciendo esto el segundo día  
si la escritura no miente.

Puso el agua recogida  
que a la tierra no estorbara,

para que ésta germinase  
lo necesario a la vida;  
fué su idea y en seguida  
se pobló muy ricamente;  
para con esto a la mente  
acudió del sabio obrero,  
haciendo esto el día tercero  
si la escritura no miente.

Ese bello luminar  
que sol llaman los humanos  
lo hizo con sus propias manos  
el primer día de empezar.  
Hizo la luna girar,  
le dió una luz transparente,  
estrellas mil de repente  
hizo brillar en la esfera  
para gloria en su carrera  
si la escritura no miente.

Hizo los peces del mar  
de diferentes colores;  
en el aire hizo primores;  
los pajarillos al volar  
empezaron a cantar  
la creación alegremente;  
y entonces el Señor,  
manifestando alegría,  
haciendo esto el quinto día  
si la escritura no miente.

Hizo Dios el sexto día  
a todos los animales  
como seres especiales  
que habitar la tierra envía;  
pero advierte de repente  
que no hay ser inteligente  
a quien el mundo entregar;  
al hombre quiso formar  
si la escritura no miente.<sup>1</sup>

Su propia imagen copiando  
Con arcilla colorada  
hizo una figura dorada.  
Adán le salió nombrando;  
el mismo autor, admirado

159. This very long and well-composed *décima* must be one written by a well-educated and learned person. From the viewpoint of language and versification, it is practically perfect; and the few imperfections are probably errors of the copyist. It may have been copied from a printed copy; but it is of great interest, nevertheless.

<sup>1</sup> One verse missing.

como se copió fielmente  
le dice a Adán: — Prontamente  
tendrás una compañera,  
siendo Eva la mujer primera  
si la escritura no miente.

Estando Adán en un sueño  
arrancóle una costilla  
y formó una maravilla  
que Eva llamó con empeño;  
salió de su gran empeño  
y vió a su Dios reverente  
le preguntó de repente:  
— ¿Eva ha salido de mí?  
El Señor le dijo: — Sí, —  
si la escritura no miente.

Puesta allá en el paraíso  
esta pareja divina;  
Eva, como más ladina  
a Adán envolvió en su hechizo;  
pues como el Señor la hizo  
como una gloria aparente  
le dice a Adán prontamente:  
— Solo esta fruta dejando  
que de las demás gustando, —  
si la escritura no miente.

Adán le dijo al Señor  
que su orden acataría  
y que le obedecería  
como su gran cuidador.  
Eva con mucho temor  
se ocultaba atentamente;  
tomó la fruta imprudente  
y presentándola a Adán,  
lo hizo pecar con afán  
si la escritura no miente.

Cuando el Señor vino al edén  
y vió a Adán tan perturbado  
conoció que había pecado  
viendo su gloria perdida;  
a Eva miró también  
y la maldijo cruelmente:  
— Con el sudor de tu frente  
habrás de ganar el pan.  
Esto dijo Dios a Adán  
si la escritura no miente.

Adán de dolor transido  
abandonó el Paraíso,  
maldiciendo de Eva el hechizo

que su desgracia había sido.  
Pero el Señor, condolido,  
le dijo: — Hijo, sed prudente;  
yo mandaré indulgente  
a mi Hijo en Verbo encarnado  
a redimir tu pecado, —  
si la escritura no miente.

Abismado en la desgracia  
Adán al mundo camina;  
Eva, atrás peregrina  
le sigue con eficacia.  
De Dios perdieron la gracia,  
y del demonio fielmente,  
esclavos son para siempre  
y a servir condenados,  
llenos de muchos pecados  
si la escritura no miente.

Abel y Caín fueron  
los hijos de Adán y Eva,  
y en ellos está la prueba  
de sus afanes prolíjos;  
con amor y regocijo  
los criaron eficazmente,  
pero Caín malamente,  
por envidiar a su hermano,  
le dió la muerte inhumano  
si la escritura no miente.

Los que de Caín nacieron  
se entregaron a los vicios,  
y fué para el mal propicio  
y al Señor aborrecieron;  
por eso fué que vivieron  
en horror perpetuamente;  
pero el Criador prontamente  
cuando tanta maldad vió  
el diluvio les mandó  
si la escritura no miente.

Solo se salvó Noé  
de ese espantoso castigo,  
porque del Señor amigo  
honrado y devoto fué;  
el Señor le dijo que  
construyera expresamente  
un arca y prontamente  
él y su familia se metieran  
antes que la lluvia siguiera  
si la escritura no miente.

De cada animal un par,  
sus hijos y sus mujeres,

eran los únicos seres  
que se tenían que salvar;  
el diluvio universal  
comenzó inmediatamente,  
lloviendo constantemente  
estuvo cuarenta días,  
dicho por las profecías  
si la escritura no miente.

Cuarenta codos se elevó  
el agua sobre los montes  
que Dios a la tierra envió.  
A los siete meses se vió  
chocar el arca divina,  
parando ésta de repente  
en la almena de las montañas;  
soltó una paloma blanca  
si la escritura no miente.<sup>1</sup>

Al año justo salió Noé  
hacia la tierra enjutada;  
antes primero que nada  
arrodiollarse se fué,  
y misero y reverente  
al suelo inclina su frente  
y le ofrece al Criador  
adoración con fervor  
si la escritura no miente.<sup>1</sup>

Había Faraón mandado  
a todos los Israelitas  
matasen las criaturas  
que nacieran en su estadio;  
cumplieron lo ordenado  
con aquellos inocentes;  
la madre de Moisés siente  
por el pobre desvalido;  
entonces lo llevan al río  
si la escritura no miente.

#### 160. *La vida del campesino.*

Apenas el pitirre canta,  
saludando al sol hermoso  
cuando el jíbaro afanoso  
de su hamaca se levanta.  
Toma el capote o la manta,  
va a la cocina primero,  
enciende entonces ligero  
un tabaco que es de ley,  
y a amolar baja al batey,  
su buen machete de acero.

Luego que le tiene dado  
el filo que corresponde  
se marcha al lugar en donde  
el becerro está amarrado.  
Corre éste desaforado  
porque la vaca le brama  
y el jíbaro, en lo que él mama  
pronto le apoya y ordeña,  
pues ya su linda trigueña  
hace rato que le llama.

Entre tanto la mujer,  
atizando la candela,  
a su hija en la cazuela  
el agua manda poner.  
Ésta sabe su deber  
y lo que ha de preparar,  
y cuando empieza a colar  
el sabroso café prieto  
descuelga un coco del seto  
y la leche va a buscar.

A la cocina viniendo  
la familia ya se ve,  
y jícaras de café  
la madre va repartiendo.  
Cada cual va pues cogiendo  
su melao y su casabe,  
y este licor tan suave  
beben al par que disputan  
y el placer que allí disfrutan  
nadie en la tierra lo sabe.

Una vez desayunados  
los varones se preparan,  
el viejo y el más chico aran;  
otros van a los cercados.  
De esta manera ordenados  
cada cual toma su seña;  
sus faenas desempeñan  
y no cesan de cantar;  
y antes de ir a trabajar  
a su madre cortan leña.

La muchacha, muy feliz,  
se va corriendo al granero  
y se trae un gran sombrero  
todo lleno de maíz.  
Anhelante la nariz  
enseñía el pavo combrío,  
y del bosquecillo umbrío  
y las malezas vecinas  
en tropel salen gallinas  
a la voz del pío, pío.

<sup>1</sup> One verse missing.

A la madre ayuda luego  
ir a la charca por agua,  
y a traer en una yagua  
la leña para hacer fuego.  
A sus flores hace el riego  
después con mucho placer,  
y no deja de correr  
por la sábana y el cerro,  
siguiéndola siempre el perro  
hasta la hora de comer.

El almuerzo preparado  
está sin más requisito,  
con mucho tasajo frito  
arroz y plátano asado.  
La muchacha ya ha llegado  
y está su parte pidiendo;  
los hermanos van vieniendo,  
dejan el hacha y machete,  
y el perro está haciendo el siete  
en tanto que van subiendo.

En grata conversación  
juntos a la mesa van  
y en lugar de tener pan  
hay plátano del fogón.  
El uno saca un limón,  
el otro, yuca madura,  
a éste le agrada y procura  
encontrar grandes tomates,  
y hay provisión de aguacates  
mientras la cosecha dura.

Un coco de leche hermoso  
con un plátano pintón  
es siempre la conclusión  
del almuerzo muy delicioso.  
Un tabaquillo oloroso  
viene a ser lo más ameno,  
y el jíbaro muy sereno  
duerme en su hamaca felice;  
yo no sabe lo que dice  
quien diga que esto no es bueno.

## E. VARIA.

The following short *décimas*, some consisting of a single strophe, are probably fragments of longer ones in many cases.

161.

*Me voy a dejar morir  
sin comer, ni tomar agua,  
llevado de aquel sentir  
que me diste, bien del alma.*

Dime quien te dió embajada  
para enojarte conmigo,  
dime cual es el motivo  
para que estés enojada;  
considera, bien del alma  
que me diste que sentir;  
tú te has dejado inducir  
de ese farsante traidor  
y si me falta tu amor  
*me voy a dejar morir.*

¿Quién te ha dicho mal de mí?  
Es lo que quiero saber,  
para darle muerte cruel,  
supuesto que no es así;  
la vida pierdo por ti,  
hoy te lo vengo a decir;  
mi palabra he de cumplir  
aunque de ti vivo ausente  
y si no me doy la muerte  
*llevado de aquel sentir.*

162.

*¿Qué hará el dueño de mi vida?  
Si de mí se acordará?  
Si me tendrá en la memoria  
o me habrá olvidado ya?*

Dime loco pensamiento,  
que me aflijes sin cesar,  
¿hasta cuándo ha de durar  
mi padecer y tormento?  
Mira que ya el sufrimiento  
me ha inflamado la herida;  
no quieras ser homicida  
deja que descanse el alma,  
contemplando en dulce calma,  
*¿qué hará el dueño de mi vida?*

Dichas gozaba algún día  
ufano de vanagloria  
y con esta cruel memoria  
crece ¡ay! la pena mía;  
cuando llegará ese día  
que a mis brazos volverá  
la prenda que más adoro,  
porque de continuo lloro.  
*¡Si de mí se acordará  
ese ángel que tanto adoro!*

163.

Noche y día en mi retiro,  
paso las horas llorando,  
y en ti, mi bien pensando,  
tan solo por ti deliró;  
a la una es un suspiro  
para quien sabe querer,  
a las dos me ha de decir  
que en mí no cabe consuelo;  
entre tanto me desvelo,  
estar ausente es morir.

A las cuatro, dura suerte  
con los rigores de amor,  
a las cinco ya es dolor,  
lleva cerca la mujer;  
a las seis, quisiera ver  
y como no puede ser,  
y más luego el padecer  
dobra y redobra mis penas  
para quien sabe querer.

A las siete, mi ilusión  
me hace repetir enojos;  
entonces lloran mis ojos  
lágrimas del corazón;  
a las ocho, mis pasiones  
que nací para sufrir,  
a las nueve, resistir  
después de tanta amargura;  
y si esta sangre me dura  
será imposible vivir.

164.

Un jugador cayó enfermo  
con una gran calentura,  
y le trajeron al cura  
para que lo confesara;  
el cura le preguntaba  
sus pecados a la vez;  
los mandamientos son diez  
que tiene la ley divina,  
y el enfermo respondía:  
— Juego a la sota o al tres.

Cuando yo estaba chiquito,  
no me quisiera acordar  
lo mucho que yo me impuse.  
Me llevaron a bautizar,  
y cogí mi barajita  
y me fui a la sacristía;  
convidé al cura a jugar  
y si lo llega a aceptar  
juego a la sota y al tres.

Los domingos bien temprano  
me monto en mi caballito  
y cojo mi barajita  
en el bolsillito derecho,  
y me voy frente a un puesto;  
allí planto una jugada  
y si le llego a aceptar  
juego a la sota y al tres.

165.

En el invierno polar,  
pues muchos ya lo sabemos,  
la nieve se vuelve hielo  
y se congela todo el mar;  
esto es en el Océano glacial  
y así el mapa leemos;  
en el Atlántico veremos  
que lo mismo ha de suceder  
y cómo pudieron hacer  
una cabaña de hielo.

Ya no se veían en esas costas,  
habitadas de animales,  
ni osos, ni lobos, ni focas,  
ni aún la blanca gaviota,  
que remontando su vuelo  
cruza por el espacio;  
todo el Polo Norte entero  
y cómo fué que construyeron  
esa cabaña de hielo.

Dígame usted trovador  
si su saber no lo engaña,  
cuando el barco navegaba,  
¿qué fué lo que sucedió?

166.

De piedra, bronce o diamante  
ha de ser tu corazón,  
y mi fina precaución  
no se ha movido un instante.  
¿En qué mármol tan arrogante  
tu dureza se asegura  
que la esperanza más pura  
cada día nos enseña  
que hasta la más dura pena  
labra el agua sin ser dura?

Hasta el duro bronce gime  
cuando un buril lo penetra;  
en él se estampan sus letras  
y un pico agudo lo imprime;

aunque en mármol no me estime  
tantos golpes repetidos  
que hasta el fuego hace ablandar  
un mármol endurecido.

167.

La mulata es un suspiro  
nacido del corazón;  
cuando demuestra un cariño  
sus ojos son tan divinos,  
que con sus miradas matan;  
son las flechas que traspasan  
lo íntimo del corazón;  
y es más dulce que un turrón  
el beso de una mulata.

Una mulata que tenga  
su nariz muy perfilada  
y su frente desarrollada,  
¿quién no suspira por ella?  
Y si es simpática y bella,  
pues vale más que una blanca;  
igual a cualquier muchacha  
entusiasma a los caballeros,  
y es más dulce que un caramélllo  
el beso de una mulata.

Hay mulatitas que son  
trigueñas, color de cobre,  
tienen su cintura en orden  
y su cuerpo en perfección;  
ésa es la esencia mejor  
que produce la gran Francia;  
pues el perfume arrebata  
del pecho el hombre a la vida,  
y es más dulce que una sidra  
el beso de una mulata.

168.

En busca del amor  
al campo me retiré;  
muy afligido me senté  
a las orillas de un río,  
bajo de un árbol sombrío  
donde calmar mis dolores;  
ví pasar dos labradores  
les pregunté: — Por piedad,  
denme razón donde está  
la dueña de mis amores.

Mojado con el rocío  
ando buscándote, cielo

cúbreme con tu pañuelo  
y recompensa el amor mío;  
en ti reina el poder mío;  
tú eres hija de las flores,  
son los únicos primores  
que usted ama con placer;  
mientras viva, usted ha de ser  
la reina de mis amores.

Me contestan con placer:  
— Debemos darle una seña,  
que hemos visto una trigueña  
a la sombra de un laurel;  
quizás ella pueda ser.  
— Gracias yo les doy, señores  
allí calman mis dolores.  
Y más delante dormida  
la ví, de blanco vestida,  
la reina de mis amores.

169.

*Anoche me mordió un perro,  
una mula me patió;  
mi mujer se fué con otro;  
sea por el amor de Dios.*

Metí la cabeza a un monte,  
me picaron las avispas;  
de allí salí echando chispas  
hasta en casa de monigote  
solicitando un capote;  
tenía piojos como arroz;  
se cogían de dos en dos  
y a veces por docenas;  
y para alivio de mis penas  
*anoche me mordió un perro.*

*Anoche me metí en el monte,  
las avispas me picaron;  
de allí salí echando chispas  
me fuí en casa de un monigote,  
él me regaló un capote;  
tenía piojos como arroz;  
los cogía de dos en dos  
y después hasta por docenas;  
y por mi fortuna buena  
mi mula me dió una cojí,  
mi mujer se me fué con otro,  
sea todo en amor de Dios.*

170.

¿Cuántas millas tiene el sol?  
¿cuántos millares la luna?

¿cuántas vueltas el mundo da?  
 ¿y la rueda de la fortuna?  
 Dime sin desdicha alguna,  
 ¿cuál fué la blanca paloma?  
 ¿cuál fué la primer persona  
 que transitó esta porfía?  
 Y dime con bizarria  
 ¿qué oficio tuvo Belona?

Dime, ¿quién le dió a la luna  
 sus crecientes y menguantes?  
 Dime, ¿quién fué el ignorante  
 que derribó las columnas?  
 Dime, ¿quién hizo la cuna  
 donde Jesús se encontró?  
 Me dirás quién derribó  
 la torre del nacimiento.  
 Dime, si tienes talento  
 ¿Saturno con quién casó?

La noche del nacimiento  
 Cristo se manifestó;  
 el gallo negro cantó  
 con alegría y contento;  
 al tomar el sacramento  
 al llegárselle la hora  
 y le ponen la corona  
 para seguir su destino,  
 y lo llevan al camino  
 que nombran de Pitarbona.

## 171.

¿De dónde salió este diablo,  
 quiero preguntarle a usted,  
 que le llevó dinero a José  
 y a los fuegos de Santiago?  
 ¿De dónde salió este mago,  
 ladrón de primera vista,  
 que con empeño solicita  
 explota tanto inocente?  
 Y ¿dónde conoció a esta gente  
 o brujo o espiritista?

Médico que para todos  
 daba suerte y daba medios,  
 para los males, remedios,  
 colocación, suerte y modo,  
 por medio de ciertos polvos  
 daba suerte, empleo y ponía  
 por medios de hechicería  
 virtud para las mujeres;  
 pero se fué y nunca vuelve,  
 yo no sé como sería.

Comprometióle a José  
 rebajarle la cabeza,  
 metiendo en una presa  
 de balde y sin interés;  
 pero entonces una noche,  
 a Domingo se lo avisa  
 y Domingo muerto de risa  
 le dice: — No seas pendejo,  
 porque aquí negro viejo  
 dejo mucha gente vista.

## 172.

¿Habrá mayor disparate  
 que el de mi dueño y señor?  
 O eres el diablo mayor,  
 o eres tonto de remate.  
 Deja que yo me trate  
 como cuadre a mí placer,  
 que sólo pude nacer  
 para vivir disfrutando;  
 y aunque a menudo luchando  
 mi gusto es satisfacer.

Entonces, según comprendo,  
 sólo soy tu humilde esclavo,  
 y mi predominio acaba  
 según tú vayas queriendo;  
 pues si he de seguir viviendo  
 supeditado a otro ser  
 para mí no hay placer  
 y sólo espero morir;  
 es un quebranto vivir  
 y una desgracia nacer.

¿De qué me vale ser bueno  
 si nada he de conseguir,  
 si sólo espero morir  
 porque he de vivir con pena,  
 si mi vista solo llena  
 el progreso de tu ser?  
 ¿Porqué he de compadecer  
 a la que después me abandona?  
 Y le he de labrar su corona  
 a costa de mi placer.

## 173.

Hijo de mi corazón,  
 recibe la bendición  
 de tu madre acongojada;  
 échasel a tu hija quejosa  
 que también desea la unión.  
 Y en la misma religión

van tus hermanos unidos;  
todos vierten suspiros  
en esta ausencia terrible;  
remedia los imposibles  
ya que te has comprometido.

Cuando de casa saliste  
no dejes de comprender  
que has de morir por la ley,  
pues a eso te ofreciste;  
no temas a los invitados  
que te den tus enemigos,  
que yo de acá te bendigo  
y ruego a Dios por tu suerte;  
por mal que llegues a verte,  
no te muestres afligido.

Sufrir las enfermedades,  
ya que Dios te las ha dado,  
hijos, estamos obligados  
a hacer lo que Dios mandare;  
tú nunca te desampares  
de la religión un rato;  
llámate a todos los Santos  
y asistan en tu compañía;  
después que te veas en campaña  
trata de cumplir el salto.

## 174.

*A la una naci yo,  
a las dos me bauticé;  
a las tres supe de amor,  
y a las cuatro me casé.*

Empezando por el uno,  
por el dos y por el tres,  
en el cuatro me paré  
y en el cinco me confundo.  
Hombres que andan por el mundo  
gozando de su juventud,  
versadores como tú,  
no llegan a este destino.  
Por eso yo me persigno  
*por la señal de la cruz.*

## 175.

*Mujer de las piernas finas  
brinca como cabro alzado,  
y el que se casa con ella  
anda siempre espabilado.*

Si algún día me diere intento  
de tratar alguna de éstas,

en la puerta de la iglesia  
en seguida me le arrepiento.  
Y si el cura, por ejemplo,  
me dice que es calabaza,  
le digo, — Padre, esta taza,  
que la salga otro a vender,  
que yo no quiero tener  
*mujer de las piernas finas.*

## 176.

Yo quisiera ser soldado  
y cumplir nueva campaña,  
para irme para España,  
sobre el mar salado.  
Quisiera estar sepultado  
en donde nadie me viera.  
Ahora si me atreviera  
a derribar nuevas columnas,  
pa buscar nuevas fortunas,  
que a casarme no me atrevo.

## 177.

Me puse a estregar un negro  
por ver que color cogía,  
y entre más lo estrujaba  
más negro se me ponía.  
Un día, por la mañana  
yo no amanecí de humor;  
le dije al peón de la casa:  
— Traeme morta y tráeme ron,  
y tráme un escodrillón;  
y una tina de acero;  
y por ver que color cogía  
me puse a estregar un negro.

El alquitrán marítimo  
yo también mandé a buscar,  
y hasta espuma de la mar  
para estrujarlo muchísimo.  
El diablo negro negrísimo  
nunca cambiar pretendía;  
hasta que reparé un día  
su fuerza menoscabada;  
y viendo lo que pasaba  
más prieto él se ponía.

## 178.

Señor Alcalde chusmero,  
cumpla con su obligación,  
que usted se parece a un ratón  
vestido de marinero.  
En el pueblo es lo primero

que usted debe de ejercer;  
compre tinta y papel  
para que usted haga un expediente,  
porque entre Carlos y Piñero  
me quieren tumbar un diente.

Siete pesos le costó  
la chaqueta y los botones,  
sin contar los pantalones,  
pero le faltó el reloj.  
El dice: — Me cago en vos,  
con un carácter muy frío  
por causa de los enredos  
que le contó Saturnino;  
me he de sentar en casa  
o he de perder el destino.

## 179.

*Ese vapor castañero  
me venía a incomodar,  
porque Pepe el aduanero  
me viene a mí a llamar.*

Traigo las leyes rectas  
que me las dió al marina,  
voy a plantar mi oficina  
y a comprar una escopeta,  
para pegarle un tiro  
a aquel que conmigo se meta.  
A nadie le pido un real  
para comerme una arepa,  
y voy a mandar a la cárcel  
*al tío Pancho Gansambeta.*

## 180.

*Cansado yo de correr  
y enfadado de enredar  
me puse a considerar  
lo que debía de hacer.*

Me casé con una beata  
por tener algo con Dios,  
pero al revés me sucedió  
que de mácula cojeaba;  
de cabeza me cargaba  
sin que yo lo supiera;  
rezando estaba con Pablo  
recostada en un retamo;  
su rezar de ella no me gustó  
*empezándome a pegar.*

Con ella cargó el diablo  
y a mí poco me faltó.

De verme tan mal parado  
estaba que me moría;  
todo el mundo se reía  
de verme tan engañado.  
De una beata burlado  
que podría hacer yo;  
pero al fin se descubrió  
*y el diablo se la llevó.*

## 181.

Dime con animación  
si lo sabes con certeza,  
¿dónde adquirió las fuerzas  
el calosermo Sansón?  
Quiero que me des razón  
del famoso templo de hurnas,  
¿cuántas fueron las columnas  
guarnecidas de damasco?  
O si eres nogromántico  
¿qué parca tiene la luna?

Como que vieron bajar  
en las llanuras de Almería,  
¿dónde se chocaron las peñas  
por un misterio fatal?  
¿Cómo se vieron bajar  
en una noche sin día  
por el sendero que había  
para entrar al monumento?  
¿Qué altura tenía el cemento  
del templo de Jeremías?

## 182.

*La mujer es una fiera,  
según yo lo tengo visto.  
Ellas pegan su cuernito  
aunque la vieja no quiera.*

Yo conocí una casada,  
en esto no me equivoco,  
que tenfa su marido loco  
de los cuernos que colgaba.  
Cuando a su casa llegaba  
de esta manera él decía  
— Mi vidita; yo quería  
solita dar un paseo.  
Y según lo que yo me creo  
*la mujer es una fiera.*

## 183.

*Sin dinero no hay caudal,  
y sin caudal no hay potencia.*

Soy presidente en la audiencia  
y luego soy principal.  
Y en todo lo general  
soy de ilustre estimación.  
Perros he vencido yo,  
y en ello soy distinguido.  
Y así el dinero y el trigo  
disputan estimación.

Yo te diré mi grandeza  
para que no arguyas tanto.  
Yo alimenté al padre santo  
y el me bendice en la iglesia.  
¿De qué sirve la grandeza  
si el otro mundo es amigo?  
El se llevará consigo  
alma, vida y alimento.  
Y así, con este argumento,  
así le responde el trigo.

De mí se hacen las coronas  
de la limpia concepción,  
la custodia y el cupón,  
el sagrario en tres personas.  
Soy la fuente de la ancora;  
soy primer emperador;  
de las guerras vencedor.  
Y con esta facultad,  
¿el dinero ganará?  
Y ¿quién se lleva el amor?

## 184.

Una tarde muy lluviosa  
me salí a pasear afuera;  
me senté en una damera  
para pensar no sé qué cosa;  
ví pasar a una moza  
de gallarda bizarria,  
me dijo que si quería  
casarme con ella, que era doncella,  
y que gozaría de ella  
al aclarecer el día.

Recuerda, prenda querida,  
cuando estaba en la prisión;  
tú fuiste el agua florida  
que bañó mi corazón;  
yo a ti te hablo con amor  
y mi voluntad te expreso,  
tú sabes si me contestas,  
yo te quiero pretender;  
y por una ingrata mujer  
un sí de amor, ¡cuánto cuesta!

Si mequieres, te prometo  
que si me tienes amor  
yo te hablo aunque sólo soy  
las llaves de tu aposento;  
si me guardas el secreto  
yo no he de querer a otro.  
Usted será la que toca  
en mi pecho y lo abrirá,  
pero me consolará,  
aunque yo no la conozca.

## 185.

Vivo en tí, mi bien, pensando  
desde que te conocí;  
tengo el pensamiento en tí  
por donde quiera que ando.  
Si duermo, te estoy soñando,  
que soy tu querido esposo  
y con alegría y gozo  
mi corazón te venera;  
y al verte, blanca azucena  
ayer tarde fui dichoso.

## 186.

Ayer tarde su cabello  
me puse a descomponer  
para verlo descender  
en negras ondas al cuello,  
porque estás mas hechicera  
cuando mi mano desata  
la espléndida catarata  
de tu bella cabellera.

Al posar mi vista ufana  
en ella vi, con dolor,  
el plateado color  
de una prematura cana;  
muy cerca de la niñez  
están los años que cuenta  
y ya en su cabeza ostenta  
el sello de la vejez  
una cana en aquel mar  
de su espléndida cabellera.

## 187.

A los dos se han encontrado  
gravemente bien heridos  
según datos que he tenido,  
él se hallaba degollado;  
el infeliz, desgraciado  
bien herido se veía  
porque en el cuello tenía

la herida ya de morir;  
y entonces se oía decir:  
— ¡Cuánta mudanza en un día!

Cuando la curia llegó  
y ese crimen presenciaba  
al hospital lo llevaban;  
y dicen que ella se hallaba  
enamorada de otro.  
Y en palabras le decía:  
— Sobre de una tumba fría  
conmigo te vas a ver  
cumpliendo con un deber.  
¡Cuánta mudanza en un día!

## 188.

*Si tuviera pluma de oro  
comprara papel de plata;  
recorriera la memoria  
y te escribiera una carta.*

Es tanto lo que te adoro,  
que no te puedo olvidar;  
y quisiera tener modos  
para mandarte pintar;  
si tuviera pluma de oro.  
Ya tu hermosura me mata;  
pues ves mi penalidad.  
Yo quisiera una errata.  
Por conseguir tu amistad.  
*comprara papel de plata.*

## 189.

Un viejo se enamoró  
de una muchacha que había,  
y la salió a ver un día  
y en un charco se zampó.  
El viejo se levantó  
y maldecía su suerte,  
más bravo que un martinete,  
más picante que un ají.  
Y si le dicen tanto así  
no hay raspa que le sujeté.

## 190.

*Yo soñé que me había muerto  
y que me estaban velando,  
y que me estaban rezando  
la oración del padre nuestro.*

Y también soñé de cierto  
que me moría sin verte.

Soñé muchísima gente  
que estaba a mi cabecera.  
Soñé que los más de afuera  
estaban rogando por mí.  
Soñé que estaba yo allí,  
todo de negro enlutado,  
difunto y amortajado,  
*sólo por quererte a ti.*

## 191.

Compai Feli tenía un vicio  
de comer plátano asao,  
y se fué poniendo pelao  
porque la suerte lo quiso;  
para mí sería el perjuicio  
y los malos procederes  
que me miren las mujeres  
y se echen a reír,  
cómo no van a sentir  
que se muera el compai Feli.

## 192.

*En Puerto Rico la maña  
y en Ponce mucho dinero;  
en San Germán la nobleza  
y en Coamo son los enredos.*

En el Pepino hay comercio,  
pero no es cosa mayor;  
en Lares mucho valor,  
según se ve el cosecho.  
En Añasco hay poco precio  
por efectos extranjeros;  
Mayagüez, hermoso pueblo,  
y en Cabo Rojo son guapos;  
en Isabela hay tabaco  
*y en Ponce mucho dinero.*

## 193.

Si yo me hubiese casado  
con ella, ¡triste, ay de mí!  
se encontraría feliz,  
y yo estaría burlado.  
Aunque esto ha resultado  
ya conocí que fué falsa.  
¡Ay de mí! Está despreciada.  
Nuestra amistad se acabó;  
Y lo ha bien comprendido  
después que en el suelo estaba.

## 194.

*Ave María, qué conciencia!  
¡qué hombre guapo y valiente!*

*Si en una hizo tres muertes,  
Madre de la Providencial!*

El al cuello se tiraba,  
no se podía degollar,  
y haló por un puñal,  
las tripas afuera se echaba;

todo esto él lo pensaba  
y decía con urgencia:  
— El fiscal allá en la audiencia  
gusto no se da conmigo,  
y hablando lo positivo.  
*Ave María, qué conciencia!*

## II. DECIMAS IN HEXASYLLABIC VERSE.

The *décimas* in hexasyllabic verse belong with the general subject of *décimas* in the matter of strophic form, and it seemed best to make the classification of the Porto-Rican poetic material on the basis of poetic forms. While most of the following *décimas*, which are in hexasyllabic metre, are in the matter of mere strophic form, rhyme-arrangements, the question of the introductory quatrains, etc., in fact entirely alike in matters of versification excepting the metre, the subject-matter is, on the whole, different. We have already stated that the subject-matter of the octosyllabic *décimas* is love, adventure, narrative. The theme of love is predominant. In the case of the hexasyllabic *décimas* the themes are love and adventure, but more prominently narratives taken from biblical tradition, mere Christmas carols, etc. Here it is noteworthy to observe that the *décimas* of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, already discussed in our observations on the octosyllabic *décimas*, are for the most part in octosyllabic metre, even those that treat of biblical tradition and other religious subjects. In modern tradition it seems — at least, if we judge from the Porto-Rican collection at our disposal — that the hexasyllabic *décima* is being limited more and more to themes of the Nativity. Even in the case of the *décimas* where love-themes are introduced, the religious element is the all-important one. In most of these *décimas* also we find the characteristics of the popular Christmas carol, and in fact many of them are such. For these reasons the people call most of the *décimas* in hexasyllabic verse *aguinaldos*, and these are the names given them in the manuscripts. If we use the word *aguinaldo* in the proper sense of "Christmas carol," this popular Porto-Rican hexasyllabic *décima* is rightly called by the people *aguinaldo*. In order to adhere, however, to the classification which we have followed, all *aguinaldos* in *décima* form are called and classified here as hexasyllabic *décimas*; and we have reserved the title of *aguinaldo* for the Christmas carols in other metres and strophic forms. It is clear, of course, that a definite classification had to be followed, even if arbitrary.

The *décimas* in hexasyllabic metre (or *aguinaldos* in the form of *décimas*), therefore, may be classified on the one hand with the *dé-*

*cimas*, as we have done, or on the other hand with the *aguinaldos* in any poetic form except the *décima*, the material of the section following them.

The hexasyllabic *décimas* (or *aguinaldos*) are for the most part very well composed, and point to learned sources. It has not been possible for us to study carefully the printed poetic material which the popular classes read and sing in Porto Rico. Some of the following compositions, especially those where the religious element is dominant, seem copied from printed sources. They may be the work of monks or priests, who compose them to inspire piety and religious fervor. Their style and general character point not only to learned or semi-learned sources, but also to composers that often had real poetic inspiration. They are popular poetic gems, that could not have been composed by the ordinary *poetas* or *cantadores* who compose every day in all Spanish countries the ordinary ungrammatical *décimas* and popular *coplas*. The shorter metre, which lends itself more easily for recitation and singing, is one of the reasons for its popularity. This metre, while not so popular in Spanish poetry as the octosyllabic, has nevertheless been very popular since the fifteenth century. It is even the metre of some ballads.

## 195.

*En la noche buena . . .*  
nació Jesucristo;  
los judíos malditos  
le ofrecen cadenas.

A la media noche,  
golpe de la una,  
nació Jesucristo  
de una Virgen pura  
en una columna  
dentro de una cueva;  
y la Magdalena  
se le arrodillaba,  
las gracias le daba  
*en la noche buena.*

A la media noche,  
golpe de las dos,  
dentro de un pesebre  
nació el niño Dios;  
la Virgen quedó  
virgen como era;  
San José se llega  
con mucho anhelo  
a reconocerlo  
*para noche buena.*

A la media noche,  
golpe de las tres,  
nació Jesucristo  
con buena fe.  
El con su poder  
buscó la manera,  
la Virgen con pena  
entonces quedó  
en ver que nació  
*para noche buena.*

A la media noche,  
golpe de las cuatro,  
nació Jesucristo  
sin ningún quebranto;  
el Espíritu Santo  
allí se le acerca,  
con palabras buenas  
decía: — Ya verán,  
lo perseguirán  
*para noche buena.*

A la media noche,  
golpe de las cinco,  
dentro de un pesebre  
nació Jesucristo;  
los judíos malditos

*¡ay! se le alegan  
buscando la cueva  
derecho a Belén,  
donde estaba El  
*para noche buena.**

*A la media noche,  
golpe de las seis,  
nació Jesucristo  
entre mula y buey;  
los santos a El  
le traían las nuevas  
que lo detuvieran  
donde lo tenían,  
lo perseguían  
*para noche buena.**

*A la media noche,  
golpe de las siete,  
nació Jesucristo  
sentenciado a muerte;  
Herodes le advierte  
ponerle cadenas  
donde lo cogieran  
darle la lanzada,  
que no gobernara  
*para noche buena.**

*A la media noche,  
golpe de las ocho,  
nació Jesucristo  
como cariñoso,  
como poderoso;  
rey de cielo y tierra  
a este mundo llega  
padre criador,  
de gobernador  
*para noche buena.**

Dennos aguinaldo  
por el que nació  
envuelto en las pajas,  
y en la cruz murió;  
tormento sufrió  
por el fiel cristiano;  
lavarán las manos  
todos los sayones;  
y adiós señores  
*porque ya nos vamos.*

196.

No habrá otra luz  
como la del día,

ni habrá otra mujer  
como fué María,  
que fué concebida  
y fué benditísima;  
como amabilísima  
fué Madre del Verbo;  
no hay otra justicia  
como la del cielo.

Quizá hay quien diga:  
— Yo tengo poder,  
pero no hay quien haga  
lo que hizo El.  
Pudo renacer  
de María Santísima;  
como amabilísima  
fué Madre del Verbo;  
como la del cielo  
no hay otra justicia.

Quizá hay quien diga:  
— Yo soy poderoso,  
no hay quien haga un mundo  
como lo hizo Dios.  
No se encuentra otro  
como el Padre Eterno  
que hizo el infierno  
y a María tan bella;  
no hay otra en la tierra  
como la del cielo.

Quizá hay quien diga:  
— No creo en lo santo,  
y el día que se muera  
verá su quebranto;  
ahí serán sus llantos  
delante de Dios;  
en un solo seno  
que hizo Jesucristo,  
el grande y el chico,  
el malo y el bueno.

Quizá hay quien diga:  
— Yo no creo en Dios,  
y el día que muera  
ese día creyó.  
Después que se hallare  
en aquel lugar  
le van a juzgar  
todos sus pecados,  
y seremos llamados  
ante el Tribunal.

Aquí en este mundo  
habrá inteligencia;  
no compite otra  
con la omnipotencia;  
es una eminencia  
el globo espiritual,  
donde va a parar  
todo ser viviente;  
téngalo presente  
ese Tribunal.

197.

En Belén de Judea  
nació Jesucristo,  
los magos benditos  
en Él se recrean.  
Para que lo crean,  
según se decía,  
el rey que nacía  
era el Redentor.  
Si es el Salvador,  
ven acá, alma mía.

Venían los magos  
o sabios de Oriente  
a adorar al niño  
muy resplandeciente.  
Una estrella ardiente  
les sirve de guía,  
para que María  
se fijara al cielo.  
Para tu consuelo,  
ven acá, alma mía.

Pasaron los magos  
por casa de Herodes;  
él los ha parado  
para estas razones.  
Y sin dilación  
dijo que creía  
poder encontrarle  
para ir a adorarle;  
ven acá, alma mía.

Vengo a recordarle  
a aquel rey Herodes  
que mandó matar  
los niños varones.  
Oigan mis razones,  
hoy en este día  
que lo que decía  
son cosas sagradas;  
oigan mis palabras,  
ven acá, alma mía.

Bajan los pastores  
con luces divinas  
a ver la parida  
en Belén, señores.  
Herodes enfurecido,  
lleno de ironía,  
con idolatría  
persigue al nacido;  
le han llamado el Cristo;  
ven acá, alma mía.

Herodes enfurecido,  
lleno de ironía,  
con idolatría,  
persigue al nacido;  
le han llamado el Cristo  
con mucho poder.  
Pudo acontecer  
que un ángel le dijo:  
— Llevarán consigo  
al Dios de Israel.

San José y María,  
al saber las nuevas,  
salen de esas tierras  
al rayar el día,  
llevando por guía  
la estrella que fué  
salida en Belén,  
señal de profeta;  
y adoran en ésta  
al Dios de Israel.

Un ángel les dijo:  
— Estarán allí,  
en lo que por fin  
forman un prodigio.  
Por el Dios divino  
Sagrado ha de ser;  
caudillo han de ver  
de todo el linaje.  
Bendecir la sangre  
al Dios de Israel.

En fin, me despido  
con ferviente anhelo;  
las gracias le demos  
al recién nacido.  
El fué dirijido  
a sufrir lo cruel,  
dando a comprender  
tantas amarguras.  
¡Gloria en las alturas  
al Dios de Israel!

## 197 (a).

En Belén de Judea  
nació Jesucristo,  
los magos benditos  
en Él se recrean.  
Fueron a la aldea  
para que lo crean;  
según lo decían  
el rey que nacía  
era el Redentor.  
Si es el Salvador  
ven acá, alma mía.<sup>1</sup>

Venían los magos  
o sabios de Oriente  
a adorar al Niño  
muy resplandeciente.  
Una estrella ardiente  
les sirve de guía,  
para que María  
se fijara al cielo.  
Para tu consuelo  
ven acá, alma mía.

Pasaron los magos  
por casa de Herodes;  
él los ha parado  
para estas razones.  
Y sin dilaciones  
dijo que quería  
poder encontrarle  
para ir a adorarle;  
ven acá, alma mía.

Vengo a recordarle  
a aquel rey Herodes  
que mandó matar  
los niños rabones.  
Oigan mis razones  
hoy en este día  
que lo que decía  
son cosas sagradas;  
oigan mis palabras,  
ven acá, alma mía.

Entonces Herodes  
estaba aterrado;  
él llamó a los magos  
que eran tres señores;  
y los sacerdotes  
dirigen también

las nuevas de ver  
de que había nacido  
en campo florido  
el Dios de Israel.

Herodes enfurecido,  
lleno de ironía,  
con idolatría,  
persigue al nacido;  
le ha llamado el Cristo  
con mucho poder.  
Pudo acontecer  
que un ángel le dijo:  
— Llevaran consigo  
al Dios de Israel.

Un ángel le dijo  
que estarían allí;  
entonces por fin  
tomando prodigo  
José y Dios divino,  
sagrado ha de ser,  
caudillo ha de ser  
de todo el linage;  
bendecid la sangre  
del Dios de Israel.

San José y María  
al saber las nuevas,  
salen de esas tierras  
al rayar el día,  
llevando por guía  
la estrella que fué  
salida en Belén,  
señal del profeta;  
adoren en esto  
al Dios de Israel.

## 198.

Dentro de un pesebre  
todo desarmando  
nació el Rey del cielo  
que es el facultado.  
El que el ser le ha dado  
a toda criatura  
de mujer ninguna  
se ha visto nacer  
otro como El.  
Gloria en las alturas.

<sup>1</sup> One verse too many.

De noche nació  
el Verbo divino  
y de noche mismo  
María lo fajó;  
y se arrodilló  
a la raíz de un pino.  
¡Válgame María,  
válgame José!  
¡qué me valgan las tres  
divinas personas!  
¡me valga el Verbo divino,  
válgame el camino  
que María pasó,  
y que me dé a Dios  
a la raíz de un pino!<sup>1</sup>

Señor tocador,  
tenga la bondad  
de no tocar más  
si me hace el favor;  
tenga usted el honor  
y el merecimiento,  
aguarde un momento  
en lo que nos vamos;  
arriba subámos  
para el instrumento.

Yo soy corre costa  
desde que naci;  
no hay quien dé de mí  
una mala nota;  
al pueblo le consta  
que yo soy honrado,  
que no soy tirano,  
que yo sé querer;  
ingrata mujer  
estírame la mano.

Mi primer amor  
una Juana fué,  
una Encarnación,  
y otra Salomé;  
de aquellas quedé  
muy escarmentado;  
hace más de un año  
no voy a su casa;  
ahora en esta Pascua  
vuelve mi persona,  
llevando aromas  
de una rosa blanca.

199.

San Pedro y San Juan  
con Jesús andaban;  
ellos predicaban  
el bien y el mal;  
para así alcanzar  
algo del poder;  
llegan a Belén  
y allí se paraban,  
en lo que predicaba  
el Dios de Israel.

Vemos el movimiento  
de todas las plantas  
y con arrogancias  
de aquel firmamento;  
se llegó el momento  
en la tierra nacer  
con aquel poder;  
aquí en lo infinito  
que le llamó Cristo  
el Dios de Israel.

Cuando nació el niño  
dentro del pesebre  
y los serafines  
bajaron a verlo,  
pues dicen que vieron  
a un gran poder,  
a María también.  
El predicaba,  
del cielo bajaba  
el Dios de Israel.

Después que nació  
tomó su destino  
de irse predicando  
por campo florido.  
El fué perseguido  
de Herodes también  
por quitarle a El  
para que no existiera,  
y así fué la prueba  
al Dios de Israel.

Cuando lo cogieron  
a Dios prisionero  
para crucificarlo,  
María, su consuelo,

<sup>1</sup> Five verses too many.

como vió primero  
del niño el poder;  
y no podía ser  
quererlo matar.  
Lo crucificaron  
al Dios de Israel.

A los pocos días  
de El haber nacido  
por el Rey Herodes  
El fué perseguido.  
Todos en seguida  
lo siguieron a El;  
lo pudieron ver  
dentro de las montañas;  
el nombre le daban  
de Dios de Israel.

Como en las montañas  
fué que a El lo vieron  
pues lo persiguieron  
por medio de mañas.  
Y su madre andaba  
que pensaba en El;  
de una muerte cruel  
luego le darían,  
que mucho sufría  
el Dios de Israel.

Entre mula y buey  
dicen que ha nacido;  
la doctrina cristiana  
así lo explicó.  
Porque no encontró  
en donde meterse  
y los Santos Reyes  
bajan para verle  
y ya me despidió  
del Dios de Israel.

Bajaron los Reyes  
también las estrellas  
el sol y la luna  
al compás con ellas.  
Bajó una doncella  
que venía a ver  
al niño a Belén  
que allí había nacido  
y así me despidió  
del Dios de Israel.

200.

*Naranjas y limas,*  
*limas y limones,*  
*limones floridos*  
*rosas con olores.*

Cuando Jesucristo  
pidió que beber  
le dieron vinagre  
mezclado con hiel;  
vino a padecer  
a una cruz divina;  
cayó de rodillas  
con ella en el suelo,  
le traen al madero  
*naranjas y limas.*

María en una cueva  
ahí parió a Jesús,  
oscura y sin luz  
en una tiniebla;  
los pastores llegan  
con sus resplandores  
y le traen faroles  
a María a la cueva,  
para que le diera  
*limas y limones.*

Cuando supo Herodes  
que había un rey del cielo  
le dijo a la tropa:  
— Búscaloy tráelo,<sup>1</sup>  
que yo quiero verlo.  
Así se dispone;  
ignoraba Herodes  
que hubiera nacido,  
y todos le traían  
*limones floridos.*

El ángel Gabriel  
dice que nacía  
aquej Mesías  
para el rey de Belén;  
anunció también  
que tenía sus dones.  
Duros corazones,  
tened compasión,  
y le traen al Señor  
*rosas con olores.*

<sup>1</sup> Accent *tráelo.*

Yo vi un lucero  
que la acompañaba  
hasta que llegaba  
a subir al cielo.  
La estrella de Venus,  
las siete Cabrillas,  
siguen su partida  
donde está el cordero;  
le traen al madero  
*naranjas y limas.*

De una cumbre alta  
un ángel bajó:  
María, saludó,  
palomita blanca.  
Ella es rubia y zarca,  
nació preferida  
entre las mujeres;  
le traen los reyes  
*naranjas y flores.*

Los reyes al momento  
vieron al cordero  
y todo le ofrecieron  
en su nacimiento  
padeció en el huerto  
de los pecadores  
buenas salvaciones  
le traían los reyes  
le llevan al pesebre  
*limas y limones.*

Los pastores llegan  
a ver a María;  
lindas bizarrias  
al niño le llevan  
todos le veneran  
su precioso hijo,  
muchos escogidos  
que Belén tenía  
y todos le traían  
*limones floridos.*

Aunque me despido  
no es para ausentarme,  
y tendrás que darme  
lo que te he pedido,  
y aguinaldo ha sido;  
lo cual por mi voz  
me despido yo  
y mi compañía  
me voy con María;  
*señores, adiós.*

201.

Los turcos salieron  
en busca de Oliveros;  
a todos los venció  
con su espada de acero;  
con él no pudieron  
todos los cuadrantes,  
formaba al instante  
una fila hermosa.  
De muerte sospechosa  
ya murió el gigante.

Decía Fierabrás:  
— Dormido en mi sueño  
para vencer los turcos  
tenía con Oliveros.  
Carlo Magno al verlo  
con su espada brillante  
quiso prepararle  
para formar guerra,  
y tocaba su corneta;  
ya murió el gigante.

El guapo vencedor  
ganó la corona  
y le trae aguinaldo  
a su amada esposa.  
Formaba su tropa  
antes de acostarse,  
quiso prepararse  
para el vencimiento.  
Decía muy contento:  
— Ya murió el gigante.

Y con estos días  
nobles caballeros,  
dijo Carlo Magno  
al conde Oliveros:  
— Adiós caballero, —  
dijo en el instante,  
— adiós, de mi parte  
doy la despedida  
quiero que me diga,  
— Ya murió el gigante.

Salió Fierabrás  
con su compañía  
a guerrear un día  
por díceres<sup>1</sup> de atrás.  
Anunciaba ya  
guerra en el instante,

<sup>1</sup> *Decires.*

hablaba bastante  
en un campo fijo,  
y Oliveros dijo:  
— Ya murió el gigante.

Se allegó Oliveros  
a voces que oyó  
que en ellas decían,  
— Vente, si eres bueno;  
estoy en terreno  
con hombres bastantes  
y del Almirante  
mandado he venido.  
Uno de ellos dijo:  
— Ya murió el gigante.

Una gran batalla  
tuvo el más capaz.  
Venció a Fierabrás  
y cobró la fama;  
las manos le daba  
en el mismo instante,  
porque vió delante  
hombres bien armados.  
Dijo Carlo Magno:  
— Ya murió el gigante.

Cogen a Oliveros,  
lo llevan a Turquía;  
a los pocos días  
siete más salieron;  
siete turcos vinieron,  
no quedó más distante.  
El que iba delante  
al rey cuenta dió,  
y él le pregunto:  
— ¿Ya murió el gigante?

## 202.

Por tu resplandor  
me vengo guiando  
y para ti traigo  
un ramo de amor.  
Linda es esta flor  
brillante y hermosa  
para que conozcas  
que soy tu enamorado;  
por eso te llamo  
arco iris y rosa.

Siguiendo tu estrella  
tan sólo he venido

por todo el camino  
guiado por ella.  
Hermosa doncella,  
linda y primorosa,  
eres tan hermosa  
en este lugar  
que te debes llamar  
arco iris y rosa.

Solo aquí he llegado  
a solicitarte;  
quiero ser tu amante  
clavel encarnado.  
Seré tu criado  
y tú serás mi esposa.  
Eres primorosa  
entre las mujeres;  
te digo que eres  
arco iris y rosa.

Me encuentro deshecho,  
hermosa mujer,  
y quiero tener  
el sí de tu pecho;  
pues ya ni un momento  
mi amor se sofoca;  
¡qué pasión tan loca!  
¡qué amor tan rendido!  
Por eso te digo  
arco iris y rosa.

## 203.

El día veinticuatro  
del mes de diciembre  
nació el Rey del cielo  
dentro de un pesebre,  
y los santos Reyes  
lo fueron a ver,  
que habría de nacer  
un cielo estrellado,  
un niño llamado  
el Dios de Israel.

Simón Pirineo  
convidió a Pirule  
a coger gandule  
para hacer un guiso;  
los Reyes preciso  
pusieron el coco.  
Se fueron como locos  
a dar en las piedras  
para que comiera  
Jesús amoroso.

204.

*¡Qué bueno es leer  
una carta escrita,  
saber comprender  
lo que significa!*

Mi padre no quiso  
que yo aprendiera  
hablar en inglés  
aunque poco fuera;  
de ahí es que se espera  
saber comprender,  
aprender también  
lo de más trabajo,  
los libros extraños;  
*¡qué bueno es leer!*

Yo tenía memoria  
para haber estudiado  
los libros ingleses.  
¿Qué hubiera pasado?  
Hubiera encontrado  
mi suerte o placer,  
aprendería también  
a cultivar la tierra;  
en libros de afuera.  
*¡Qué bueno es leer!*

Para tierras extrañas  
quisiera embarcarme,  
a ver si encontraba  
donde colocarme;  
quisiera mudarme  
en otro parecer,  
para poder tener  
lo que necesito,  
y aunque sea un poquito.  
*¡Qué bueno es leer!*

¡Qué triste me hallo  
por no haber aprendido  
a escribir una carta!  
Aunque hubiera sido  
hubiera tenido  
dinero también;  
comprendería muy bien  
lo bueno y lo malo  
en libro americano.  
*¡Qué bueno es leer!*

Estuve en la escuela  
por muy pocos días,  
a ver si seguía  
una buena carrera,  
pero mi suerte era  
como un cadáver;  
no pude aprender  
por no ser astuto;  
como uno sea bruto  
*no puede aprender.*

Aguinaldo pido  
y lo pediré,  
porque triste me hallo  
yo no sé porqué;  
que yo me veré  
sin ningún placer  
y poder tener  
lo que otro tiene,  
saber lo que contiene  
*un libro que leer.*

Saludando a todos  
yo cojo el retiro  
y quisiera irme  
para otro partido,  
a buscar un lirio  
y un hermoso clavel,

204. This *décima*, like many others, is of recent origin, and was composed after the American occupation of the island in 1898. On the whole, we do not find *décimas* that breathe a spirit of hatred and discontent towards the new rulers. The spirit of opposition towards Spanish domination has been evidently too pronounced, and any new order of things was welcome. In New Mexico the spirit of opposition to the Americans is still pronounced, and there are yet composed many *décimas* and ballads that give expression to that spirit. See "Romancero Nuevomejicano," Nos. 52, 67, and accompanying notes. In some Porto-Rican *décimas*, such as No. 216, the hatred for the Spaniard, and the good will towards the Americans, are very pronounced. It must be kept in mind, however, that time may change things.

para yo tener  
de flores extrañas  
una carta escrita.  
*¡Qué bueno es leer!*

El bruto no sabe  
como el inteligente,  
que se sabe presentar  
delante de la gente  
y tener presente  
lo que debe hacer,  
procurar tener  
muy buena memoria  
para entender historia.  
*¡Qué bueno es leer!*

¡En planeta tierra  
qué pobre me hallo,  
sin poder tener  
más que desengaños!  
Con americanos  
se vive muy bien;  
se encuentra también  
buena o mala suerte.  
*¡Y en libros de santos  
qué bueno es leer!*

Aguinaldo pido  
con mucha confianza,  
al que me pueda dar  
una buena esperanza;  
llegar a su casa  
con gusto y placer,  
saber comprender  
lo malo que haga  
la historia Sagrada.  
*¡Qué bueno es leer!*

## 205.

*Conchita de nácar,*  
*perla del Oriente,*  
*ramo florecido*  
*causa de mi muerte.*

Me puse a decir  
estoy comprometido  
pero te puedo cumplir  
lo que te he ofrecido;  
casado no he sido,  
tengo mi esperanza;  
cuando fui a tu casa  
con gusto y placer  
para no volver,  
*conchita de nácar.*

Contigo no he hablado  
ninguna palabra  
pero siempre te amo,  
querida del alma;  
está mi amor en calma,  
yo deseo verte,  
quisiera tenerte  
sin aquel dolor  
en mi corazón,  
*perla del Oriente.*

Traigo un abanico  
para hacerte un regalo;  
voy a comprar un aro  
para tu dedito,  
para que veas escrito  
lo que yo he sufrido;  
traigo el pecho herido  
por verte, mi bien,  
para no volver,  
*ramo florecido.*

Cuando fui a tu casa  
a ver tu escalera  
mandé una promesa  
porque me quisieras;  
le mandé una vela  
a un santo por verte;  
acabo mi suerte  
dicha y mi virtud  
porque fuiste tú  
*causa de mi muerte.*

Yo quedé al momento  
lleno de dolor  
y mi corazón  
en padecimiento  
en ver que me encuentro  
en una ignorancia;  
y fué la desgracia  
que me ha perseguido;  
traigo el pecho herido,  
*conchita de nácar.*

Si tú te acordaras  
del tiempo pasado,  
de lo que yo te amo  
querida del alma,  
tú al acto quedaras  
con pena de muerte,  
porque hoy se convierte  
otra en mi lugar;  
y éste es mi pensar,  
*perla del Oriente.*

Yo a ti te quería  
con constante amor  
y en mi corazón  
siempre te tenfa;  
hoy se llegó el día  
para mi retiro;  
traigo el pecho herido  
y sufro sin calma;  
oye mis palabras,  
*ramo florecido.*

Te mando una carta,  
recíbelas bien,  
que mis ojos lloran  
cuando no te ven;  
en un padecer  
me encuentro pendiente;  
sufro moralmente  
de un sentir a otro  
por decirte adiós,  
*causa de mi muerte.*

206.

*Traigo una cajita,*  
*traigo una esmeralda;*  
*póntela en el pecho*  
*querida del alma.*

Que labios divinos  
tiene esta mujer;  
el dueño de ellos  
quisiera yo ser,  
para merecer  
cuatro palomitas.  
Si tu amor me invita  
a platicar un rato;  
traigo tu retrato  
*en una cajita.*

Corazón de mármol,  
pecho de marfil,  
¿quién pudiera oír  
tu voz al hablar?  
Si me vas a amar  
guárdame el secreto;

yo vivo deshecho,  
niña, por tu amor,  
no tengas temor;  
*póntela en el pecho.*

Sál con decoro  
a buscar tu amor  
te voy yo a dar  
un rico tesoro;  
no es plata, ni es oro  
porque no lo he hecho,  
yo vivo deshecho,  
mi blanca azucena;  
*de amor las cadenas*  
*ponlas en el pecho.*

Ángel celestial  
de mis ilusiones,  
mi fuerte pasión  
no puede aguantar;  
yo te voy a dar  
de laurel la forma  
con silencio y calma  
me darás el sí;  
hoy muero por ti,  
*querida del alma.*

207.

*Me voy a retirar*  
*para tierra muy distante,*  
*porque un gran sentimiento*  
*me causará a mí la muerte.*

Que mucho me pesa  
y me pesará  
dejar el lugar  
y no puedo más;  
lo sé, y lo sé ya  
que voy a morir;  
no le sé decir  
si será mañana  
*me voy a retirar.*

206. Although many of the hexasyllabic *décimas* have the introductory quatrain so frequent in the octosyllabic class, especially in type A, there are a few (Nos. 206, 214, 219, 222) that, questions of metre aside, belong with type A. The verse repetition does not seem to be followed with the same regularity, but the number is not large enough to warrant any definite and final conclusions.
207. This *décima* is very poorly copied, and there are probably many errors. There are many octosyllabic verses in some of the strophes.

Madre, si me fuere  
no ruegues por mí,  
déjame ir así  
hasta donde Dios quiera;  
donde no la viera  
me quisiera ir  
para no sentir  
dolor en el alma;  
para tierra extraña  
*me voy a retirar.*

Cuando yo creía  
una falsedad  
de la prenda que amé  
con tanta idolatría;  
lo sé, y lo sé ya  
que voy a morir  
no le sé decir  
si será mañana,  
por una tirana  
*me voy a retirar.*

Como no voy a sentir  
y a estar cavilos  
si me voy a ir  
donde no conozco;  
el volverme loco  
es lo que yo siento;  
se llegó el momento  
de virar la espalda;  
un sentir me aguarda  
*y un gran sentimiento.*

Pidiendo aguinaldo  
me voy a despedir;  
no le sé decir  
de una prenda que amo;  
como una corriente  
mi corazón siente  
de una prenda que amo;  
adiós, que nos vamos  
*para tierras muy distantes.*

208.

*Mi pecho está herido,*  
*Lupe, por tu amor,*  
*queda convertido*  
*en grande pasión.*

Yo traigo una flor  
para regalarte;  
en mi corazón  
quisiera guardarte;

yo quisiera hablarte  
en este sentido,  
para ti he traído  
claveles y rosas;  
como eres hermosa  
*mi pecho está herido.*

Un ramo de flores  
para ti he traído  
de varios colores,  
y no se han marchitado;  
blancas y encarnadas  
son las lindas flores;  
yo sufro de amores,  
ésta es la verdad;  
y mi pecho anhela  
*sufrir por tu amor.*

Si a ti te complacen  
mis afectos, niña,  
yo a ti te daría  
otra flor más linda;  
como yo consiga  
de ti un gran cariño  
sentiré el alivio,  
quedaré satisfecho  
y en mi pensamiento  
*queda convertido.*

Qué bonita es  
la flor de granada,  
su aroma no puede  
contigo igualar.  
Si me das palabra  
te daré el corazón;  
con esta intención  
te amo con firmeza  
y mi amor no piensa  
*más que en mi pasión.*

Un ramo de flores  
traigo para ti,  
también te daré  
un clavel hermoso;  
como generoso  
te tengo ofrecido  
sólo en un suspiro,  
y pensando en mi cielo,  
amándote mucho,  
*mi pecho está herido.*

La flor más divina  
de todo el jardín

se puede decir  
que es la clavellina;  
las flores se admirán  
a tu alrededor,  
sólo en el color  
tú eres la mas bella.  
Mi pecho de veras  
*sufre por tu amor.*

A ti, señorita  
te pido aguinaldo;  
como eres bonita  
te estoy celebrando;  
yo vivo pensando  
en el día de hoy,  
como sólo soy  
a quien a ti ama,  
te daré mi mano;  
*adiós, que me voy.*

209.

Vengo a saludar  
aquí en esta casa  
a una trigueña  
que su amor me encanta;  
ella es tan ingrata  
que me hace sufrir;  
no puedo vivir  
sin su simpatía;  
dame algún consuelo,  
estrellita mía.

Mi fiel hechicera,  
no me hagas sufrir,  
que tu amor ingrato  
me hace morir;  
tú no has de sentir  
que pierda la vida,  
de penas crecida  
que en mi pecho graba;  
dame algún consuelo,  
estrella adorada.

Ya me hallo rendido  
resuelto a sufrir;  
para descansar  
tendré que morir  
sin poder decir  
que me des consuelo;  
si yo por ti muero  
tú eres la causante  
que muera tu amante,  
estrella del cielo.

En el cementerio  
me recordaré  
que firme te amé  
y yo por ti muero;  
hermoso lucero,  
duélete de mí;  
yo no creí de ti  
de que me olvidaras;  
en mi pobre tumba,  
estrella adorada.

En mi pobre tumba  
donde yo reposo  
pon un pensamiento,  
triste y caviloso,  
pon un ser hermoso  
a quien yo adoraba,  
llámame, mi amada,  
dame algún consuelo;  
no me hagas sufrir,  
estrella del cielo.

¡Ay, triste de mí  
que no hallo consuelo  
pensando en mi amada  
en este destierro!  
Y ella ni por sueño  
se acuerda de mí;  
he sido infeliz  
por ti, vida mía;  
no seas tan ingrata,  
estrellita mía.

Los grandes desvelos  
que por ti he pasado  
tienen a mi pecho  
de amor traspasado;  
me hallo desterrado  
para más dolor,  
que mucha pasión  
siento cada día  
en mi corazón,  
estrellita mía.

Adios, vida mía,  
de ti me despido  
con el corazón,  
de amor encendido;  
contigo deliro,  
digo que eres mía;  
la gran simpatía  
que me trae rendido,  
mi pecho está herido,  
estrellita mía.

Adiós, que me voy  
con mucha alegría  
satisfecho en viendo  
tanta simpatía;  
por ti, vida mía,  
me dirijo aquí,  
me despido así  
con voz placentera.  
Pasa feliz día,  
estrella del cielo.

210.

Si tú no hicieras  
padecer a mí  
te daría yo a tí  
sangre de mis venas.  
Ingrata, tú niegas  
de que me querías;  
el bien que te hacía  
no lo has comprendido  
y hoy me encuentro triste  
por tus tiranías.

Mujer si supieras  
todos mis traspasos  
te echarías a mis brazos,  
yo más existiera.  
Ya no te da pena  
si por tí moría,  
verme en agonía;  
y no me harías sufrir  
si voy a morir  
por tus tiranías.

Si me vieras muerto  
con velas ardiendo  
dirías al momento,  
— Yo soy la causante.  
Pués a cada instante  
al sepulcro irías.  
Lo que en tí existía  
ya veo que no existe,  
y hoy me encuentro triste  
por tus tiranías.

Por el camposanto  
me verás pasar  
con la cruz adelante  
y yo más atrás;  
tan sólo en verdad

no me pesaría,  
tan sólo sería  
para tí un duelo,  
en saber que muero  
por tus tiranías.

Oye mis clamores,  
ingrata mujer;  
mira que me tienes  
en un padecer.  
Me hallo sin placer  
y sin alegría  
en mí desconfiar,  
mujer inolvidable;  
pretendes matarme  
por tus tiranías.

Ingrata mujer,  
que sufrir me das,  
a Dios le daré  
toditas mis quejas;  
ya de tí se aleja  
hoy la sombra pura;  
en fin lo que hacía  
no lo ha apreciado;  
seré sepultado  
por tus tiranías.

Mujer, tú pretendes  
que yo sea perdido;  
mira que no soy  
tan malo contigo;  
tu palabra pido  
hoy en este día.  
El pueblo diría  
que me haces sufrir  
y voy a morir  
por tus tiranías.

Ayer deseaba  
el hallarme muerto  
en saber que estoy  
pasando tormento,  
en sufrimiento  
de noche y de día.  
Hoy la despedida  
te daré, tirana;  
la muerte me llama  
por tus tiranías.

## 211.

Vengo a saludar  
con mucho cariño  
a todos mis amigos  
en este lugar;  
yo vengo a buscar  
con mucha confianza  
aquella muchacha  
que me saludó,  
y de amor me dió  
una rosa blanca.

Dime si me quieres,  
dime si me amas,  
que yo no te olvido,  
prenda idolatrada;  
quiero ver tu cara  
e ir a tu casa;  
sin ver la tardanza  
quiero saludarte,  
para regalarte  
un ramo de flores.

Dispensen, señores,  
si los he molestado  
por bien que quedé  
el año pasado;  
y ahora he recordado  
que usted es la muchacha  
que por su confianza  
procuraba yo,  
porque usted me dió  
una rosa blanca.

Juanita y Petrona  
salieron un día  
a ver la paloma  
que Amelia tenía;  
les causó alegría  
y les tuvo gracia  
en ver esa planta  
con tan linda flor;  
les causó primor  
una rosa blanca.

## 212.

Ausente de ti  
triste me encontraba,  
si tú me olvidarás,

¿qué sería de mí?  
Pero comprendí  
que yo fuí tu dueño,  
que te amé primero  
y tú no me olvidabas;  
como ausente estaba  
aquí estoy de nuevo.

Te amo con delirio  
y no puedo olvidarte  
y alejado de tu amor  
no viviré tranquilo;  
yo estaba metido  
en un gran desvelo  
en ver que te quiero  
y no puedo olvidarte,  
y sabes para amarte  
aquí estoy de nuevo.

Ven acá, ángel mío,  
siéntate conmigo,  
que vengo a contarte  
lo que he yo sufrido;  
por tu amor rendido  
será mi consuelo,  
sería mi desvelo,  
que yo suspiro;  
a verte he venido,  
aquí estoy de nuevo.

Ven, dame la mano  
si me quieres ver,  
y sabrás, mujer  
lo que yo te amo;  
tu amor se ha formado  
para mí del cielo  
y no puedo menos  
que cumplirte, mi bien.  
Por venirte a ver  
aquí estoy de nuevo.

No tenía esperanza  
de volverte a ver,  
firme en el querer  
y en mí no hay mudanza;  
yo estuve tardando,  
mis trabajos fueron,  
metido en los celos  
y no te veía;  
doy la despedida,  
aquí estoy de nuevo.

211. The fourth strophe has no relation in thought with the rest, but the verse repetition is continued. This scheme of following the purely mechanical arrangement with little connection in content may be found in many of the *décimas*.

Quisiera decirte  
lo que a mí me pasa,  
pasando tormentos  
por no ir a tu casa;  
y por mi desgracia  
estoy prisionero,  
estoy sin consuelo  
y sin alegría;  
por verte, alma mía,  
aquí estoy de nuevo.

Tú debes tener  
presente en tu memoria  
horas de placeres,  
recuerdos de gloria,  
que sólo la historia  
de esta poesía;  
recuerdo los días  
de amor y ventura,  
cuando con ternura  
— Te quiero, — decías.

Yo estuve en ausencia  
pero no te olvido  
porque tú has sido  
toda mi creencia;  
estoy en tu puerta,  
verte es lo que quiero,  
te amo con esmero  
y con grata ilusión,  
y por ver mi amor  
aquí estoy de nuevo.

## 213.

*En la planta oscura  
había un mudo ciego,  
rezando la doctrina  
y los evangelios.*

Ya viene San Pablo  
advirtiendo a todos  
que en esto de coros  
estamos atrazados;  
queridos hermanos  
no hay ninguna duda  
que mi Dios procura  
de darnos aviso  
a pobres y ricos  
*en la planta oscura.*

Prendan siete velas  
sobre sus espaldas,

si saben ponerlas  
les verán las alas.  
San Juan nos encarga  
que nos enmendemos  
que no nos llevemos  
de doctrina falsa;  
como luego pasa  
*habla un pobre ciego.*

No olvidar lo justo  
a San Juan Bautista  
que fué el que dispuso  
el agua bendita.  
San Gabriel predica  
por el Padre Eterno  
que nos da consuelo  
y arrepentimiento;  
la hostia y el cáliz  
*y los evangelios.*

Al venir Jesús  
a explicarnos cosas  
clamamos entonces  
por la Santa Cruz,  
porque ésa es la luz  
de toda criatura.  
Esa es la escritura  
de nuestro Señor,  
y es la primer flor  
*en la planta oscura.*

Al verse salir  
al mar de su centro  
sin conocimiento  
vamos a morir;  
hermanos, venid  
a tomar consejos  
no vivir perplejos;  
que las profecías  
están ya cumplidas  
*habla un pobre ciego.*

Ya se llegó el día  
de irnos enmendando  
que los doce apóstoles  
'están predicando;  
nos están alumbrando  
con la luz del cielo,  
nos traen consuelo  
y nos dan de aguinaldo,  
la hostia y el cáliz  
*y los evangelios.*

## 214.

*Despierta, mujer,  
de ese sueño ya,  
despierta y verás  
las plantas crecer.*

¿No ves los insectos  
chupando la flor?  
¿no ves el calor  
que hay en el invierno?  
Por eso es que ellas  
reciban placer,  
con ponerse a oler  
las flores sombrías.  
Hoy en este día  
*despierta, mujer.*

¿No ves las cigüeñas  
bien de madrugada,  
todas en voz baja  
cantando ligero?  
Tú con gran anhelo  
en el sueño estás;  
el pitirre va  
cánticos a dar,  
te hace despertar  
*de ese sueño ya.*

¿Tú no ves la luna  
cómo crece y mengua?  
¿no ves las estrellas  
en su misma altura?  
¿no ves las columnas  
de astros en su ser?  
Siente un gran placer  
al viento alejarse;  
así mismo hace  
*las plantas crecer.*

¿No ves la neblina  
hacia la montaña?  
¿no ves con la mañana  
que el viento la inclina?  
Tú no lo imaginas  
como puede ser;  
siente un gran placer  
al viento alejarse;  
así mismo hace  
*las plantas crecer.*

## 215.

*Palito copioso,  
tronco de marfil,*

para estar penando  
vale más morir.  
Para hacer sufrir  
a nadie se engaña,  
a cualquiera daña  
la palabra injusta;  
y si me disgusta  
me iré a la montaña.

*Palito copioso,  
tan reverdecido,  
¡qué triste se halla  
el corazón mío!  
Triste y afligido  
por una que estaba,  
por una que está  
en aquel lugar;  
y al verme penar  
gimen las montañas.*

*Centurión Cornelio  
yo te traigo dos  
y se me olvidó  
la vuelta de en medio.  
Si tienes consuelo  
aguarda a mañana;  
procura idolatrada  
flor de mi alegría;  
por tu tiranía  
gimen las montañas.*

*Mañana me voy  
para mi retiro,  
pues siento llevarme  
la prenda que estimo.  
Pero vuelvo y digo  
que fué aconsejada  
por una que estaba  
en aquel lugar;  
y al verme penar  
gimen las montañas.*

*¿Qué quieres que haga,  
amable mujer?  
Si me das palabra  
te cumpliré fiel.  
¿Cómo puede ser  
verte despreciada?  
Yo siempre te amaba  
y nunca te olvido,  
y en ver que he sufrido  
gimen las montañas.*

Por ti, ángel querido,  
me hallo padeciendo  
por ti estoy sufriendo  
y en penas metido;  
por ti estoy creído,  
metido en campaña  
con las artimañas  
de mi alma inmortal,  
mal me has de pagar;  
gimen las montañas.

## 216.

*Puerto Rico libre,*  
*Cuba independiente;*  
*el americano*  
*se mostró valiente.*

El gobierno hispano  
ya se retiró,  
la América plantó  
su pabellón galano;  
el americano  
aquí es preferible  
contra los terribles,  
los inquisidores;  
quedó lleno de flores  
*Puerto Rico libre.*

Pueblo te has salvado  
de la nación ibérica,  
hoy vino la América,  
libertad te ha dado  
y por ti han luchado  
tus hijos valientes;  
dando siempre al frente  
a España venció  
y por fin quedó  
*Cuba independiente.*

Aquí ya se ha visto  
lo que se ignoraba,  
que por fin quedara  
libre Puerto Rico.  
Se acabó el conquisto  
de bárbaras manos,  
se acabó el tirano;  
todo se acabó  
desde que llegó  
*el americano.*

Esto dice España:  
— No tengo vapores,  
ni tengo dinero,  
por ser traidoreros  
mis hijos traidores,  
por abusadores  
y tanta maldad.  
Puerto Rico está  
lleno de rubillos,  
pero del bandido  
*se fué la igualdad.*

— Me veré nombrada  
metida en empeño  
porque mi gobierno  
me tiene arruinada. —  
Esto dice España  
al republicano.  
— Perdí los cubanos  
como se halla escrito.  
Y dice Puerto Rico:  
— *Soy americano.*

Querido país,  
¡qué casualidad!  
que la libertad  
te cobija a ti;  
no volverá aquí  
el gobierno hispano;  
era muy tirano.  
¡qué nos iba a gustar!  
Y nos vino a salvar  
*el americano.*

Adiós españoles,  
verdugos de ayer,  
no pueden volver  
a estos rededores;<sup>1</sup>  
esos malhechores,  
esos imprudentes,  
no fueron decentes.  
Adiós, que nos vamos,  
y el americano  
*se mostró valiente.*

## 217.

En tus puertas estoy,  
mándame a subir;  
si no me recibes,  
me tendré que ir.

216. See notes to No. 204.

<sup>1</sup> Alrededores.

Te vengo a decir  
que me des tu amor;  
dame bella flor  
un ramo de olivo,  
dame un siemprevivo,  
dame un girasol.

Dame una azucena  
de tu mata hermosa,  
dame de tu boca  
la palabra amena.  
Tú eres la sirena  
que matas mi amor,  
y yo con dolor  
te rindo homenaje;  
pues si tú lo sabes  
dame un girasol.

Dame una rosita,  
la quiero en botón;  
la rosa cerrada  
significa amor.  
Cielo de esplendor  
eres tú, alma mía;  
con tu lozanía  
me estás cautivando;  
si me estás matando,  
dame un girasol.

Dame una camelia,  
hermosa mujer,  
y dame un clavel  
y flor de canela.  
Dame una flor buena,  
alma de esplendor;  
no temas, mi amor,  
sigue mi amistad;  
pero si me das,  
dame un girasol.

Te vengo a pedir,  
no me digas nada,  
la flor de granada  
y el lindo jazmín.  
Tú, mujer sutil,  
dime con fervor  
si me das la flor  
que mi pecho intenta;  
dame una respuesta,  
dame un girasol.

Dame un clavel blanco  
con uno encarnado,

dame ese regalo;  
forman un encanto.  
Cielo de quebranto,  
dime con valor,  
dime sin temor,  
que soy complacido;  
dímelo seguido,  
dame un girasol.

Yo quiero una dalia;  
si me la regalas,  
es flor envidiada  
cual la bella Amalia.  
Tú eres la aguinalda  
que yo con primor  
conservo al menor  
instante en mi vida;  
tú, luz preferida,  
dame un girasol.

La flor de violeta  
me darás también,  
con mucho desdén,  
una rosa abierta.  
Tú, mujer discreta,  
pareces el sol,  
con un resplandor  
que matas la gente;  
si eres complaciente  
dame un girasol.

Si fuera a pedirte  
las flores que intento  
sería un sentimiento  
para ti muy triste.  
No deseo affigirte,  
deseo darte amor,  
porque mi valor  
está en tu compañía;  
si eres flor extraña  
dame un girasol.

Dame de aguinaldo  
lo que te he pedido,  
las flores que estimo,  
que me has regalado.  
Siempre te he estimado,  
te brindo mi amor;  
cálmame el dolor  
que por ti padezco;  
mi mano te ofrezco,  
dame un girasol.

En fin me despido  
de estos alrededores;  
voy a coger flores  
a un jardín florido.  
Oye lo que digo  
con tu resplandor;  
sin quedar pudor  
a tus bellos piés,  
siempre te amaré;  
dame un girasol.

Adiós, vida mía,  
hasta el año entrante  
que vuelva a cantarte  
con mucha alegría.  
¡Qué feliz el día!  
¡qué brillante el sol!  
Con mucho honor  
vendré a visitarte,  
vendré a saludarte;  
dame un girasol.

## 218.

Vengo saludando,  
oigan mis cánticos,  
linda azucenita,  
sirena del mar.  
Yo vengo a cantar  
como los jilgueros,  
que tono risueño  
traigo siempre aquí;  
pues te lo ofrézco  
en este año nuevo.

¡Oh! ¡qué día feliz!  
¡qué precioso viene!  
traigo para ustedes  
un lindo jazmín,  
que yo lo cogí  
del jardín de Veno.<sup>1</sup>  
Y aquí te traemos  
un ramilletito;  
mira qué bonito  
en este año nuevo.

Hoy con alegría  
vengo a saludar;  
paren de tocar,  
suban para arriba.  
A bailar en seguida  
como caballero;

calle el instrumento,  
deme usted la mano  
que nos retiramos;  
¡feliz año nuevo!

En fin, me despido  
con gran sentimiento,  
y le explicaré  
por estos momentos  
que por su amor siento  
y me desespero;  
no tengo consuelo  
si no me da el sí;  
y pase un día feliz  
en este año nuevo.

## 219.

*Luz de mi alegría,  
flor de mi placer,  
ya se llegó el día  
de venirte a ver.*

En grandes tormentos  
se hallaba mi amor,  
sufriendo y sintiendo  
angustia y dolor.  
Ahora estoy mejor  
y siento alegría,  
una mejoría;  
éste es mi consuelo,  
tirana del cielo,  
*ya se llegó el día.*

Antes de salir  
de mi cruel prisión  
andaba el corazón  
sin ningún sentido;  
prefiero el morir  
antes de perder  
mi ingrato placer  
que me cautivaba;  
la vida yo daba  
*por venirte a ver.*

Tu nombre cifrado  
lo llevo en mi mente;  
sólo con la muerte  
se verá borrado.  
Si tienes agrado  
y el niño también

<sup>1</sup> Venus.

dímelo, mi bien,  
ahora, si es cierto;  
que llevo en mi pecho  
*luz de mi placer.*

Juanita, tú eres  
la perla escogida  
entre las mujeres;  
dime si me quieres  
con idolatría,  
y yo te amaría  
sin ningún dolor  
por darte mi amor;  
*ya se llegó el día.*

## 220.

Oigan mis poesías  
vengo saludando,  
también traigo ramo  
de flores escogidas.  
De lindas alelías,  
traigo un macetero  
tomé con anhelo  
este jazmín cito;  
a ustedes felicito  
en este año nuevo.

Ramo de violeta,  
jardín florecido,  
lindo siemprevivo,  
te canto en tus puertas;  
si no me contestas  
preguntarte quiero  
¿tomas con anhelo  
este clavelito?  
y te felicito  
en este año nuevo.

Canto con virtud,  
en según se trata  
al dueño de casa.  
Dios le dé salud  
con esta actitud;  
explicarle quiero,  
como caballero,  
oiga mis canciones,  
que le traigo flores  
en este año nuevo.

Oye, encantadora,  
ya te saludamos,  
te felicitamos  
al venir la aurora.

¡Oh! ¡qué linda hora!  
¡qué lindo está el cielo!  
y con sus luceros  
da sus resplandores;  
tomen ustedes flores  
en este año nuevo.

Hoy, lleno de gozo,  
yo te canto a ti;  
pasa tú feliz  
este día dichoso.  
¡Qué lindo y precioso  
está reluciendo!  
El está ofreciendo  
lindas azucenas  
puede usted cogerlas  
en este año nuevo.

La primera vez  
que le conocí  
fué porque la vi,  
recuérdese usted;  
tome este clavel  
que para usted tengo,  
también ofreciendo  
flores escogidas,  
lindas clavellinas,  
en este año nuevo.

## 221.

Sal para la fuente  
si me quieras ver,  
que yo tengo ganas  
de verte también.  
Quisiera poder  
visitar tu casa  
porque tú me encantas  
con ese mirar,  
que vas a cantar,  
palomita blanca.

Abre tu ventana  
si quieras saber  
que te vengo a ver  
flor de Siciliana.  
Hermosa esmeralda,  
flor de toda planta,  
éste que te canta  
es tu amigo fiel,  
que te quiere ver,  
palomita blanca.

Dime como te 'hallas,  
flor de mis amores,  
luz de mis ardores,  
lucero del alba.  
Flor de las montañas  
joh preciosa planta!  
que tu olor me mata,  
cielito divino;  
salte de tu nido,  
palomita blanca.

Tórtola del campo,  
calandra desierta,  
tú a mí me despiertas  
con tu dulce canto.  
Cuando me levanto  
te busco en mi casa,  
pierdo la esperanza  
porque no te veo;  
tú eres mi recreo,  
palomita blanca.

Del jardín de amor  
tú eres la hortelana,  
eres la campana  
de mi corazón.  
Tú eres mi ilusión,  
tú eres mi esperanza,  
tú eres la que lanza  
a mi triste pecho;  
por ti estoy deshecho,  
palomita blanca.

Flor de tu jardín  
y lirio del prado  
se formará un ramo  
bello serafín.  
Preciosa muchacha,  
ser luz en tu casa,  
divina esmeralda,  
evidiable rosa,  
palomita blanca.

Quisiera ser perla  
de tu gargantilla,  
de tu cinta hebilla,  
lazo en tu chinela;  
zarcillo en tu oreja,  
espejo en tu casa,  
contemplar tu gracia,  
sortija en tu dedo.  
Dame de tu pelo,  
palomita blanca.

Las flores del campo  
en la primavera  
ellas se asemejan,  
luz de mis encantos.  
Hoy con tierno llanto  
te envío esta carta  
con palabras gratas,  
llenas de misterio;  
dame algun consuelo,  
palomita blanca.

Dime si hay alguno  
que estorbe mi amor  
para ver si doy  
con ese importuno.  
Porque yo te juro  
si tú me idolatras  
darte mi palabra  
y morir por ti;  
mi hermoso alelí,  
palomita blanca.

## 222.

*En pos de una flor  
vine a este jardín,  
que me ha hecho venir  
tu grato color.*

En su templo Diana  
se vistió de flores;  
de varios colores  
queda coronada.  
Con sus bellas alas  
se cubre de amor,  
se viste de honor  
y de flores virgen;  
*por eso yo vine  
en pos de una flor.*

Florinda plantó  
muy bellos rosales;  
con flor admirable  
Dios los coronó.  
Y por eso yo  
amé a Dios Florín,  
buscando un jazmín  
para mi contento,  
*a ver si te encuentro  
vengo a este jardín.*

Las niñas son flores  
que visten los campos;  
son el dulce encanto  
de aquel Dios de amor.

Tu grato color  
me hace sonreír,  
un bello jazmín  
blanco y encarnado,  
y su mismo agrado  
*me ha hecho venir.*

En la primavera  
floreцен los campos,  
una voz me alegra,  
es su dulce canto.  
Pero en vuestro campo  
belleza y primor,  
es dulce una flor  
de gratos perfumes,  
en la inmensa nube  
*su grato color.*

## 223.

Yo soy el canario,  
de gratas canciones;  
de demostraciones  
me hallo rodeado,  
que canto en los prados  
con pena y dolor,  
porque ya mi amor  
se halla despreciado,  
y digo llorando:  
— Ven, traeme una flor.

Yo soy el turpial  
de muy grata senda,  
que me han encerrado  
sin yo tener pena.  
Hasta una cadena  
arrastro por castigo.  
¡Qué crueles martirios  
pasé por tu amor!  
Como desgraciado  
procuro una flor.

Con voces de amor  
a los de mi agrado  
les brindo canciones,  
me dan aguinaldo.  
Como desgraciado  
contemplo en mi senda  
encerrado en rejas;  
ven, traeme una flor.

Si usted es una flor  
y yo el jardinero,  
usted es mi consuelo  
yo su defensor.  
Se viste de honor,  
no puedo venir  
sin yo conseguir  
de vos un agrado,  
pidiendo aguinaldo  
vengo a este jardín.

Yo le doy cautivo  
según lo merece;  
las camelias crecen  
y el cándido lirio,  
y yo me despido  
de ti linda flor.  
Hasta el ruiseñor  
trina en melodía;  
doy la despedida  
en pos de una flor.

## 224.

Palito copioso,  
tan reverdecido,  
¡qué triste se halla  
el corazón mío!  
Triste y afligido  
mi corazón se halla,  
porque las murallas  
se han hecho sin fin,  
en verme sufrir,  
querida del alma.

Mañana me voy  
para mi retiro;  
siento no llevarme  
la prenda que estimo,  
pero vuelvo y digo  
que fué aconsejada  
por una que estaba  
allá en el hogar,  
en verme peinar,  
querida del alma.

Centurión Cornelio,  
yo traía dos  
y se me perdió  
la vuelta de esmero.

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223. This composition shows some resemblance to No. 222, some final verses being identical, but they came in separate note-books as separate *décimas*.

No tienes consuelo  
aguarda a mañana,  
prenda idolatrada,  
luz de mi alegría,  
por tus tiranías,  
querida del alma.

Dime cuanto cuesta  
un bien para querer,  
para que tú me ames  
a mí con placer.  
Te compré también  
para que te peinaras  
ese terciopelo,  
en ver que yo peno,  
querida del alma.

Después que obscurce  
ya no hay claridad,  
se pone la luna  
ya no alumbra más.  
El sol que se va  
con sus breves mañas,  
Juanita del alma  
no me olvida a mí,  
que sufro por ti,  
querida del alma.

Tengo una muchacha;  
ella me pregunta  
por qué las retiradas  
son las que me gustan.  
Me lleva a la tumba  
una que me aguarda,  
porque una Leocadia  
me tiene conquistado,  
desde que te he visto  
querida del alma.

En fin, me despido  
para tierras extrañas  
braman las montañas  
al ver que me voy,  
porque triste estoy  
querida del alma.<sup>1</sup>

225.

Colón se educó  
esto fué en Pavía,  
lo que más quería  
pronto lo aprendió.

El se dedicó  
a estudiar, señores,  
los libros mejores  
con saber bastante;  
y vió el navegante  
de Borinquen flores.

En la astronomía  
estudió constante,  
ése fué su arte  
según pretendía.  
La filosofía  
aprendió en honores;  
entre profesores  
estudió gramática;  
divisó con práctica  
de Borinquen flores.

De catorce años  
entró a navegar,  
aprendió a surcar  
cogiendo tamaño.  
No se hallaba extraño  
el audaz no ignora  
con rumbos mayores  
hizo dirección;  
descubrió Colón  
de Borinquen flores.

Pidió protección  
a España el marino,  
siguiendo su inclino  
y su dirección.  
Recibió Colón  
tres pequeñas naves  
se tiró a los mares  
con sus marineros;  
los reyes católicos  
son los protectores.

Le dieron dinero  
más tres caravelas.  
Se hizo a la vela  
con sus marineros.  
Llevaba, refiero  
a Núñez y Pinzones;  
tres embarcaciones  
dieron sin mentir,  
se vió descubrir  
de Borinquen flores.

<sup>1</sup> Incomplete.

Caminó surcando  
sobre de la bruma  
y la linda espuma  
venía divisando.  
Su vista fijando  
aquellos traidores  
que querían, señores  
matar al coloso;  
descubrió gustoso  
de Borinquen flores.

Salcedo gritó:  
¡veo que no es sueño!  
y Colón risueño  
con rumbo apuntó.  
Las praderas vió,  
aves a montones  
y con mil amores  
Colón recibía  
los indios que había  
de Borinquen flores.

La "Santa María"  
la "Pinta" y "La Niña"  
en la más bonita  
pues Colón venía.  
Con rumbo traía  
las ideas mejores;  
los navegadores  
lo querían matar  
y volvió a divisar  
de Borinquen flores.

## 226.

Un hombre en su cama  
se acuesta a dormir,  
no puede vivir  
pensando en su dama.  
No se recordaba  
que tenía otro dueño,  
sufre con empeño  
por una mujer;  
acaben de creer  
la ilusión del sueño.

Todo' el hombre mozo  
debe de fijarse  
en una mujer  
que le sea constante;  
si tiene otro amante  
borrarlo primero  
por si acaso luego,  
se quiere ausentar

trate de olvidar  
la ilusión del sueño.

Me acuesto en mi cama  
y no puedo dormir  
pensando en tu amor  
me voy a morir;  
en este sentir  
no estoy halagüeño;  
sufro con empeño  
por ver a mi bien;  
me quiere vencer  
la ilusión del sueño.

En tus escaleras  
sembré un mirasol  
para que mi amor  
se permaneciera;  
para que supieras  
que yo a ti te quiero;  
amo con esmero  
a una señorita,  
la vida me quita  
la ilusión del sueño.

Se llegó la hora  
de yo padecer  
pasando martirio  
por una mujer;  
debe comprender  
que he de ser su dueño  
porque yo no puedo  
echarla en olvido;  
me tiene intranquilo  
la ilusión del sueño.

Niña, por tu amor  
me encuentro suspirando;  
de noche y de día  
en ti estoy pensando;  
tú me dirás cuando  
de ti seré el dueño;  
te amo con empeño,  
preciosa mujer;  
me quiere vencer  
la ilusión del sueño.

Me voy a despedir,  
niña, de tu puerta  
porque estás propuesta  
a hacerme sufrir;  
te debo decir  
que pienses bien luego,

olvídame, cielo,  
que el olvido ha borrado  
la ilusión del sueño.<sup>1</sup>

227.

Aurelio salió a paseo  
y al jardín entró;  
una flor cogió  
y un ramo de albahaca.  
Le dice Tomasa  
que entraña también:  
— Yo quiero coger  
una rosa blanca.

Quisiera saber  
si usted tiene novio,  
pues yo le regalo  
un ramo de albahaca,  
que le traigo yo  
porque usted me dió  
una rosa blanca.

Yo he venido aquí  
con mucho placer  
por una mujer  
que me ha dicho a mí.  
Yo me dirijo  
para ir a su casa  
y traigo botones  
de una rosa blanca.

Ángel de mi amor  
diga si me quiere;  
la respuesta, espero  
de su corazón;  
con tanta aflicción  
mi pecho la trata,  
porque usted es la ingrata,  
que me encanta a mí  
desde que cogí  
una rosa blanca.

Si alguna azucena  
viniera al ciprés,  
que igualara a usted,  
mi linda hechicera,  
y tan lisonjera,  
que una rica planta,  
parece una santa,  
mirando de frente,  
más resplandiente  
que una rosa blanca.

Entre peña y peña  
estaba un girasol  
y a su alrededor  
nació una azucena;  
muy cerca de ella  
una hermosa mata.  
Dios guarde la casa  
donde se crió  
y donde nació  
una rosa blanca.

Pulido alelú,  
bella flor del campo,  
sin mi gran quebranto  
quiero ser por ti;  
si me das el sí  
tendré esperanza  
y voy a tu casa  
sólo por saber  
si puedo coger  
una rosa blanca.

Ahora que he venido,  
es porque sabía  
que me aguardarías  
con mucho cariño;  
y vengo rendido  
buscando tu amor;  
eres la muchacha  
que me saludó  
y después me dió  
una rosa blanca.

En fin, me despido  
con ferviente anhelo,  
las gracias le demos  
al recién nacido;  
El fué dirigido  
a destino cruel,  
dando a comprender  
tantas amarguras.  
¡Gloria en las alturas  
al Dios de Israel!

228.

Amores cantantes  
te vengo a ofrecer,  
para merecer  
el poder amarte;  
para consolarte,  
dándote la mano.

227. The first three strophes are *octavas*.<sup>1</sup> Incomplete.

Cariñoso y ufano  
te brindo mi amor;  
coge con primor,  
flor de varios ramos.

Te doy un jazmín  
con un tulipán,  
para declarar  
mi amor que sin fin,  
sólo para tí  
yo vivo esmerando.  
Si está marchitado  
yo lo quiero ver;  
ven a recoger,  
flor de varios ramos.

Con flores violetas,  
claveles hermosos,  
como generoso,  
te haré una floresta,  
para que en la fiesta  
me dé con agrado  
un clavel dorado  
con una esmeralda;  
coge mi aguinaldo,  
flor de varios ramos.

Una rosa blanca,  
símbolo de amor,  
con satisfacción  
yo te doy mi alma.  
Tengo fuerza y calma,  
accento igualado,  
solo y libertado.  
Mi amor con esmero  
coge, partiremos,  
flor de varios ramos.

La flor del jardín  
del Cid Campeador,  
trinó el ruisenor  
al bello confín,  
para dirigir  
a su bello halago.  
Y así ha despertado  
a los jardineros  
del bello consuelo,  
flor de varios ramos.

En fin, me despido,  
bella jardinera;

dentro de las praderas  
buscaré el alivio.  
Tu mano te pido,  
porque he recordado  
que tengo abrazado  
tu bella esperanza.  
Coge en la confianza,  
flor de varios ramos.

## 229.

El año vencido  
del setenta y nueve  
bastante afligidos  
a todos nos tiene  
pidiendo tapada (*sic*);  
esto nos conviene  
por nuestros pecados.  
Por nuestros pecados  
estamos sufriendo  
penas y trabajos.

Oyeron las quejas  
de un tiempo pasado,  
que un año se aleja  
y otro se ha llegado.  
Se ha acercado ya  
lo que no se esperaba,  
tres partes de seca  
con una de agua;  
con una de agua,  
toda de montón.

Se ha verificado  
sin comparación;  
sin comparación  
ha sido la ruina.  
¡Qué triste estación  
padece la isla!  
En el año próximo  
están esperando  
un juicio anunciado  
para San Rafael.

Pidámosle amparo  
al señor San Rafael.  
Demosle aguinaldo;  
adiós, que con él  
andando nos vamos.  
Demosle aguinaldo;  
adiós, que con él  
nos vamos andando.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Incomplete.

230.

Flores de limón,  
flores de mamey,  
flores de cupey,  
¡qué bonitas son!  
Flor de corazón  
es muy agradable,  
por su olor muy suave,  
como el azahar.  
Para saludar  
traigo buenas tardes.

En un canastillo  
traigo flor de tila.  
Para medicina  
traigo cariaquilla,  
saúco amarillo  
y la mejorana.  
Mi pecho la ama  
con mucho placer.  
Si me quieres ver  
abre esa ventana.

231.

Según la escritura  
hay un día fatal,  
que será el final  
de toda criatura.  
Voz de las alturas  
indica rumores  
de los sinsabores  
de este horrible día,  
según la profecía.  
¡Alerta, señores!

Todo fiel cristiano  
debe encomendarse,  
y no ofuscarse,  
viviendo profano.  
Debemos, usanos,  
la maldad olvidar,  
hasta abandonar  
nuestra iniquidad;  
y en esta verdad  
debemos estar.

Ya cansado está  
de darnos aviso  
del día del juicio  
el Dios de bondad.  
Y la humanidad  
no se determina  
a huír de la ruina  
que nos amenaza;  
estemos en gracia  
porque se aproxima.

Ya las profecías  
tocan nuestras puertas,  
que estemos alerta,  
listos pa marchar;  
y al oír sonar  
la voz del clarín,  
que será, por fin,  
el juicio final.  
Según la escritura  
hay un día fatal.

### III. AGUINALDOS OR CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

As we have already said, the title *aguinaldo* appears on a very large number of the metrical compositions of Dr. Mason's collection. A large number of those given under classes I and II are called *aguinaldos*. The word seems to be used in such a general sense, that it did not seem proper to follow the popular usage. If we had done this, most of the *décimas* would have fallen under the general classification of *aguinaldos*, excepting, perhaps, many of those in octosyllabic verse. Practically all the *décimas* in hexasyllabic verse are entitled "*aguinaldos*" in the manuscripts. Most of these, however, deal with religious subjects, such as the Nativity, the passion of Christ, etc. As we have already seen, the *décimas* of the first class, or those in octosyllabic verse, are not as a rule of religious character. Their theme is love, as is the case with the New-Mexican *décimas* of similar character, pub-

lished in the "Romancero Nuevomejicano." While the *décimas* in hexasyllabic verse are for the most part, therefore, Christmas carols also, the metrical classification seemed preferable. The *décima* is such a well-defined metrical composition in Spanish, and seems to be so popular in Porto Rico in modern times, that it seemed best to put in the two general divisions already studied all the metrical compositions, of whatever character, composed in the form of *décimas*.

The generalization of the term *aguinaldo* in Porto Rico may very easily be explained. The primary meaning of the word in Spanish is "Christmas present or gift." It is customary in most Spanish countries for people (especially children) to go from house to house on Christmas Eve, asking for sweets or gifts of any kind, and singing Christmas carols. As we see in many of the carols now published from Porto Rico, the requests for sweets and other gifts are frequently incorporated in the carols which they sing. Here we see, then, the transition of the meaning "present" or "gift" to the song which asks it. In most Spanish countries the word *aguinaldo* means also, as in Porto Rico, a Christmas carol or song. Whether the generalization of the term, as in Porto Rico, has taken place also in other Spanish countries, I do not know. In New Mexico it is used only with the usual Spanish meanings already mentioned. In Porto Rico the word has taken such a general meaning, that many of the metrical compositions in question are entitled in the manuscripts *aguinaldo de amor*, *aguinaldo de pasión*, *aguinaldo de navidad*, *aguinaldo jíbaro* (any Porto Rican popular song in shorter metres), *aguinaldo de año nuevo*, and all these additional ear-marks are evidently becoming necessary.

A large part of all this material having been classified with the *décimas*, where it properly belongs, there remain yet a large number of metrical compositions in shorter metres and in various strophic forms, but not *décimas*, which have to do for the most part with subjects taken from biblical tradition, especially the Nativity. All these are also called *aguinaldos*, with various subtitles, such as *coplas*, *versos*, *bombas* (usually a *copla* in Porto Rico), *cánticos*, etc. These are very properly called *aguinaldos*. Most of them are Christmas carols, and contain the requests for sweets, as already indicated. All the Christmas carols or songs that are not in the form of *décimas*, therefore, are included in the present division, under the title *aguinaldos*. As in the case of the *décimas* of divisions I and II, there are compositions which contain long series of strophes, while many contain but a single strophe. In the case of the *aguinaldos*, the *copla* is common as a strophic form, and the most common metre is the hexasyllabic. It is noteworthy that the Christmas carols, both the *décimas* of division II and the songs of division III, are for the most part in hexasyllabic verse. The popular *copla* is usually in octosyllabic metre, and it is

indeed surprising to find so many Porto-Rican Christmas carols in *copla* or quatrain form in hexasyllabic instead of the more usual octosyllabic metre. The octosyllabic metre is the metre of the ballads, the metre of the classic drama, the metre of the popular *coplas*, and is by far the most popular metre of Spanish poetry. The hexasyllabic, however, is not uncommon. It is the metre of many Old-Spanish *villancicos*, *canciones*, etc., and is common in the shorter lyrics. The popularity of this metre in the Porto-Rican Christmas carols may be due to learned sources. In fact, poetry of this kind may have been popularized by the Church in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when religious fervor and the missionary spirit were so strong in Spain and her dependencies.

A few of the quatrains of the *aguinaldos* are mere nursery rhymes, but they are included with the *aguinaldos* as found in the manuscripts. The line between them is not always very clear.

**A. AGUINALDOS IN SERIES OF HEXASYLLABIC QUATRAINS, CUARTETAS,  
AND REDONDILLAS.**

232.

Cuando San José  
encendió su luz  
era que la madre  
estaba dando a luz.

Ahora vienes tú  
a quererme molestar.  
Para estar tranquilo  
me voy para el portal.

Voy a principiar  
con acento suave,  
porque no es tachable  
lo que voy a hablar.

Yo voy a tratar  
del niño Manuel;  
que ha nacido el niño  
entre mula y buey.

Quien debe promesas  
y promesas paga,  
se hace de cuenta  
que no debe nada.

Si no tienes nada  
nada nos darás;  
lo que queremos es  
cariño y bondad.

Ven regaladora,  
ven a regalar,  
esencia de heno  
aquí en este altar.

Si me dan pasteles  
no me den poquitos,  
que en mi casa somos  
cientos veinticinco.

Si me dan café  
dénmelo caliente,  
porque mamá abuela  
murió de repente.

Anoche no vine  
porque me enredé  
en un bejuquito,  
y ahora llegué.

A la voz que tomo  
todo el mundo mira,  
aunque un escobazo  
me rieguen seguida.

En fin me despido  
casi medio loco;  
pues yo colgaría  
los reyes de un foco.

**Adiós, que nos vamos,**  
**que nos vamos ya,**  
**con esta risita**  
**de ja, ja, ja, ja.**

**233. Aguinaldo de Pasión.**

Una hermosa estrella  
 se vió caminar,  
 hasta colocarse  
 dentro del portal.

El buey como humilde  
 las pajas le echaba,  
 la maldita mula  
 no le cobijaba.

La Pasión de Cristo  
 toda la sé yo,  
 y me considero  
 lo que padeció.

Si quieren saber  
 si Jesús murió  
 vayan al sepulcro  
 donde se enterró.

Si quieren saber  
 si Jesús es muerto  
 vayan al sepulcro  
 y verán que es cierto.

Cuando lo llevaron  
 para el camposanto  
 iban los soldados  
 vestidos de blanco.

Cuando lo llevaban  
 para el cementerio  
 iban los soldados  
 vestidos de negro.

Cuando lo llevaban  
 en el ataúd  
 iban los soldados  
 vestidos de azul.

También le pusieron  
 lanzas al costado;  
 cayó Jesucristo  
 muerto y desmayado.

También le pusieron  
 corona de espinas,  
 y le traspasaron  
 sus sienes divinas.

También le pusieron  
 cordeles al cuello,  
 y le traspasaron  
 su santo cerebro.

También le pusieron  
 corona de abrojos,  
 y le traspasaron  
 sus divinos ojos.

En Belén nació  
 el niño Jesús,  
 y de Egipto vino  
 y murió en la cruz.

A todos los sabios  
 Herodes pregunta;  
 si saben del niño  
 Herodes pregunta.

Herodes pregunta  
 si el sol ha salido;  
 son los resplandores  
 del niño nacido.

Herodes pregunta  
 si ha salido el sol;  
 son los resplandores  
 de nuestro Señor.

Jesús amoroso,  
 dulce padre mío,  
 me pesa en el alma  
 de haberte ofendido.

Deme mi aguinaldo,  
 caballero noble,  
 que en vuestro linage  
 socorren al pobre.

También en la iglesia  
 se pide aguinaldo  
 y con esto, adiós,  
 porque ya nos vamos.

**234.**

La noche oscura,  
 la tarde fresca  
 te estaré cantando  
 hasta que amanezca.

Compadre y comadre  
 aquí estamos ya;  
 si les sale cuenta  
 nos recibirán.

Si no te levantas  
y me abres la puerta  
te estaré cantando  
hasta que amanezca.

Yo no quiero vino  
ni tampoco brandi,  
que yo lo que quiero  
la casa pa un baile.

Si me dan pasteles  
démelos<sup>1</sup> de arroz  
porque mamá abuela,  
de eso se murió.

Venimos cantando  
con hermosa luna;  
todos somos hombres,  
mujeres ninguna.

Adiós que me voy,  
dice la perdiz;  
trigueñita ingrata  
vámonos de aquí.

De las flores  
que son así,  
se murió mi amante  
y todo lo perdí.

Venimos cantando  
con la flor de lipe;  
ésta es la parranda  
de morquitirse.

Dicen los pastores  
que vieron bajar  
una luz del cielo  
derecho al portal.

## 235.

Aquí está Malicia  
con los Santos Reyes,  
como si estuviera  
cargado de jueyes.

Demen<sup>2</sup> un centavo,  
que es mi devoción  
al llegar diciembre  
hacerme un buscón.

Aflojen el chavo,  
déjenme seguir  
hasta que yo logre  
un peso reunir.

Esta es la parranda  
del mismo demonio;  
ábrame la puerta  
señor don Antonio.

Tiren cualquier cosa,  
por ese balcón,  
o meto los Reyes  
dentro un sofocón.

Y si don Tomás  
no parte conmigo,  
a estos tres muñecos  
arranco el ombligo.

Por Dios que me muero  
de debilidad,  
porque por Duey Bajo  
no se pesca na.

## 236.

El día de año nuevo,  
al amanecer,  
bautizan al niño;  
se llama Manuel.

Démosle las gracias  
al recién nacido  
por el año nuevo  
que habremos tenido.

Se fueron los Reyes  
ahí viene la octava.  
Dios nos dé salud  
para celebrarla.

Ésta era la casa  
que yo le decía,  
donde se posaba  
la Virgen María.

De tierra lejana  
venimos a verte;  
nos sirve de guía  
la estrella de Oriente.

<sup>1</sup> Popular form for *démelos*. See Studies in New-Mexican Spanish, 2 : § 112.

<sup>2</sup> See preceding note.

Al niño del cielo  
que bajó a la tierra  
le regalo incienso,  
me inspira tristeza.

¡Gloria en las alturas  
y en la tierra amor!  
¡gloria en las alturas  
al Hijo de Dios!

Le pedí aguinaldo  
a una cruz por ver;  
me dió los tres clavos  
del niño Manuel.

Adiós que me voy,  
que me voy diciendo,  
que viva, que viva  
la casa y el dueño.

## 237.

Desde el Ceboruco  
hasta el Emperao  
venimos cantando  
este aguinaldo.

Allá adentro veo  
un plato tapao;  
quiera Dios que sea  
arroz con melao.

## 238.

Esta casa tiene  
las puertas de acero;  
los que viven en ella  
nobles caballeros.

Esta casa tiene  
sala y corredor,  
y por dentro tiene  
la luna y el sol.

Esta era la casa  
que decía yo,  
donde se paseaba  
el niñito Dios.

Yo pido aguinaldo  
por aquel que está  
en el cielo divino,  
lleno de piedad.

Si no te despides  
me despido yo  
con bonitas voces;  
señores, adiós.

## 239.

La dueña de casa  
que salga pa afuera,  
con cuchillo en mano  
partiendo cazuela.

Demen mi aguinaldo  
si lo han de dar,  
que la noche es corta;  
tenemos que andar.

La dueña de casa  
yo la quiero ver,  
porque me han dicho  
que es como un clavel.

Nosotros venimos  
todos en pandilla,  
y lo que queremos  
que nos pongan sillas.

Si no te despides  
me despido yo  
con bonitas voces  
señores, adiós.<sup>1</sup>

## 240.

¿Qué te cuesta a ti  
María del Carmen  
entrar a ese monte,  
derramar tu sangre?

San José tenía  
el libro en la mano,  
y con esto adiós,  
porque ya nos vamos.

¡Qué bueno es el sueño!  
¡qué bueno es dormir!  
ya parió la Virgen  
y yo no la vi.

Los Reyes se fueron,  
no los vimos ir;  
el año que viene  
los veremos venir.

<sup>1</sup> Same end as in No. 238.

Se fueron los Reyes  
y me convidaron;  
si no fueran lejos  
iba a compañarlos.

241.

Los tres reyes magos  
son tres santos pobres,  
pero son nacidos  
de personas nobles.

Los tres santos reyes  
montan a caballo,  
y al obscurecer  
se arriman a un árbol.

Los tres santos reyes  
fueron marineros,  
y en medio del mar  
la mesa pusieron.

Iban los tres reyes  
en caballería,  
a ver si alcanzaban  
la Virgen María.

Como los tres reyes  
quisiera yo ser;  
la mitad del nombre  
quisiera tener.

Los tres santos reyes  
ellos son iguales,  
pero no en colores  
sino en cualidades.

Los tres santos reyes  
están en vidriera;  
están por adentro  
y están por afuera.

242.

Niña, si eres pobre  
quítate del sol;  
toma este pañuelo  
llémpiate el sudor.

Niña, si eres pobre  
quítate del agua;  
toma este pañuelo  
llémpiate la cara.

Niña, si eres pobre  
métete en una cueva;  
tápate con hojas  
como hizo Eva.

Niña, si eres pobre  
vete al paraíso;  
tápate con hojas  
como Eva hizo.

243.

Cojan ese niño,  
vístanlo de blanco,  
que el cura lo espera  
en el camposanto.

Cojan ese niño,  
pónganlo en el suelo,  
para que su madre  
tenga algún consuelo.

Cojan ese niño,  
vístanlo de azul,  
que el cura lo espera  
con el ataúd.

Cojan ese niño,  
vístanlo de negro,  
que el cura lo espera  
en el cementerio.

Cojan ese niño,  
lo pueden enterrar,  
para que sus padres  
puedan descansar.

Miren ese niño,  
cójanlo de allí,  
para que sus tíos  
no tengan que sentir.

Adiós, angelito,  
que a este mundo vino,  
ruega por tus padres  
y por tu padrino.

Adiós, angelito,  
que para el cielo va  
ruega por tu padre,  
que rogando va.

Adiós, angelito,  
adiós, para nunca más,  
adiós, angelito, adiós,  
adiós, para nunca más.

## 244.

Señor San José  
en su puerta estamos,  
a darle los años  
y a felicitarlo.

No le cause espanto,  
ni admiración,  
que los que le cantan  
sus amigos son.

Día de año nuevo  
en sus puertas estamos;  
démos el saludo  
porque ya nos vamos.

## 245.

Desde la escalera  
hasta la cocina  
está repartida  
la gracia divina.

San José y la Virgen  
andan de rodillas,  
contemplando alegres  
miles maravillas.

A la media noche,  
el rigor del hielo,  
en humildes pajas  
nació el rey del cielo.

El buey como humilde  
las pajas le echaba,  
y la maldita mula  
lo descobijaba.

La Virgen lavaba,  
San José tendía;  
el niño lloraba,  
Joaquín lo mecía.

Por esas subidas,  
por esas bajadas,  
¡oh, Virgen María,  
quién te acompañara!

## 246.

Si me dan pasteles  
démelos calientes,  
pues pasteles fríos  
empachan la gente.

Los tres santos reyes  
y las tres Marías  
iban para Oriente  
y los cogió el día.

¡Ola, ola, ola,  
ola de la mar!  
Salvaron a juega  
y vuelve a jugar.

## 247.

Señor don Alfredo  
y su bella esposa,  
él es muy amable  
y ella generosa.

No queremos vinos  
ni buenos licores,  
que lo que queremos  
son las atenciones.

Amiga Pepita,  
te estamos cantando,  
y lo que queremos  
es pasar un ratito.

Vienen tus amigas  
y entre ellas Paquita,  
y si tienes vino  
bríndanos un poquito.

Si no se levantan  
y nos abren la puerta,  
estaremos cantando  
hasta que amanezca.

## 248.

Demen mi aguinaldo,  
marido y mujer,  
que a los bien casados  
Dios los viene a ver.

Traigo cuatro rosas,  
dos en cada mano,  
y con esto, adiós,  
porque ya nos vamos.

Si me dan pasteles  
démelos de arroz,  
porque papá abuelo  
de eso se murió.

Y con esto, adiós,  
digo de mi parte,  
que no canto más  
por no molestarte.

## 249.

Le pedí aguinaldo  
a una niña hermosa;  
no encontró que darmes  
y me dió una rosa.

Sali de mi casa  
siguiendo a una estrella,  
y aquél en esta casa  
vine a dar con ella.

Nunca te he cantado  
y este año te canto;  
óiganme, señores,  
mis penas y llantos.

## 250.

Corillo, corillo,  
corillo del mal,  
¿dónde te metiste  
para el temporal?

Su madre lloraba,  
su padre decía:  
— Se quemó niñita  
de cuarenta días.

Yo llamé a la luna  
al jefe bombero  
a sacar la niña  
que estaba en el fuego.

Aunque no ha llegado  
el día de reyes,  
te vengo a cantar  
para que te alegres.

Aunque no ha llegado  
de reyes el día  
te vengo a cantar  
por ver tu alegría.

## 251.

Que parió la Virgen  
es mucha verdad,  
pero no perdió  
su virginidad.

Qué bella es la Madre  
pués de gracia es llena,  
eterna fué siempre  
de la común deuda.

Permanece virgen  
en tu antigüedad,  
y sin menoscabo  
tu virginidad.

¡Oh reyes felices!  
¡oh reyes dichosos!  
¡entre tantos reyes  
los más venturosos!

Dennos aguinaldo  
con igual cariño,  
como se lo dieron  
los reyes al Niño.

Dennos aguinaldo  
por aquel que está  
en el cielo impreso  
lleno de piedad.

Dennos aguinaldo  
si lo van a dar,  
que la noche es corta  
y tenemos que andar.

Y con esto, adiós,  
dice mi garganta,  
juntos nos veremos  
en la gloria santa.

Ya me voy, me voy,  
y me voy diciendo,  
— ¡Qué viva, qué viva  
de esta casa el dueño!

San Antonio tiene  
un libro en la mano,  
y con esto, adiós,  
porque ya nos vamos.

¡Qué luces tan claras  
se ven desde afuera!  
los ángeles cantan  
en la Noche Buena.

## B. AGUINALDOS IN VARIOUS METRES AND STROPHIC FORMS.

In the *aguinaldos* that follow we have also the popular quatrain as the most common strophic form; but there are other strophic forms mixed with them, such as *octavas*, *quintillas*, etc. It is possible that some of the non-quatrains may have been written with them by error, or not meant as part of them; but we have made no attempt to separate materials that seemed to be considered as parts of the same compositions, in order to publish the material as much as possible in the original form. The last composition is based on a traditional Spanish ballad, as indicated in the note.

252.

En Belén nació  
el rey de los reyes;  
de oriente vienen  
Gaspar y Melchor.

En caminación  
los tres se pusieron,  
cuando en Belén vieron  
que resplandecía,  
que nació el Mesías.  
¡Gloria le cantemos!

Los tres reyes magos  
yo sé cuales son;  
Victoriano, el cojo,  
Andrés y Monzón,  
y de compañía,  
Maguan, pata de pon.

La dueña de la casa  
la quiero y la adoro;  
pero el aguinaldo  
no se lo perdonó.

Si yo andara solo  
se lo perdonara,  
pero mi compañía  
no estaría conforme.  
Mujeres y hombres,  
doy la despedida.

Esta casa tiene  
las puertas de saco,  
y los que viven dentro  
son grandes voraces.

253.

Tus labios son rosas,  
tus ojos luceros,  
tu cuerpo un diamante;  
yo por ti me muero.

No llores mi vida,  
no llores mi bien;  
si lloras me obligas  
a llorar también.

Toma este librito,  
que aquí va notado  
todo el sufrimiento  
que por ti he pasado.

Hoy me has olvidado,  
ingrata mujer.  
Tú debes de ver  
que yo fui tu amante;  
vengo a saludarte;  
no llores, mi bien.

254.

Dicen que son flores,  
yo digo que no;  
que si fueran flores  
las cogiera yo.

Dicen que son flores  
las del bejuquito.  
¡Qué lindas muchachas  
tiene Puerto Rico!

---

252. I do not know anything about the origin of these names.

Linda borinqueña,  
dulce patria mía,  
por tu dicha canto,  
año nuevo el día.

De todas las flores  
tengo un ramillete,  
para la llegada  
del noventa y siete.

Dices que me amas,  
pero no me das  
de tu pecho ingrato  
la conformidad.

No olvides jamás  
ese amor que tienes,  
por si acaso viene  
tu nuevo querido;  
el que está intranquilo  
pensando se muere.

255. *Octavas.*

Ya dentro de poco  
seré una jamona;  
en junio del año  
que va a terminar  
cumplo veintisete.  
¡Dios mío, qué vieja!  
y no he conseguido  
poderme casar.

Mas no me ha casado  
por falta de novio  
novios yo los tuve;  
yo no sé por qué  
en todos veía  
defectos y faltas;  
unos me dejaron,  
otros, los dejé.

Mas ya lo pasado  
no tiene remedio,  
que ya que mi suerte  
perdió la ocasión

de este año no paso,  
y pronto la esposa  
seré de Marcial.

Me dijo que en junio  
del año presente  
iba a casarse  
si podía y no ha sido  
posible casarse;  
este año será,  
que en el que viene  
¿qué vamos a hacer?

Aquí hay un muchacho  
del Continental,  
con este paquete.  
Está bien. ¡Demonio!  
¿Será algún regalo?  
Y se firma Marcial.

— Querida Enriqueta:  
Mi tío que habitaba  
en Burgos, murió  
antes de ayer;  
me dejó sus bienes;  
pero si me caso  
con mi prima Petra  
que está en El Peñón.

— De modo que acaban  
nuestras relaciones;  
yo siento infinito  
portarme tan mal;  
te envío el retrato,  
las cartas y el pelo,  
y los piés te besa  
tu amigo, Marcial.

## 256.

— Madre, el niño se ha perdido  
por el mundo y no aparece.

— Estará en la orilla del río  
o en el mar cogiendo peces.

256. This composition is based on a traditional Spanish ballad known in Spanish tradition only in fragments. It seems to be in two metres, — the regular octosyllabic ballad metre, and the hexasyllabic. A Sevillian version may be found in my publication *Traditional Ballads from Andalucía*, Flügel Memorial Volume (Stanford University, 1916). In Cuba, Chacón y Calvo has found a Cuban version of the ballad, much longer and better than the Porto-Rican version, and very similar

*Coro.*

Peces coge el niño  
florido y hermoso,  
que el que los cogiere  
será venturoso.

porque en esta tierra  
hay caridad.

*Coro.*

Peces coge el niño,  
etc.

— Madre, en la puerta está el niño  
más bonito que el sol bello;  
está temblando de frío,  
desmelenado el cabello.

Un día de mañanita  
se paró el niño en la puerta,  
con tres fanegas de trigo  
y en la mano una peseta,  
diciendo: — Aquí está la paja  
que te ofrecí anoche  
por la madrugada.

*Coro.*

Peces coge el niño,  
etc.

*Coro.*

— Díganle que entre,  
se calentará,

Peces coge el niño,  
etc.

#### IV. NURSERY RHYMES, CHILDREN'S SONGS, AND OTHER POPULAR RHYMES.

##### A. NURSERY RHYMES.

The following nursery rhymes are for the most part traditional, and have variants in all Spanish countries. In my own collections from Mexico, Chile, and California, I have numerous versions of almost identical or similar rhymes, some with many Old-Spanish vocables and rhymes, so that their traditional character is evident. In the published materials from New Mexico and Spain<sup>1</sup> there are also numerous identical or similar compositions. The chief interest in these traditional nursery rhymes (and also in the recitative rhymes that follow) is to be found in the fact that many of them are ballad verses. There are some traditional Spanish ballads known only in the fragmentary versions found in nursery and other rhymes. The following Porto-Rican *aguinaldo* (No. 245, rhyme 5), also nursery rhyme, for example, —

La Virgen lavaba,  
San José tendía;  
el niño lloraba,  
Joaquín lo mecía, —

---

to the Sevillan version collected by myself. See Chacón y Calvo, "Romances Tradicionales en Cuba" (*Revista de la Facultad de Letras y Ciencias* [Habana, 1914], pp. 115-116).

<sup>1</sup> Consult Rodríguez Marín, *Cantos Populares Españoles*, and *Biblioteca de las Tradiciones Populares*.

has in California the following version:—

La Virgen lavaba sus ricos pañales,  
San José los tiende por los romerales.

And these verses certainly show the traces of a traditional ballad which will be found, I hope, in a longer version some time in the future, somewhere. The Porto-Rican rhyme is a polished *copla* based on the beginning of the old ballad.

257.

A la Virgen del Carmen  
le estoy pidiendo  
que se duerma este niño  
que estoy durmiendo.

258.

A la Virgen del Carmen  
le estoy rogando  
que se duerma este niño  
que está llorando.

259.

Esta niña bonita  
no tiene cuna;  
su padre es carpintero;  
que le haga una.

260.

Este niño quiere  
dormir en cuna;  
su padre es carpintero,  
que le haga una.

261.

Duérmete, nene,  
que viene el cuco,  
y se come a los niños  
que lloran mucho.

262.

Si la nena se duerme  
yo le daría  
un centavo de pan  
todos los días.

263.

Si la nena se duerme  
le doy un chavo,  
para que compre pan,  
canela y clavo.

264.

Duérmase este niñito,  
que ahí viene el toro,  
con los cuernos de plata  
y la cola de oro.

265.

El niñito está enfermo  
con calentura;  
mátale un pollito  
y dale las plumas.

266.

Dúérmete, nene,  
dúérmete y no llores,  
porque si el coco viene  
viene y te come.

267.

Dúérmete, nena,  
que si no te duermes  
te come el coco.  
Coco, cómete esa nena.

268.

Dúérmete, niño chiquito,  
y no tengas miedo,  
porque a los angelitos  
los guarda el cielo.

259, 260. See Rodríguez Marín, I, No. 3.

261. Rodríguez Marín, I, p. 16, gives the following Porto-Rican version:

Dúérmete ya el niñito,  
que viene el cuco  
y se lleva a los niños  
que lloran mucho.

269.

Duérmete, niñito,  
duérmete y no llores,  
que tu padre fué al campo  
a traerte flores.

270.

Duérmasete mi niño,  
duérmasete y no llore,  
que su madre querida  
fué a buscarle flores.

271.

Duérmete, nene,  
duerme y no llores,  
que tu madre querida  
se fué por flores,  
y te va a traer un ramito  
de los mejores.

272.

Duérmete, nene,  
duérmete y no llores,  
que tu madre querida  
fué a buscarse flores,  
y te traerá una  
de las mejores.

273.

Duérmete, niño,  
duérmete y no llores;  
tu madre se fué al campo  
a buscarse flores,  
para traerte  
de las mejores.

274.

Duérmete, nene,  
duérmete y no llores;  
quiero ir al campo  
a buscarse flores,  
para traerte  
de las mejores.

275.

Esta niña chiquita  
no tiene madre:  
la cogió una gitana  
y la echó a la calle.

276.

¡Ay, cielo santo!  
¡Ay, cielo santo!  
¿Qué será de este niño  
si yo le falto?

277.

Este niñito,  
que nació de día,  
quiere que lo lleven  
a la dulcería.

278.

Duérmete, nene,  
duérmete ya;  
porque viene el coco  
y te comerá.

279.

Niñito de mi vida,  
si te durmieras  
te pondría mis brazos  
de cabecera.

280.

Duérmete, nene,  
duérmete ya,  
mientras que te canta  
tu mamá.  
Los pajaritos  
duermen también  
si su madre les da  
de comer.

281.

Duérmete, mi niña,  
que tengo que hacer;  
lavar los pañales  
y sentarme a coser.

282.

Duérmete, niñita,  
que viene el coco,  
y se come a los niños  
que duermen poco.

283.

Duérmete, nena,  
que el cuco viene,  
y se come a los niños  
que no se duermen.

275. See Rodríguez Marín, I, No. 6.

282. Rodríguez Marín, I, No. 38.

284.

Dúérmete, Suca,  
duérmete, Suca,  
que mañana te daré  
arroz con yuca.

285.

Este niño está enfermo  
con calentura;  
mátene una gallina  
y denle las plumas.

286.

Ay niña, niña,  
ay, niña, niña;  
que todos los enfermos  
comen gallina.

Y yo también las como  
con mi madrina.

288.

Niña canina,  
todos los enfermos  
comen gallina.  
Y yo también la como  
en la cocina.

289.

Dúérmete y duérmete,  
carita de azucena,  
labios de nieve.

290.

Levántate, nene,  
ponte el mameluco;  
vene aquí a la sala,  
que te come el cuco.

291.

Duerme que duerme,  
querido Pepe,  
que a la mar que te vayas  
me voy por verte.

292.

Mariquita, María,  
la picarona,  
dice que tiene miedo  
de dormir sola.

293.

Señora Santa Ana,  
¿porqué llora el niño?  
Por una manzana  
que se le ha perdido.

294.

Dígale que calle,  
que yo traigo dos,  
una para el niño  
y otra para vos.

295.

Más allá de Valencia  
parió mi madre  
cuatro ratoncitos  
y una culebra.

296.

Más allá de Valencia  
parió mi madre;  
una valenciana  
fué su comadre.

297.

¡Ay, turulete!  
¡Ay, turulete!  
El que no tiene vaca  
no bebe leche.

298.

El que no tiene vaca  
no bebe leche;  
y como yo la tengo  
la bebo siempre.

299.

¡A lulu, Pepe!  
¡ay, Pepe mío!  
El que no tiene vaca  
no bebe leche;  
y yo, como la tengo,  
la bebo siempre.

B. CHILDREN'S SONGS, HUMOROUS COPLAS, RECITATIVE RHYMES,  
AND OTHER POPULAR RHYMES.

300.

Desde que tuve amores  
con Dorotea  
el dolor de cabeza  
no se me apea.

¡Ay, tilfn-ton-tonte!  
que por su propia leña  
se quema un monte.

301.

Desde que tuve amores  
con Mariquita  
el dolor de cabeza  
no se me quita.

¡Ay, tilfn-ton-tonte!  
que por su propia leña  
se quema un monte.

302.

Niña, dile a tu madre  
que te empale,  
que el galán que te quería antes  
ya no te quiere.

303.

Niña, si te casares,  
mira primero  
donde pones los ojos;  
no llores luego.

304.

Dame de tu boquita  
de lo que comes,  
como les dan las palomas  
a sus pichones.

305.

Mariquita y Lolita  
fueron al puente,  
a ver correr el agua  
por la corriente.

306.

La madre que tenías  
se fué y te dejó;  
con la misma moneda  
te pagaré yo.

307.

La mujer del alcalde,  
doña Teresa,  
con la cola del manto  
barre la iglesia.

308.

En la Habana hay brujas;  
las sirenas son.  
¡Válgame la Virgen  
de la consolación!

309.

La mujer del alcalde,  
doña Susana,  
como no tiene dientes  
no come caña.

310.

José María Núñez  
no tiene mujer;  
pero tiene una perra  
que duerme con él.

311.

José María Núñez  
se fué a la ciudad,  
y se trajo la vara  
de la catedral.

312.

José María Núñez  
canta sin falta,  
porque de todos los pueblos  
le mandan cartas.

313.

Niña bonita,  
¿quién te mantiene?  
Dos navíos de España  
que van y vienen.

314.

En el mar de tu pelo  
navega un peine;  
con la ola que hace  
mi amor se duerme.

315.

¡Ay, mi buen Pepe!  
¡Ay, Pepe mío!  
Tu boca llena de agua  
y yo muerta de sed.

316.

En casa del tío Pepe  
hay un escándalo,  
¿qué será?  
Son las hijas del tío Pepe  
que con sus novios  
quieren bailar.

317.

Lola tiene caballo  
color castaño;  
lo mejor para pasear su niñita  
que está malita  
con sarampión.

318.

Mi mulata está en la cama,  
ella me pide el chocolate;  
yo le llevo el molinillo  
y ella misma lo bate.

319.

A Zacarías en Campeche  
me lo quieren denunciar,  
porque dijo en el portal  
que las cabras no dan leche.

320.

El pillo y el sinvergüenza  
nacieron de una barriga;  
el pillo nació primero,  
con el sinvergüenza encima.

321.

En el Puerto de Martín Peña  
mataron a Pepe Díaz,  
que era el hombre más valiente  
que el rey de España tenía.<sup>1</sup>

322.

En las barbas de un gralluno  
cantaba una cocolía,  
y en el cántico decía:  
— Todos los tiempos son unos.

323.

Los diez mandamientos se encierran en uno,  
la Virgen María y el niño del mundo.

Los diez mandamientos se encierran en dos,  
la Virgen María y el niño de Dios.

Los diez mandamientos se encierran en tres,  
la Virgen María y señor San José.

Los diez mandamientos se encierran en cuatro,  
la Virgen María y su hijo en los brazos.

Los diez mandamientos se encierran en cinco,  
la Virgen María y señor San Francisco.

Los diez mandamientos se encierran en seis,  
la Virgen María y señor San José.

Los diez mandamientos se encierran en siete,  
la Virgen María y señor San Silvestre.

Los diez mandamientos se encierran en ocho,  
la Virgen María y su hijo precioso.

Los diez mandamientos se encierran en nueve,  
la Virgen María y los tres santos reyes.

323. See Rodríguez Marín, *op. cit.*, I, 68; Ramón A. Laval, *Oraciones, Ensalmos y Conjuros del Pueblo Chileno* (Revista de la Sociedad de Folk-Lore Chileno [Santiago, 1910], 3 : 150-151, 174-175); "Romancero Nuevomejicano," Nos. 94, 95, 125; "New-Mexican Spanish Folk-Lore" (JAFL 29 : 523, note 13).

<sup>1</sup> This may be the beginning of a modern *romance vulgar*.

Los diez mandamientos se encierran en diez,  
la Virgen María y señor San José.

Los diez mandamientos ya se remataron,  
y con esto, Adiós, porque ya nos vamos.

**TURULETAS (ALSO TURULETES) AND BOMBAS.**

The following are mere *coplas populares*. They are given here as an example of the confusion of titles in Porto Rico. It seems that a *turuleta* is the name given to a satirical, biting *copla*, but the distinction is not always followed. The *bombas* likewise seem to apply to a special class of *coplas*, perhaps those sung at dances and addressed to special individuals. Any *copla* may be so used, however; so that the distinction, again, does not always hold. The following *bombas* are for the most part mere exclamatory phrases and yells, mere rhymes to accompany dancing, or for recitation.

*Turuletas.*

324.

A los enamorados  
yo los conozco;  
se les ponen los ojos  
como Coroso.

325.

Cupido me pregunta  
si sé de amores;  
y yo a Cupido me atrevo  
a darle lecciones.

326.

Quiéreme, Tula,  
quiéreme, Tula,  
quiéreme, garabato  
de la fortuna.

327.

Jesús, Chicharrón,  
tu manteca me repugna.  
Jesús, Chichí,  
ni la luz quiero de ti.

*Bombas.*

328.

¡Ole, a los pintores!  
¡Qué muchacha más bonita!  
¡Ole a los pintores!  
¡Parecida a Felipita!

329.

Los amores de Pepe  
me tienen loca;  
yo me muero por Pepe  
y Pepe por otra.

330.

Yiquín, yiquín, caimá,  
compaya Nañigato se murió.

331.

¡Dios! ¡Virgen del Carme!  
¡Providencia bendita!  
Usted no ha visto a Filo,  
Filo, Filo-Sopa.  
Cuídeme bien a Filo.

332.

Compay Martín, compay Martín,  
compay Martín sábanas.  
Compay Martín, compay Martín,  
compay Martín sábanas.

333.

Sumangue ese hombre,  
mi sumangue,  
me decía mi sumangue,  
que tenía mi sumangue  
sillones misumangues,  
una casa misumangue.

334.

¡Ave María, señores,  
compren gandules!  
Unos son amarillentos  
y otros azules.

335.

Compay Cigarrón,  
como buen maestro,  
lo alquilé en un peso  
pa hacerme un barcón.  
Puse de peón  
al sapo y al grillo.

336.

Guayabo, guayabo,  
wit-pendón,  
¿qué tiene este cuero,  
wit-pendón?  
Échale limón,  
wit-pendón;  
échale naranja,  
wit-pendón.

337.

Víbora, tú no me pica a mí.  
Víbora, tú no me pica picacá.

338.

Toma café con pan, Isidora;  
toma café con pan.

339.

El trole, el trole,  
no puede caminá,  
porque le farta  
todita etrecidá.

340.

Varilla viene, varilla va.  
Varilla viene, avarillá.

341.

Ña Remía Tumbe,  
Ña Remía Tumbe,  
gorpe de pueblo,  
te voy a prendé.

342.

Marimbambé, marimbambé.  
Esta hacienda es mía  
y la mando yo.  
Yo soy quien manda esta hacienda.  
Yo mismo, patón, bon-bon.

343.

Güeso, güeso, na má;  
a ti, lo que es güeso, na má.  
Carolina mandó una carta a Fajardo;  
y bien que mandó una esquela;  
que a ti lo que te queda?  
es güeso, na má.

344.

Sei de bomba,  
vichí marianao.  
¿Jabe, Loila, quién jabe  
carbe de bomba?

345.

Aire, aire, aire, mamá,  
María chiquita se fué a bañá.  
Aire, aire, aire, mamá,  
con cuatro mangas de su mamá.  
Aire, aire, aire, mamá.  
Y como no pudo se viró pa tras.

346.

Sei de gigante,  
muchacha bonita,  
dame un chavito;  
chavo grande,  
chavo chiquito.

### *Guarachas.*

A *guaracha*, in Porto Rico and Cuba, means any popular song, especially the shorter ones, or the popular love-*coplas*. The following are all called *guarachas* in the manuscripts; but they belong with the *coplas*, or popular verses or rhymes of various classes. In Spanish the usual meaning of *guaracha* is a popular clog-dance. Like the *bombas*,

some of the following seem to be used to accompany such dances among the Negroes and lower classes. As in the case of the *bombas*, the language shows this clearly. The first ones are properly *guarachas*, or popular songs.

## 347.

Paseando noches pasadas  
y haciendo mil burlas de mí,  
después lloré despreciada  
mil lágrimas por mí.

Tus llantos a mí  
no me causan penas.  
Me dan ganas de reír.  
¡Ja, ja, ja, ja, ja, ja!  
Ganas me dan de reír.

## 348.

Cuando rompe el fuego  
en cualquier bachata,  
todo el mundo dice:  
— A bailar, muchachas.  
¡Ja, ja, ja, ja, ja, ja!  
¡El pito!

Mi mulata tiene  
un pie chiquitito;  
por eso le hago  
zapatos bonitos.  
¡Ja, ja, etc.!

Mi mulata tiene  
un baja-talle;  
ella se lo pone  
cuando va a la calle.  
¡Ja, ja, etc.!

Mi mulata tiene  
un buen pisa-pelo,  
mi mulata tiene  
algo en el tablero.  
¡Ja, ja, etc.!

## 349.

— Fuera, chino;  
chino, fuera.  
Yo tengo un reló,  
que te lo va dá.

¿Cuándo va pasiá  
solito lo do?  
Anda, chino,  
¿qué tiene de comé?

— Yo tiene metee,  
arró banco, bichela cocolala,  
bichela banca, sacocho.

— Bueno, chino, yo quelo  
que me fíe en amistá.

— Yo no fío. Tú viene hoy, viene  
mañana  
y viene todo lo día.

— Bueno, chino, tú sabe que lo  
zapatero  
son buena paga.

— No, no; tú viene hoy, viene  
mañana;  
yo no fío.

— Bueno, chino, tú conversas  
mucho.

## 350.

Hay muchos negros aquí;  
al decirlo no me esconde;  
que el que no tiene de congo  
tiene de carabali.  
¡Jesucristo! ¡qué me va espantar  
como hacen los negros para boste-  
zar!  
Abren la boca y hacen, — ¡Ay, ay, ay!

## 351.

En el jardín de mi casa  
tengo un palo muy perú,  
que cuando el blanco lo come  
los dientes le hacen, — Cru, cru.

349. This is a mere dialogue in dialectic Spanish, the Spanish of the Chinese of Porto Rico. Why it is called *guaracha* in the manuscript I do not know.

352.

Cuando el blanco toca bomba  
el negro sale a bailar,  
y coge su parejita  
y se pone a relajar.

353.

Componte, componte,  
niña, el corsé,  
porque si no te compones  
yo no te sé componer.

Componte, componte,  
niña, el sayón,  
porque si no te compones,  
yo no podré, prenda de mi corazón.

Componte, componte,  
niña, el zapato,  
porque si no te compones,  
dicen que no te das trato.

354.

Ya se va la Igna,  
ya se va y se fué;  
yo la quiero ver,  
yo la quiero ver,  
yo la quiero ver.

355.

La negrita Amelia  
esa es mi mujer;  
yo la quiero,  
yo la quiero,  
yo la quiero.  
¡Ay, ay, ay!  
¡Ay, ay, ay!

356.

Por cuenta de esa mujer  
yo tengo que trabajar.  
Plancha tú,  
que mañana yo plancharé.

357.

— Negrito José Ninguero,  
vamos a la tienda a trabajar.  
— Yo no voy, yo no voy,  
porque tengo una llaguita  
y me la puedo lastimar.

— Bendito José Ninguero,  
vamos a la tienda a beber ron.  
— Eso sí, eso sí, eso sí,  
que me gusta a mí.

358.

Pobres de mis padres  
que de África me trajeron,  
y en Puerto Rico  
de esclavo me vendieron.  
Pero soy un negrito criollo,  
sandunjero, como me ve,  
con un pañuelo de seda,  
amarradao a lo holandés.

359. *La Taraiva (Danza).*

La taraiva sí,  
la taraiva no;  
la taraiva sí,  
que la bailo yo.

Tiene la taraiva  
una cesta de uvas,  
y a los dependientes  
les da las maduradas.

La taraiva sí,  
la taraiva no,  
etc.

Tiene la taraiva  
un vestido azul,  
que sólo se pone  
cuando va al baúl.

La taraiva sí,  
la taraiva no,  
etc.

Tiene la taraiva  
un vestido blanco  
que sólo se pone  
cuando se va al campo.

La taraiva sí,  
la taraiva no,  
etc.

Tiene la taraiva  
unas pantorrillas,  
que parecen palos  
de guindar morcillas.

La taraiva sí,  
la taraiva no,  
etc.

*Trabalenguas.*

360.

La perra de Parra  
sé fué a la guerra de Parra;  
y en la Parra le dieron a la perra  
con la parra.

Y si la perra de Parra  
no hubiera ido a la guerra de Parra  
en Parra no le hubieran dado a la  
perra de Parra  
con la parra en la guerra de Parra  
en Parra.

361.

De allá arriba de aquel cerro  
viene un potranquín crespín,  
cresco de la cola, crespa la crin,  
arriba potranquín crespín.

362.

Piedra, yezca e islabón,  
tres cosas son.  
Tres escudillas y un plato, cuatro,  
Cuatro frascos de vino blanco y uno  
tinto, cinco,  
Cinco morteros y un almirés, seis,  
Seis gorros y un bonete, siete,  
Siete toros que suben y uno que baja  
mocho, morocho, ocho.

363.

Las tablas de este balcón  
están muy mal entablicuadrilladas;  
aquél que las entablicuadrilló  
no las supo entablicuadrillar;  
se buscará uno que las sepa entabli-  
cuadrillar,  
y se le pagará su entablicuadrilla-  
dura,  
como buen entablicuadrillador que  
será.

364.

En Cacarajica estaba una gata,  
con cinco gatitos;  
aquél a que los encacarajicó  
no los supo encacarajicar;  
se buscará un encacarajicador  
que los sepa encacarajicar  
y se le pagará su encacarajicadura,  
como muy buen encacarajicador que  
será.

365.

El cielo está maravillado;  
¿quién lo maravillaría?  
aquel que lo maravilló,  
buen maravillador sería.

366.

Esta tortilla de casabe  
¿quién la desorillaría?  
aquel que la desorilló  
buen desorillador sería.

## V. ORACIONES AND CÁNTICOS ESPIRITUALES.

Although most Spanish prayers and sacred hymns were primarily of learned source, they are now so old that they have become popular in every sense of the word. Many are written and are read by the faithful in the prayer-books and other devotional publications. Some, however, are now preserved only in oral tradition, and so many changes have been introduced that it is not easy to study their sources. Most sacred hymns are sung as devotional exercises with religious fervor, so that we might very properly call them prayers also. The Spanish people call their sacred hymns *cánticos*, *alabados* (from the initial invocation *Alabado sea* ["praised be"], so common in many hymns), *oraciones*. Furthermore, many of the ordinary prayers, such as the "Our Father," the "Hail Mary," and others, are sung as if they were

360-366. See Rodríguez Marín, *Cantos populares españoles*, I, Nos. 191-199, and notes pp. 146-147; "New-Mexican Spanish Folk-Lore" (JAFL 29 : 527-528, notes to 39-42). Version No. 194 of Rodríguez Marín is another version of Porto Rico 360.

hymns. The religious spirit of the Spanish people is dominant in all Spanish literary *genres*; and we find it expressed not only in the sacred hymns and prayers, but also in ballads, *coplas populares*, riddles, *décimas*, etc.

Prayers and sacred hymns are very abundant in the modern tradition of Spanish peoples, but I have seen very few important publications. In New Mexico, Father J. B. Ralliere has published the very important work, already mentioned, "Cánticos Espirituales," a real popular collection, although there are also many hymns of purely literary and modern source. I do not find in this collection any of the Porto-Rican hymns here published, because most of them are hymns, and not prayers. In the "Romancero y Cancionero Sagrados," already mentioned, I do not find versions of those from Porto Rico, either; nor do I find them in the work of Laval, "Oraciones, Ensalmos y Conjuros del pueblo Chileno." The Porto-Rican material is not abundant enough to permit a comparative study. A more comprehensive collection would certainly be very welcome.

## 367.

Santísima cruz,  
tú eres la más alta:  
tus pies son de oro,  
tus manos de plata.

La cruz que desea  
verse florecida,  
entre tantas flores  
se halla convertida.

Santísima cruz,  
hermoso madero,  
porque a Jesucristo  
en ti lo pusieron.

Santísima cruz,  
madero bendito,  
porque en ti fué puesto  
Dios infinito.

## 368.

Líbrame, señor, Dios mío,  
de tener mala intención,  
y que mire con horror  
el deseo de los impíos.  
Quiero ser manso y sufrido;  
y concédeme también  
que los cuernos no portar (*sic*).  
Las campanas: ¡Cataplán,  
cataplán, cataplán!

## 369.

Altísimo señor,  
que supiste juntar  
a un tiempo en el altar,  
ser cordero y pastor.  
Confieso con dolor  
que hice mal en huir  
de quien por mí  
quiso morir.

367. This composition has all the characteristics of an old traditional prayer. The quatrain form and the hexasyllabic metre are both common in the religious *glosas* and *endechas* of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Compare also the *aguinaldos* and hexasyllabic *décimas*.
368. The final verses are an indication of the popular character of this prayer.
369. This beautiful prayer has also all the characteristics of a traditional composition, — the rhyme-arrangements; the mixture of various metres, including the so-called *pies quebrados*; and, finally, the use of both the singular and plural of the personal pronoun, a usage found even in authors like Fray Luis de León.

Cordero celestial,  
pan nacido en Belén,  
si no te como bien  
me sucederá mal.  
Sois todo piedra e imán  
que arrastra el corazón  
de quien nos rinde  
adoración.

El manjar que se da  
en el sacro viril  
me sabe a gustos mil,  
más bien que no el maná.  
Si la barriga vacía está,  
al comer de este pan  
la gloria eterna  
le darán.

Reciba el Redentor  
en un manjar sutil  
el pobre, el siervo, el vil;  
el esclavo y el señor  
reciben su sabor  
si con fé viva van;  
si no, veneno  
es este pan.

## 370.

Colgado en la cruz contemplo  
tu dulce y sin par bondad;  
sin par magnanimitad;  
y recuerdo que del templo  
echaste a los ladrones.  
Son mercadores los hombres;  
fuiste a la cruz vendido,  
por Judas, que arrepentido,  
dándote un beso te entrega,  
y se ahorcó de esa manera.  
¡Qué muera el traidor! da pena  
contemplar tanta malicia,  
y tanta audaz injusticia  
que se comete en la tierra.  
Tú dijiste, — Tengo sed,  
Madre Mía. ¿Ves tu hijo?  
Te dieron amarga hiel  
y tu la bebiste fijo.  
A la pobre humanidad  
viniste a redimirla.  
Talvez tarde se consiga  
tan hermosa realidad.

Todo paz y bienandanza,  
te reclamo, padre mío.  
¡Ay! ¿Dónde está? Tengo frío,  
al entrar en la balanza.  
Yo tengo sed, como Cristo.  
¿Puedo beber como él?  
Apuro la amarga hiel;  
en comparación soy mito.  
¡Ay, Jesús! Cuando te hieren  
ese divino costado,  
¿porqué no te has levantado  
diciendo, — ¡Asesino muere!  
No, mi Dios, ten compasión,  
si desborda tu venganza.  
Y si entro en la balanza,  
¿Do está la compensación?  
Viniste a redimir  
a los hombres con tu ejemplo.  
La campana toca a muerto,  
pero yo deseo vivir.  
Te suplico larga vida,  
vano es mi proceder,  
pero yo quisiera ver  
la humanidad redimida.  
Son ensueños de poeta,  
que sea quimera está bien,  
pero tú puedes ejercer  
la metamorfosis ésta.  
Tú puedes en un momento  
quitarle la luz al sol,  
y dejas mudo al cañón  
que lanza su ruido al viento.  
Tu poder incomparable,  
y tu bondad es excelsa.  
Toda la naturaleza  
se muda y es inmutable.  
En el calvario, mi Dios,  
fué el esclavo redimido;  
fué desde entonces seguido  
el plan de la redención.  
¿Porqué el impetu salvaje,  
tan abusivo del hombre,  
quiere poner mancha en donde  
lo salvaste del naufragio?  
Deja seguir, ¡oh Jesús!  
hasta el finar de los mundos.  
Necio el hombre que iracundo  
quisiere apagar la luz.

## 371.

Ante aquel que con sangre regó el  
calvario  
la madre cuelga al hijo su escapulario.  
Los símbolos elige de sus amores,  
imágenes benditas, santos y flores.  
— Hijo de mis entrañas, — la madre  
dice,  
— mi amor irá contigo. Dios te  
bendice.  
Buscas por esos mares otras riberas  
bajo los santos pliegues de una ban-  
dera.  
No haces tú la jornada de un pere-  
grino;  
más glorioso que todos es tu camino.  
Pero como en la guerra ronda la  
muerte,  
al perderte de vista temo perderte.  
Hay alguien que conmigo también  
se immola;  
sé que para llorarte no estaré sola;  
aunque no lloraremos de igual ma-  
nera,  
talvez otras te olviden y yo me  
muera.  
Encontrarás mujeres por tu fortuna,  
pero madre en el mundo no hay más  
que una.  
Desdeña los halagos, pompas y hono-  
res,  
que nada es tan eterno cual mis  
amores.  
El sol cuando en sus mares hunde su  
frente,  
bello al otro día brilla en oriente;  
nuestra ventura no esté lejana,  
y como el sol te alejes hasta mañana.  
Mi amor te irá guiando mi fe te es-  
cuda;  
te defienden mis rezos y Dios te  
ayuda;  
yo no veré tu barco que al mar se  
fía,  
pero yo haré contigo la travesía.

Cuando ya no descubras árbol ni  
monte,  
búscame en los celajes del horizonte.  
Cuando al cielo mires doliente y  
mudo  
citame en un lucero verás si acudo.  
Quisiera ser estrella para alumbrarte,  
y vientecillo leve para empujarte.  
No sufras hijo mío, por más que  
llores,  
también consuela el llanto nuestros  
dolores.  
En mis reliquias vive; fíjate en ellas,  
porque allí de mis manos están las  
huellas.  
Y al llevarte mi beso de despedida,  
si el beso no es bastante toma mi vida.

## 372.

Diós te salve lirio  
que anunció a María  
estrella del Norte,  
lucero del día.  
¡Cómo pariría  
esa flor hermosa!  
¡Oh! ¡Madre piadosa  
yo me voy contigo,  
por esos caminos!  
Voy a acompañarte  
para que no me faltes.  
¡Diós te salve, lirio!

Llegaste a Belén,  
tomaste posada  
y te acompañaban  
la mula y el buey.  
Y José también,  
que andaba contigo;  
por eso han venido  
los tres Reyes Magos,  
y al portal llegaron.  
¡Diós te salve lirio!

373.  
El angel divino  
de lo celestial,

371. A modern composition.

373. Although these strophes are in *décima* form, they seem to be a separate prayer or hymn. Many of the strophes of the hexasyllabic *décimas* have also the invocatory character of prayers and hymns; but they are classified with the *décimas* to which they belong, which are generally of a narrative character, although imbued with deep religious feeling.

El vino a anunciar  
aquel ser tan digno;  
sin perder el tino  
El vino gustoso,  
nació un poderoso  
niño con placer,  
llamado Emanuel,  
Jesús amoroso.

En Marfa Santísima  
fué el Verbo a morar,  
y allí fué a habitar  
como amabilísima;  
y en esa purísima  
fué a morar gustoso

un niño precioso;  
se anunció ese día  
que se llamaría  
Jesús amoroso.

Salió Baltazar  
a ver el nacido,  
que estaba dormido  
en aquel portal;  
y salió Gaspar  
con mucho reposo,  
donde el misterioso,  
caminó Melchor,  
nuestro Redentor  
Jesús amoroso.

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## ZUNI TALES.<sup>1</sup>

BY EDWARD L. HANDY.

### I. BASHFUL-GROOM STORIES.

#### (a) *Umuk'yanaknanna*.

THERE was once a young man who got married. He went off to get wood, and brought back a load on his back. (They used to carry wood by laying two long pieces lengthways, and then laying short pieces across, and then putting it on the back.) When the young man got to his wife's house, she came out and helped him with his load of wood, and then he went into the house. Then the wife's mother told her to make him something to eat. "Umuk'yanaknanna,<sup>2</sup> mix him some suds," she said. She was directing her daughter to make him a drink of baked yucca-cake mixed with water; but the young man thought she was telling his wife to make some yucca-suds with which to wash his hair. And he did not have much hair on his head, and was very much ashamed (embarrassed?); so he said, "I will go around to my grandmother's, and you can wash it when I come back." So he went around to his grandmother's, and she said, "What are you coming here so soon for? I just saw you go by with a load of wood." And he answered, "My wife wanted to wash my head. Her mother said, Umuk'yanaknanna, and told her to do so." And his grandmother

<sup>1</sup> The old men ("grandfathers") tell stories to children in the winter when the nights are long, usually only in their own houses, though, when visiting, they are often asked to tell a story. Children are told that they will become humpbacked if they go to sleep during the telling. Every story begins with *inno!*, a word applied to anything and everything pertaining to the old times, used as adjective, noun, and adverb. Every story is ended with the phrase *lew! semkoniky!* (*lew!*, "all;" *sem-*, "story;" *koni-*, "short"). When this is said, all who have been sitting around stretch and yawn, and wish that the corn, melons, onions, etc., may grow into a good crop this year, and everything be well.

<sup>2</sup> *Ho umuk'yanis'hA* means "I wash my hair." *Umuk'yanaknanna* is the imperative. The same word, according to my informant, used to be used for the drink that is made of bits of yucca-cake mixed with water. The drink looks like yucca-suds. Yucca-suds, made from the root, are used for washing the hair, and it is the function of the wife to wash her husband's hair.

said, "She didn't want to wash your head, she told her to fix something to eat. You go right back to your wife's house." But he thought she wanted to wash his head, and would not go back.

(b) *Wemtoksiponaknanna.*

When the Zuñi were living at Halona, there was a boy who got married to a girl. He went after wood, and brought a load home on his back. When he got to his wife's house, she was grinding corn-meal inside. When she heard him come up the ladder with his load of wood, she came out to meet him, and helped him with his pack, and untied the wood and took it off his back. When she had piled it up, they went inside. The wife's mother told the girl to give her husband something to eat. "Wemtoksiponaknanna,<sup>1</sup> cook him some meat," she said. Now, in those days the men used to wear wild-cat skins for clothing,—skin blankets, called *weme*,—and the young man thought that the old woman was telling his wife to burn up his *weme*. So he was frightened, and said, "I will go around and see my grandmother." And when he got there, she said, "Well, my grandson, what have you come for?" And he said, "My wife's mother said to her, 'Wemtoksiponanna, burn up his skin blanket;' and I was afraid that she would do it, and I shouldn't have anything to wear, and so I came home."—"They didn't want to burn up your blanket; she was going to cook you some meat to eat," said his grandmother. "Go back!" But he was afraid they were going to burn up his blanket; and so he said, "No, I'm out of it," and would not go back.

(c) *The Little Kitten.*

A young man who lived at Halona got married, and one day he went out for a load of wood. When he came back, his wife came out to help him with his pack, and untied it and piled up the wood outside the house. While he was away, she had been cooking something for him to eat: so when they came inside, she set it before him, and he started to eat. Just as he was reaching for some salt to put on his food, a little kitten which lived in his wife's house got on his shirt-tail and scratched him between the legs. He didn't see who had scratched him at first, and was frightened, and screamed. Then he saw that it was the kitten, and was ashamed, and said, "What a pretty little kitten! I am going to take it around to my grandmother's." And they said, "All right!" so he took up the kitten and walked out. After he had gotten around the corner, he said, "You bad little kitten, you made me jump just after I had gotten married, and made me ashamed (embarrassed?), and I am going to kill you!" So he swung

<sup>1</sup> I gather that this is an obsolete expression.

it around and killed it, and went on home to his grandmother's. When he got there, his grandmother said, "Why are you coming home now, my grandson?" And he told her, "A little kitten jumped on my shirt and scratched me, and I was ashamed." — "That's nothing, that is all right, you must go back to your wife." — "No, I don't want to go back there." And he would not go.

(d) *The Salt-Jug.*

A boy who lived over at Kyakima got married. Early in the morning of the same day he went out hunting deer; and he killed one, and skinned it, and brought it home to his wife's house. She met him at the door; and he said, "Here, I have brought you some deer-meat to eat." And so she cooked him some of the meat, and he sat down to eat what she had put before him. They used to use little salt-jugs just big enough at the top to put your fingers in and get out salt; and as he was eating, the young man reached out to get some salt, put his fingers in, but the salt was so far down that he could not reach it. He tried again, and could not reach it. Then he jabbed his hand down into the jug, and got his whole fist in there, and could not get it out. And, try as he would, he could not get his hand out: the jug stuck to it. He thought that was awful when he had just gotten married, and said, "I am going home to see my grandmother." They said, "All right! but come back, and bring your grandmother back with you." So he went home; and when he got there, he said to his grandmother, "O grandmother! see what an awful thing I have done! I was eating the meal my wife had cooked for me, and tried to get some salt, and got my hand caught in here, and could not get it out." — "You foolish boy," said his grandmother, "you take that right back where you got it from." — "No, I won't do it," said the young man, and struck the salt-jug against the wall and broke it, spilling the salt all around.

2. COYOTE AND BADGER GO ON A RABBIT-HUNT.

Coyote (*susski*) went hunting one day for rabbits. Badger (*donaci*) had gone out too, and they met on the road. Coyote asks the other: "Where are you going, my friend?" — "Rabbit-hunting," says Badger. "Good, can I go along with you?" — "Well, yes," says Badger, "you can come along if you can run fast enough to catch the rabbit when I scare him out of his hole." And Coyote says, "Oh, yes! I can run very fast." So Badger says, "All right! When we find a rabbit in a hole, I will dig down fast, and then crawl in and scare him out; and you must catch him." And they killed a lot of rabbits at first, and Badger was carrying a big pack on his back. Coyote had a lot too, but not as many as the other: so he was looking

for a chance to make Badger dig into a few more holes, so that he could steal some of his rabbits from him. Soon they came to a place where there were two holes, and two rabbits living inside; and both began to go after the two rabbits, one in each hole. Badger got his out before Coyote had gotten his; and while Coyote was still down in the rabbit's hole, Badger took his bunch of rabbits and made off with them as fast as he could go. Coyote came scrambling out, and ran after Badger, who had a heavy load. It was getting dark by this time, and the moonlight was beginning to shine (it was a full moon). When Coyote had nearly caught up with Badger, the latter climbed up in a tree which stood right over a spring. And Coyote came running along, and saw the other's reflection in the spring by the bright moonlight; and he called out, and said, "You come right out of there, because I am going to eat both you and your rabbits!" And Badger asked, "Are you hungry?" And Coyote said, "Yes." — "Well, my dear friend, there is a great big piece of bread in this lake. If you are hungry and want some of it, just come along in and get some." And Coyote jumped in and never came out again.<sup>1</sup>

### 3. THE OWL AND THE LITTLE GROUND-RAT.

Owl (*muhukwA*) was sitting up on a pile of stones, and below little Ground-Rat (*tsoksliko*) was digging holes and making little rooms in which to put corn, *chile*-seeds, and so on, for the winter; and as Ground-Rat worked, every time he would finish another room, he would sing a song. And this is the song he sang:—

"Deluli, deluli, dopa kyakwen acE."  
("A room, a room, another house made.")

And he kept Owl awake (he sleeps in the day-time). And he got angry at Ground-Rat, and flew down and caught him by the head. Ground-Rat said, "Leave me alone. I will pay you if you will let me go. If you let me loose, I have a ring of beads on my hand which I will give you." And so he let him loose; and Ground-Rat cried, "Nomatsike, I am telling you a lie!" and went down in the hole where he was digging. Owl flew up, and pretended to sleep again. And soon Ground-Rat came out, and Owl flew down and caught him and ate him up.

### 4. HAWK AND MOLE.

One day Mole (*yeiyE*) was making little holes in the ground, in which to store up food for the winter, and Hawk (*aneLaowa*) was sitting up

<sup>1</sup> See North American Negroes (Harris, *Nights with Uncle Remus*, pp. 106-108); Pochutla, Chatino (Mexico) (Boas, JAFL 25 : 206, 238); Oskar Dähnhardt, *Natursgagen*, 4 : 230. — F. B.

on a pile of stones above, trying to sleep. But Mole kept waking him up, and at last he flew down and caught him. Mole said, "Friend, if you will let me go, I have a string of turquoise on my wrist which I will give you." Hawk let him loose a little; and he said, "Let me loose some more, so that I can get it off my wrist." And he let the little fellow loose some more, and he ran under the pile of stones. Then Hawk went back on top of the pile of stones, and slept some more. When Mole came out the second time, he flew down and caught him again; and the little fellow said, "I will let you have the string of beads this time, if you will let me go again." Hawk let him go, and he ran back under the stones. "When he comes out the next time," says Hawk to himself, "I am not going to let him loose again, I am going to take him away." So while Mole was working, he flew down and caught him by the head, and carried him off and ate him up; and he left his head, and put it on the pile of stones. And that's why, when you are travelling around the country, and see the head of a mouse or anything else on top of a pile of stones, you know that Hawk has been eating there.

#### 5. COYOTE PLAYS WITH THE TURTLES.<sup>1</sup>

There were a lot of little Turtles (*ettowę*) who lived in a lake over near Ojo Caliente. One day Coyote (*susski*) was lying under a tree by the side of the lake, and saw them playing in the water. Each time the Turtles would go under [come up?], he thought they were carrying something on their backs; and when they would go down and draw in their heads, old Coyote thought they were hiding something. After a while he asked if he couldn't play with them; and they said, "Yes, come right along, come right in!" Then he asked what they were carrying on their backs; and they answered right away, and said, "Why, didn't you know, those are our grandmothers' heads, of course." And then they told him that if he would bring his grandmother's head, he could come in and play with them. So he said, "All right, I will go home and see if I can't cut off my grandmother's head, and then I will come back and play with you." So he ran home as fast as he could, and there he found his grandmother lying under a tree. He said, "O grandmother! look up, quick! there is something under your chin." And she looked up, and Coyote cut off her head with a stone arrow-head (they used to use those for knives in the old times). And then he ran back to where the Turtles were, with his grandmother's head on his back, and showed it to them; and they said, "All right! Now you can come in and play with us." So he joined the game, and swam with them for quite a while. Finally the Turtles got tired of having him play with them, and said to one another, "Let's hide

<sup>1</sup> See p. 216 of this volume.

now, and tell him that we told a lie, that it was just our shells that he saw." So they hid, and told him it was just their shells that they had on their backs, and Coyote got so angry that he wanted to kill all the little Turtles. And so he jumped in the deepest place where he saw them all hiding under the rocks; and the place was so deep, that old Coyote couldn't get out, and he was drowned.

#### 6. HOW HE'HE'A FRIGHTENED THE BEAR AWAY FROM TOWA YALLANNE.

In the old days there was a Bear (*anci*) who lived up on the top of Towa Yallanne. Many cactus-fruits and piñon-nuts grew up there. The people who were living at Kyakima at that time were always going up to pick these, but Bear would always chase them down so that they couldn't get any. One day a little dancer from Koluala named He'he'A came along, and the people at Kyakima asked him where he was going. "I am going up on Towa Yallanne to pick fruits." — "But you will get killed," they all said; "there is a big Bear up there who chases everybody who comes to pick fruits." — "I am not afraid of him," said the little dancer; "if he gets mad, I shall kill him." So he went along up; and when he got on top, Bear came along and asked him what he wanted. "I'm going to pick some cactus-fruit and piñon-nuts," answered He'he'A. "They are mine," said Bear. "Just wait, and I will go up on the hill here, and run down at you and frighten you; and if you don't get scared, you can do the same thing to me; and it belongs to the one who doesn't get scared." So Bear went up on top of the hill, and ran down as hard as he could at the little dancer. But he was picking cactus-fruits and eating them just as fast as he could, and didn't pay any attention to the Bear. Bear said, "My! but you are a brave little fellow. Now, it's your turn to go up and hide, and then run down and see if you can scare me." So He'he'A went over the other side of the hill, and turned his face to the west, toward Koluala, and said, "Now, I ask all you dancers to come up and dance, and make a heavy rain, and thunder and lightning." And they all came out and danced; and when the rain began to come, the little dancer started down the hill. And it thundered and lightened so hard, that the old Bear thought the mountain was going to fall down, and he ran down the other (east) side of Towa Yallanne just as fast as he could. So when the little fellow reached the bottom of the hill and looked around for him, he couldn't see him anywhere. He'he'A had scared the Bear away, and all the people who lived down at Kyakima could go up and gather cactus-fruit and piñon-nuts.

#### 7. CUNDEKYA RAIN-PRIEST'S DAUGHTER VISITS THE BUTTERFLIES.

Long ago, when they were living over at Cundekya (to the east of modern Zuñi), there was a girl who was the daughter of a rain-priest.

She never went out of the house unless she was going to look after her fields. One day, on her way down to the cornfield, she saw a butterfly come flying along. "What a pretty butterfly!" she said. "It would be nice to make a design out of it." So she took off her *bittova lina* (like the *piton*, a small shawl which hangs down the back), and ran after the butterfly with it, trying to catch it to take home and make into a design. But as she chased the butterfly, every time she would get close to it, it would fly away a little farther, and then she would have to run after it again. She followed it like this until they came to a place where there were many butterflies around everywhere. That was where the butterflies lived. Her butterfly went to a place where there was a big hollow tree, went around the tree, and, as she came out the other side, there was a life-sized girl, instead of the butterfly that the rain-priest's daughter had been chasing. "Won't you come into my house?" said the butterfly-girl to the real girl. "But I didn't know there was any house around. I don't see any. I don't see anything but an old hollow tree."—"Just wait and see," answered the butterfly-girl, and went into the tree. The real girl went in after her; and there was a big room, and in it were a lot of other girls just like the butterfly-girl, all sitting around weaving baskets just like what she wanted to weave for her father (with the butterfly design). "S'imu, sit down!" they all said; "we will teach you how to make these butterflies on baskets." So she sat down and worked with them; and they asked her why she wanted to make baskets like those, and she told them that she wanted to make them for her father to put his prayer-plumes on when he began to cut them and to pray for rain. "Well, if you will stay a little longer, we will give you some to take home with you," the butterfly-girls said: so she staid and watched them make baskets for quite a long time. And she was away so long, that her family at home thought that she had been lost. At about sundown the butterfly-girls said, "Now you may go home, and you may take these baskets for your father to use when he prays for rain." And they went out, and all the butterfly-girls turned into butterflies, and they took her home. They told her that whenever they wanted to go out and look around, they turned themselves into butterflies. And that's why all the rain-priests always use something like the Moki trays to put their prayer-plumes on.

#### 8. THE LITTLE GIRL AND THE CRICKET.

There was once a girl who one morning went down to the fields to look at the corn and melons and beans. When she got to the field, she heard some one singing a song, and looked all around, but could not see any one. It was Cricket (*k'etsilto*) singing in an ear of corn.

She looked everywhere, but could not see who it was. Then he jumped to another ear, and sang his song some more, and the girl looked around again. Soon little Cricket looked out from under the ear of corn, and said, "What are you looking for?" — "I was looking to see who was singing," answered the girl. "Why, that's me singing," said Cricket. "I'm singing because I am happy and in a field where there is everything growing." Then the girl said, "Let's go up to my house, and you can stay with me." — "All right! I will go up and stay with you." So the girl took the little fellow up to her house, and he staid with her all day. When it was about bedtime, and they were sitting inside in a room, the girl said to Cricket, "Can you laugh?" — "No," he answered, "I can't laugh, but I can sing, just as you heard me in the garden this morning." So he sang a little more. Then he said to the girl, "You mustn't touch me or try to make me laugh, because, if you should touch me, I am so easily hurt that I might die." But the girl thought she would play a little with him, so she tried to tickle him; and he couldn't laugh, so he burst his stomach and died.

#### 9. COYOTE VISITS THE MOUNTAIN-LIONS.

Once there were some Mountain-Lions (*hokdidaca*) living over the other side of Towa Yallanne. They were all he-Lions except for one she-Lion who was the sister of all the others. Every day all the brothers would go out hunting, and the Lion-girl would stay at home alone and do the cooking for her brothers. One day, when she was all alone like this, along came Coyote looking around for something to eat. Up there where the Lions lived he smelled deer-meat cooking, and said, "I'll just run up to that place and see if anybody is at home. If nobody is there, I can steal some meat and run home." So he went up to the hill where the Lions lived; and as he was sitting down below and looking up, out came the Lion-girl from the house. When he saw her, he said right away, "Look here, my wife! I am sitting down here." The girl looked around, but she didn't say anything. When she went into the house again, she said to herself, "If he says that again to me, I'm going to throw some hot water in his face." Pretty soon she went out again, and old Coyote said to her again, "Look here, my wife! I am sitting down here." — "Well, if you want me to be your wife," said the Lion-girl, "just let me see how fast you can run, because my brothers will take you out hunting, and perhaps you can't run as fast as they can." — "Oh, yes! I can run fast," said Coyote. "Just watch me run!" And he began running as fast as he could, while she stood in the door watching him; and he kept looking to see if she was watching him, and did not look where he was going, and fell off the end of the *mesa* and was killed.

## IO. COYOTE AND BADGER TRY SWORD-SWALLOWING.

Coyote (*susski*) and Badger (*donaci*) were friends, and went out hunting together one day. They killed so many rabbits, that after they had gotten through hunting, and were coming home, they divided them. When they got home, Badger said, "My friend, come to see me in four days, and we will eat some rabbit-meat." So on the fourth morning Coyote started out to visit his friend; and when Badger saw him coming, he said to his grandmother, "Fix up the room, grandmother! My friend Coyote is coming to visit us." So his grandmother got the room fixed up for them, and soon Coyote came in and sat down. "Kyetsanna, happy," said Coyote. "S'imu, sit down!" said Badger. "Now get everything ready for me, grandmother," says Badger; and she went into the other room, and brought back a bowl, which she put down in front of Badger; and then she went into another room and got a long, sharp-pointed stick. Badger pushed the stick down his throat; and when he pulled it up, there ran out into the bowl a whole lot of yucca-juice. "Good!" said Badger. "Now let's eat!" So they all sat around and ate and drank, and Coyote staid a little while after they had finished. Then he said, "Come to see me in four days." Badger said, "I will come." — "Soanna, good-by! I go," said Coyote. "Ma Lu, well, go!" said the other. In four days Badger went around to see Coyote; and when Coyote saw him coming, he said to his grandmother, "My friend Badger is coming to pay us a visit." So she got the room fixed up, and pretty soon Badger came in. "S'imu, sit down!" said Coyote. Then he told his grandmother to get everything ready for him, just as Badger had done, and she brought him a bowl and a stick. Coyote tried to swallow the stick; but when he tried to pull it out, no yucca-juice came, but there was a bowl of blood instead, and on the end of the sticks was part of Coyote's guts. And Coyote's grandmother started to eat, and Badger pretended to eat, but really didn't. In a little while Coyote died right in front of them. And Badger said, "You can't do that, because you don't belong to the Lewekwe (Sword-Swallowing Fraternity); but I belong to that society, and can do anything." And he went home.<sup>1</sup>

## II. THE WAR-GODS PREVENT THE ANIMALS FROM GETTING SALT.

Once upon a time two badgers (*donaci*), two coyotes (*susski*), and two foxes (*lannello*) decided they would all go to Salt Lake and bring back some salt to eat with their food. One badger was to be leader,

<sup>1</sup> See discussion in Boas, RBAE 31 : 694; also Kutenai (Boas, BBAE 59 : 8); Nez Percé (MAFLS 11 : Mayer-Farrand 164, Spinden 181); Osage (Dorsey, FM 7 : 13, 15); Shoshoni (Lowie-St. Clair, JAFL 22 : 266); Thompson (Teit, MAFLS 11 : 6). — F. B.

head man. So they started out, and went almost all the way without stopping; but when they were almost there, they got lazy, and thought they would take a little rest. So they lay down, and pretty soon they were all asleep. Now, the two little War-Gods were living over at the Salt Lake then,—Younger Brother (*matsailema*) and Elder Brother (*uyuyewi*); and when they heard that those fellows (the animals) were coming over to get salt, they decided that they would play a trick on them. So when they saw them asleep over there near the Lake where they had lain down, they said, "Let's go over and watch them!" So they went over and watched them asleep for a while, and wondered what they could do with them. Then Elder Brother said, "Let's take them back home while they are asleep!" — "All right!" answered his brother, "you take three, and I'll take three, and we will carry them on our backs." So they took them on their backs, and carried them all the way back to where they lived. And when they came to the Badgers' place, they found their grandmother fast asleep. So they took the two badgers and laid them down, one on each side of their grandmother. And at the Coyotes' house they found their grandmother fast asleep, and laid the two coyotes on each side of her in the same way. And it was just the same at the Foxes' house. So the little War-Gods left the animals sleeping on each side of their grandmothers in their houses. Then they went back to Salt Lake. When the animals woke up, they did not know how they had come to be sleeping on each side of their grandmothers, when they had thought they were over near Salt Lake. So they gathered together again, and said, "We will try again. We will go over and get a load of salt early, and start back, and on the way home we can camp on the mountain that is just a little ways from here." So they started out again. They came to Salt Lake at about noon, and did not stop to rest this time, but packed their sacks full of salt and started back home the same day. And they came back until they reached the mountain where Zuñis get whitewash for their houses (to the south of Zuñi), and they staid there over night. They said, "We will come in in the morning." They were very tired; and after they had put down their packs, they lay down, and all fell fast asleep. Soon the little War-Gods came and watched them for a while, as they had done before. Then they went to the salt-bags and emptied all the salt out, and filled the bags up with all sorts of trash. Then they laughed, and went away home. In the morning, when the animals woke up, they said, "Now we will go home and take our bags of salt, and we will have all the salt to eat that we want." Badger, who was leading, picked up his sack, and said, "My! but this bag seems light." — "Of course," said one of the others, "it has been drying out all night, and that is why it is not so heavy." So they came along home; and their grandmothers met them,

and they said, "See here! we brought a lot of salt, and we shall have all we want to eat for a long time." So their grandmothers took the sacks and emptied them out, and there was nothing but old dried piñon and cedar leaves. After they had seen that, the animals said to one another, "Let's not go for salt any more, because we can't get it!" So they didn't try any more, and that's why animals eat everything without salt, and don't use it on their meat, as we do.

#### 12. THE GEESE STEAL COYOTE'S EYES.<sup>1</sup>

One day Coyote (*susski*) was out hunting for bugs to eat, when he came to a little river where there were a lot of little geese (*mu'k'yali-ca*) swimming about. They would all come in to the shore and sit on the bank; and then, when one said "Ready!" they would all jump in and swim around together some more. Coyote thought it was fun. "What are you all doing?" he asked. And they told him, "We take out our eyes and throw them into the water; and then, when we jump in after them, they go right back into our heads." Coyote thought he would like to try it: so he said, "May I play with you?" — "All right!" say the little geese, "you may play with us if you will let us take out your eyes." So they looked around and found an old arrow-head; and when they had taken out old Coyote's eyes, he came in and played with them. He would let loose his eyes and jump in after them, and they would go right back into his head, and he thought it was great fun. After a while all the little geese got tired of him, and said, "Let's jump in all together! and when he drops his eyes in, we will steal them and take them away." So they all jumped in together; and when Coyote let go his eyes, they took them and jumped out of the river, and said, "That is what we have been intending to do all along. We weren't really playing with our eyes, we were only playing with pebbles." — "Oh, you bad little things!" cried Coyote. "You want to make me go about without my eyes, and I shall be blind. I shall eat you all up." But they knew he was blind and couldn't run after them. And Coyote walked around; and when he would step on a pebble that was about the size of an eye, he would pick it up and put it into his head, and they would always fall out. After a while he stepped on a cactus that has big yellow berries on it, and he put the berry into his eye, and he could see all right. He walked around until he found another berry like that one, and put that into the other eye, and then he could see all right with that eye, too; and that is why the coyote has yellowish eyes now. They used to be black.

<sup>1</sup> See Boas, BBAE 59 : 302, note 1 (Jicarilla Apache, Arapaho, Assiniboin, Blackfoot, Caddo, Cheyenne, Comanche, Cree, Gros Ventre, Hopi, Navaho, Nez Percé, Shoshoni, Shuswap, Sia, Thompson, Uinta Ute, Zuñi). — F. B.

## 13. THE WAR-GODS PLAY WITH THUNDERBOLTS.

The two little War-Gods, Elder (*uyuyewi*) and Younger (*matsaile-ma*), were living at a place north of Towa Yallanne called DepokWA. They always used to live around at different places. One day they told their grandmother that they were going over to the Sacred Lake, KoLualA. "All right!" she said, "go; but you mustn't steal anything, and you must come right back." — "All right!" the little fellows said, and started off. When they came to KoLualA, they found the house in which lightning and the thunder-stones are kept, and then went in and saw these, and thought it would be great fun to play with them. After they had played with them for a little while, they thought it was so much fun that they would take them home to play with. So they started home, and, when they got there, said to their grandmother, "Get the room ready, grandmother, because we have something we want to play with." She knew what they had, so she swept the floor and cleaned the room out; and the little War-Gods went in and began to play. At KoLualA the rain-makers found out what the two little fellows were doing, and they were angry, and started out after them. Soon it started to rain so hard, that their grandmother called out to them from the room where she was to stop playing with those things, as the water was beginning to run into the house. "You two boys stop playing with those things!" she said. "The rain is coming down so hard, that it is all coming into my house, and I can't keep it out." But the little fellows were having so much fun, that they did not pay any attention to her, and just kept on playing. Finally the water was running into the house fast; and their grandmother tried to get out, but it was so high that she couldn't. And the water came up and up, and finally she was drowned. In a little while Elder said to his brother, "Look out and see where our grandmother is! I don't hear her in there." They looked out, and there she was floating around on the water. "She is dead," they said. "Now look at what we have done!" They threw away the thunder-stones they were playing with. They dug a hole in the side of the house, and the water ran out, but their grandmother was dead.

## 14. THE LITTLE WAR-GODS KILL ATOCLE AND HIS WIFE.

Atocle<sup>1</sup> and his wife were living up on top of Towa Yallanne; and when people would come along, they would kill them and eat them. As they passed by, the wife would ask them to come into the house, and then would tell them that she was going to fix their hair. When they had their backs turned, she would bite them in the side of the neck and kill them, and eat them up. One day the little War-Gods

<sup>1</sup> Atocle is a spotted dancer whom children fear greatly.

said they would go up and see this woman. When the little fellows came to the house where AtoclE and his wife lived, the old woman told them to come in. When they were inside, she said, "I will comb your hair for you. It looks as if it had never been combed by anybody in your lives." So the elder one sat down in front of her to have his hair fixed first; and when his back was turned, she bit his neck, and he fell over as if he had been killed, but of course he hadn't been. And when the younger one came to have his hair fixed, she did the same thing to him. So she thought she had killed both, and said to herself, "Now I will make a fire in the fireplace and roast these two little fellows, and we shall have a good dinner." So she built a fire, and put the little War-Gods on it to roast. About supper-time her husband came home; and she said, "Look! We shall have a good supper. Here are two little lambs I have roasted." So they sat down and began to eat, and then they heard a little voice saying, "Oh, that's not good meat. That is stuff I just vomited." The old woman thought it was her water-jar that was talking, and she was angry, and got up and threw it outside, saying, "You don't know what you are talking about. You don't know anything." The War-Gods had been in the water-jar, and they came back into the house; and when AtoclE and the old woman tried to eat again, one of them crawled into the man's nose, and the other into the wife's; and they tickled the inside of their noses until they sneezed and sneezed, and finally sneezed themselves to death. And that's why the Zuñi say, whenever you start to work and begin to sneeze, "Dom ahayu dakwadokyA" ("the little War-Gods are in your nose").

#### 15. THE MAN WHO WENT WITH MICE TO STEAL CORN.<sup>1</sup>

There was once a man who lived with his grandmother, and they were so poor that they didn't have anything to eat. He went up on Towa Yallanne one day to get some cactus-fruits, and, when he had some, started home. He got tired, and sat down to take a rest. While he was sitting there, he heard some little mice talking to each other. One was calling out to the other, and telling him that in a few days they would go somewhere and steal a lot of corn. When the man heard that, he got up and went home, and told his grandmother to mend his sacks, as he was going to get some corn for her. After four days he went out to the same place, and found all the little mice gathered together. When they saw him coming, they all ran away, and one asked him what he wanted. He said, "I am going to the same place you are, and steal corn. I heard you calling out to each other." So they started out, and came to a place where there was plenty of corn, and everything else the man wanted, inside a house.

<sup>1</sup> See Dähnhart, *Naturrägen*, 4 : 232.

And when the mice had filled their sacks, they went away, but the man did not go; and when the owners came back and found him there, they asked him how he had gotten there and what he was doing. And he said that he had come in with the mice, but that he could not get out of the little hole the mice had gone through, with his load, and so he had staid there.

#### 16. THE ORIGIN OF THE MORNING STAR.

There was once a woman living here in Zuñi long ago, who had a child born which she thought was a real child, but which was really a canteen water-jar. When it grew up, it walked like a turtle. He saw the other boys go out hunting, and he wanted to go along too, but he couldn't kill anything. And the Eagle (*k'yak'yali*) saw him one day, and said to himself, "Poor thing! he can't kill anything, I will kill for him." So he killed some rabbits for him, and the little fellow brought them home. And every time he went out, his friend Eagle hunted for him, and he always came home with meat. When the snow melted away, he went down to the river every day, and watched the other children play in the water, jumping up and down, and he wanted to play with them. At first he thought he wouldn't do it, but then decided that he might as well. So he jumped off a high place one day, and hit on a hard spot and broke himself all to pieces. His mother came along and picked up the pieces, and brought them home and put them behind the fireplace. Pretty soon the little broken water-jar said, "Mother!" And she answered, "Yes, my child, are you all right now?" And he said, "Yes, I am all right, but you must take the handles and the mouth of me and go out at daybreak and throw them to the east." And she did as the little water-jar had told her, and took the handles and the mouth out early in the morning, and threw them to the east, and they became the morning star.

#### 17. WHY DOGS CANNOT TALK.

A man and his wife lived at a place called Pinawa. The man would go out and hunt, and bring home to his wife plenty of meat. But the woman cared for another man, the son of a rain-priest (*ciswanni*). So one day, while her husband was out hunting, she went down to the well at noon; and the rain-priest's son came around the other side of the village and met her. A little yellow dog had followed her; and while they talked, he kept looking up at her. The young man said, "What did you say to me yesterday?" — "I told you to come to the well, and I waited, but you didn't come." — "Why do you want to talk to me? You have a man who kills deer for you, you have plenty to eat, he works all the time for you. Why do you want me?" — "I

want you to marry me, because you are the son of a rain-priest; and if I want you, you have nothing to say." So he said, "All right! Will your husband be back to-night?" — "Yes. When he is going to be away all night, I will tell you." So she put her jar of water on her head and went home. The little dog followed along behind, and talked to himself: "My mother must be a bad woman. She goes out and talks to another man while my father goes away to hunt and work." And he trotted along behind, pitying his father. The man went home by a roundabout way. That evening the woman's husband brought home a great big deer, so big that it took all the family to bring it down into the house. They laid it on the floor with the head to the west, laid an ear of corn between its forefeet, covered it with a blanket, and sprinkled sacred meal over it. After a while they skinned the deer. The man was such a good hunter, that they had meat and buckskin all over the house.

The next day the man said he would be away all night, as he had seen a big deer (in a dream?). So his wife wrapped some lunch up in a cloth for him, and he started out. At noon the woman went to the well. The rain-priest's son came, and asked if her husband had gone out hunting. She said, "Yes, and he will be gone all night. You come to-night." — "Will it be all right?" he asks. "Yes. I asked my father and mother, and they said it would be all right." — "Do they want me to come?" — "No. They like my husband, because he gets so much meat, but they told me to do as I pleased." Then she said, "You come to-night and stand outside, and come in when I tell you." So she went back home, and he went back around the village. That night he came. She was waiting for him, and said her mother and father were asleep, and soon they would go up (into her house). While they were talking, the little dog began to bark and howl, and he kept on doing it over and over again. The young man spent the night with her, and went home early in the morning. The husband was out all night, got a deer, skinned it, and brought it home. They took it down into the house, laid it on the floor with its head to the west, covered it with a blanket, etc. They laid beads around it. Then they smoked, and blew smoke to the four points of the compass. Then the man said, "Make my bed," and went out. The little dog went out after him. Outside, the little dog said, "Father!" And the man said, "What is it?" Then the little dog ran around and yelped, and said, "Father!" — "What is it?" asked the man. But the dog just kept running around and yelping. At last the man said, "Whatever you have to say, say it." So the dog said, "Father, last night my mother slept with another man while you were out hunting. The man didn't want to, but my mother made him. Every time you go away, she talks to him at the well. The man didn't want to, but

my mother insisted. I thought I would tell you, because you kill so much deer that I always have plenty to eat." — "Is that so about my wife?" asked the man. "Yes, and she's not the only one 'stealing husbands.' There are four other places where they are doing it. All my friends know about it, we all see it," said the dog. So the man and the little dog went back into the house. The man went to bed and was unhappy. When he got up, he didn't talk much; he just hung around, and didn't go out hunting. His wife asked, "Aren't you going out hunting?" — "No." — "Let me wash your head, then." — "No, I don't want my head washed." He said he was going to his mother's house. There he asked his sisters to wash his head with yucca-suds. "Why don't your wife wash your head?" — "I'm not feeling well. My wife wants to marry another man." — "Who told you?" — "My child." — "Which child?" they asked. "The one that watches over me, my little dog." — "That's too bad," they said, and so they washed his head for him. Just as they were starting to do it, his wife came in. She said, "I have made some suds;" but he answered, "My sister is washing my head," so she went home. He didn't go back home (to his wife's house); and the woman married the rain-priest's son, who was the man she wanted.

Another dog told his father that his wife had been talking to another man in the same way. Then several other dogs did the same thing. So everybody said, "Something will have to be done about this." The rain-priest said to his son, "You are the cause of all this trouble. We shall have to stop it. It will not be well for the dogs to tell all they know; there have already been several separations as a result." So he made some *lo'o*,<sup>1</sup> took it up on top of Towa Yallanne to the altar of the War-Gods, which is in the middle of the *mesa*-top. The War-Gods asked what he wanted, and he told them, "The dogs are telling everything they know. They are making trouble. Please stop them. I have brought *lo'o*." And the War-Gods said, "All right, all will be well. We will go down to-morrow and see what we can do." So the rain-priest came home. The War-Gods went to their grandmother, and said, "Down there at Pinawa there is trouble. The rain-priest says that a lot of women who already have husbands want other men, and that there are a lot of separations because the dogs tell on them. The rain-priest's son, etc. [Here follows an account of all that has happened in the town.] We are going down to-morrow." — "All right," said their grandmother; "but you cannot go until it is dark, as you mustn't be seen." — "All right," said the little War-Gods. So they played all day; and at night, about sunset, they started. They played along the road till they came to Pinawa, at about dusk. Their grandmother had told them that they must first find the dog

<sup>1</sup> *Lo'o* is a mixture of corn-pollen, graphite, ground abalone shell, and crushed turquoise. It has magical properties, and is used as an offering.

that had told on his mistress first. So while every one was at supper, they went to the house where the little yellow dog lived. They called to him, and whispered, "Are you the one who told first?" The dog didn't say anything. They asked him again, but he didn't say anything. Then the elder brother said, "This is not the dog." But the younger brother said it was. So the elder brother asked him again, but he said nothing. The elder brother said to the younger, "You ask him." So he asks, "Are you the dog that belongs to the woman who got another husband?" — "Yes." — "Well, you tell me how it happened." The dog told him. "Do you know any other dogs who know these things as you do?" — "Yes." — "Where?" — "Just around the square." — "Well, come on, take us to them!" So they went and found a big dog who growled. The little War-Gods said, "Keep quiet, and we won't hurt you. Where is your father?" — "He has gone home, my mother has got another man, my father has gone to his mother's house." Then the War-Gods asked, "Are there any other dogs without fathers?" — "Yes, lots of them." — "Well, let's go around!" So they went to another house. This dog's father had also gone away, his mother was with another man. And so they got several dogs. At last the War-Gods said, "How many more dogs are mixed up in this?" — "All the dogs have seen, but all haven't told their fathers." So they collected all the dogs. "What are we going to do?" asked the dogs. "You will see," said the War-Gods. "Come to the Plaza, and we will show you." So they all went to the Plaza, with the little yellow dog at the head of the line. When they got there, the dogs all lined up. The War-Gods said, "When we have given you medicine, you must all go home." They said to the little yellow dog, "Now, open your mouth!" When he opened it, they spit in it, and then clapped their hands on it and held it shut, saying, "From now on you shall not be able to talk; you can hear and see and taste, but not talk." They did the same thing to all the other dogs. Then the War-Gods said, "Now you may go back home, that is all we wanted to do." That is why dogs don't speak now.

#### 18. WHY THE LITTLE BLACK ANTS ARE ALL ABOUT EVERYWHERE.

There is a place down the river (the Zuñi River) called Akwek'yapa, where the little black ants used to live. They were going to have a big dance, and so for four nights they gathered together in a house to practise. The next day the girls put on all their best clothes, the young men did the same, and they all came out in the Plaza and danced. The song they sang while they danced was this:—

"Hai-ai, ya-ya, na-a-daski;  
a-ya-a-a daski, a-ya ho!, a-ya ho!;  
lumm, lumm, lumm, lumm."

(According to the informant, there is no translation.) As they sang, they danced around in a circle, holding one another's hands. Then along came a big whirlwind,<sup>1</sup> picked them all up, and whirled them along, scattering them all over everywhere. That is why to-day the little black ants are all over everywhere.

#### 19. THE YOUNG WOMAN WHO TURNED INTO A BEAR.

There once lived in K'yatikye a young man who went hunting every day. He had a wife, but liked another woman. But when he had been out hunting, he would never give meat or buckskin to this woman to show her that he liked her. So the young woman said to herself, "I wonder why he never gives me a piece of meat or a buckskin!" Now, this woman was a witch; and she got angry, and said to herself, "Let him just wait, and I'll fix him for never giving me any meat!" So at night she called out like a coyote, and summoned all the witches; and they all gathered at Muk'yanna ("Owl-Water," the place where witches meet). "Who wants us?" they asked. "I," said the woman. "What did you want us for?" — "All sit down!" answered the woman, "and I will tell you as soon as all the witches are gathered." So they all sat down and waited. When all the witches were there, they said, "Now, have you something you wanted to tell us?" — "Yes, I have a husband who goes hunting every day, but never gives me any meat when he comes home: so I am going to kill him." The other witches asked, "With what are you going to kill him?" — "With a bear," she said. Then the head of the witches said, "All right! We will all go home now and bid our children good-night." So all the other witches went home; but the woman staid at Muk'yanna, and slept there all night.

Early the next morning she got up before the young man was up, and went to Hakwinnonnakowa ("Hakwin-Road"). When the young man got up at K'yatikye, he took his bow and arrow, and started out along that same road. He came to some bear-tracks, — tracks of a big bear. He looked at them, and said to himself, "These are not real bear-tracks. It is somebody who wants to kill me." So he went on, and didn't follow the bear-tracks. He found some deer-tracks instead, followed them, and killed a big deer, put it on his back, and brought it home. When he got there, all the people in the house came out and helped him bring it in. They laid it on the floor and sprinkled meal over it. When they were all eating supper, the young hunter said, "I saw some bear-tracks on the road when I went out this morning, that did not look like real ones." — "Is that so?" asked his wife. "Yes. To-morrow I am going out and find that bear."

<sup>1</sup> Small whirlwinds, carrying with them a column of dust, are frequently seen coming down Zufi valley in an easterly direction.

The witch-girl was the bear. Next day she waited for the young man to come, waited and waited, a long time, but he did not come. At last she took off her bear-dress and sat down at a place called Danahuli-akwA ("Bushes-Spring"). Then the young man came along and found her sitting under the tree, but she did not see him coming. She was the other woman (rather than his wife), that the young man really liked. He asked her why she wanted to kill him. "Because you never give me a piece of meat or a little piece of buck-skin when you go out hunting every day. That's why I am going to kill you." — "Why should you want to kill me?" He took her by the arm and pulled her up, and saw the bear-dress. She had been sitting on it. "If you want to be like a wild animal, I will take you to where they live, so that you can live with them." He picked up the bear-dress and took the girl and put her on his back, and set out for Cipapulia, where the wild animals live. It took them one day to get there.

He was a fast runner. At about mid-day they came near to Cipapulia. The sister of the mountain tigers was up on the roof of their house playing; and when she saw the young man and woman coming, she ran into the house, saying, "Somebody is coming; he has something on his back." — "It is our son," said her brothers. "He lives at K'yatikyE; he has another woman. This is a witch, and she wants to kill him. You go up on the roof and stay till they come, and then bring them in." So she went up; and when they came, she said, "Come into the house!" Inside there were animals of all kinds. The young man came in first. "My mothers, fathers, and sisters, how do you do?" he said. "All right," they replied. Then the young woman came in, and they said the same things. They told them to sit down, and then the animals asked what they wanted, what they could do for them. The young man said, "This is my other wife (? woman), who wanted to kill me. She wanted to be like a wild animal; so I brought her here, so that you could do just what you pleased with her." — "All right, my son! Thank you!" A little while after this the witch-girl died and became a wild animal again. She was a real one this time. And the young man married the sister of the tigers.

After a while the young man said, "I shall have to go home now, because my lunch is all gone. You people eat raw meat, but I have to eat cooked food, so I shall have to go home." There were two little bears born (? tigers). "I shall go home to-morrow and plant some corn for those two little bears; and when they get old enough, they may come to the field and eat the corn." So he said good-by and started home.

His people at K'yatikyE had all been crying every day since he

had left; they thought he was dead. He came in, and said, "Kyet-sanici, are you all happy?" (This is the regular greeting on entering a house.) "Yes," they all replied. Then the mother put some deer-meat in a bowl, and they sat down to eat. After the meal the father asked where he had been. "I followed the bear-tracks, and came to the other woman sitting there. She wasn't a good wife; she was a witch-wife. She was sitting on her bear-dress; so I told her that if she wanted to be like a wild animal, I would take her to where she could be. That is why I took her to Cipapulia. She died there. I married the sister of the tigers. At Cipapulia I have one son and one daughter. They are learning to eat now; and that is why I have come home,—to plant some corn for them, so that when it is ripe they can come out and eat it." His father said, "Good!" So he planted four acres of yellow corn, and four of blue corn, and, when he was through, went home. His mother said, "Are you through with your planting?" — "Yes, I am all through."

On the fourth day he went out to look at his field, and the corn was growing fast. When it was big enough and looked as if it was ripe, he sent word to Cipapulia. The next morning before the sun was up the bears came and ate all they wanted to, of the corn that looked ripe. When they saw the sun coming up, they went back home; and when the sun was up, the young man went out to see if his sons had come. He went to the field, and saw the little bear-tracks and the corn they had eaten. "Well, I am glad my little babies came to eat their corn," he said.

The next night the little bears told their mother that the corn was growing good and tall every day, and that they ate lots of sweet corn. "Well, to-morrow night we will all go," she said, — "all our parents and the other animals,—because he planted it for us." They started out, and came to Mumana (now Ramah, N.Mex., northeast of Zufi). From there they went on; and when it was about dark, they came to the corn-field, and went into it. The people saw them, and came out to chase them away; but they staid and ate the corn, and then went back home. The witch-girl was with them. Her sister said, "To-morrow night we will gather together again, and talk about killing that young man. If he has strong eyes and does not sleep, we will not kill him; but if he goes to sleep, we will kill him. We will fix ourselves like (change into?) cats."

Now, the young man had a friend who was a witch-boy, who thought he would tell him what the witches had said. So that night the witch-boy went to Muhukweank'yanna (the same as Muk'yanna) to hear what the witches said. They said they would kill him if he should go to sleep. Then they all went home but the sister of the witch-girl, and she staid there to sleep. That night the witch-boy came to the young man

and said, "My dear friend, to-night the witches are going to kill you if you go to sleep. Make yourself strong, because, if you don't go to sleep, they will not kill you." That night the witches met at the same place (Muk'yanna), and all fixed themselves as cats, and waited there till everybody was in bed. And the young man's father-in-law took a big rug and spread it in the middle of the room, and they took good care that their son-in-law did not go to sleep. They kept telling him, "Don't go to sleep before sunrise!" So he sat there.

At midnight he was not a bit sleepy, but he got sleepy; and just before it was time for the sun to come up, he shut his eyes for just a minute, and fell asleep. The witches all gathered around him, and he was dead. Then the cats all ran home. The family buried their son at K'yatikyé, dressed him up, putting beads and turquoise, blankets and buckskins, around him, and put him in a grave. The sister of the witch-girl said to herself, "I thought we should kill him. Now we shall get all the beads and turquoise. I will call together my people and tell them about it." So she called out that night, and they all gathered round at the same meeting-place. The head of the witches asked what was wanted. "We have killed the young man," said the girl. "After four days we will go to his grave and take him out, and put in a log instead." They said, "All right!" Then they all said good-night and went home.

That night the young man's soul did not go to K'yatikyé, but to Cipapulia, where his wife and children were. He went into the house; and the animals all said, "Well, did they finally kill you?" — "Yes." — "On the fourth night they want to take the body out, but we are going to take it out first." So they went down, cut a big pine log on the way, went to K'yatikyé, took out the young man's body, and put in the log in its place. They took the body to Cipapulia, put a white blanket (*miha*) under it, and a buckskin over it; and the body lay there, and they sang to him and took the witches out, and he was alive again.

The sister of the witch-girl went to take the body out of the grave, but the animals had gotten it first. On the fourth night she called out again to the witches, and they all gathered together. "Let's hurry up now and go and get the body!" they said. So they started off with a log. When they came to the grave, they dug down and found the other log. The one who was digging said, "Oh, they have got the body, somebody else has got it!" — "Well, that's too bad, we can't have the clothes he was wearing." So they took the log home. And the young man lived happily with his wife at Cipapulia.

## CUENTOS POPULARES DE GUATEMALA.

POR ADRIÁN RECINOS.

## I. TÍO COYOTE Y TÍO CONEJO.

(Primera versión.)

HABÍA una señora que tenía un sandía. Todas las noches llegaba tío Conejo y se comía las sandías. Una noche llegó y se comió una, la enhuecó toda, se ensució adentro y la tapó; y era la más madura que había. Y al otro dia era el santo del Padre (Cura) y la señora le llegó a regalar la sandía. Ya estaban comiendo los señores cuando el Padre la dijo al sirviente: — ¿Si me adivinas de qué no nos acordamos? — ¿De qué? — le dijo el sirviente. — ¡De la sandía! Y la fué a traer. Comenzándola a partir estaba el Padre cuando vió que saltó una chibolita y siguieron saltando otras. Entonces mandó traer a la señora y le pegaron.

Entonces la señora puso un muñeco de cera en el sandía y a la otra noche llegó tío Conejo y le dijo: — ¿Qué estás haciendo aquí? Si no te quitás te pego una manotada. Y como el muñeco no le contestó, le pegó una manotada. — ¡Suéltame la mano! le dijo y le pegó con la otra. — ¡Suéltame las dos manos! le dijo y le pegó una patada. — Suéltame las dos manos y el pié, — le dijo, — si nó te pego con la otra. — Suéltame las cuatro patas, si nó te pego un barrigazo. — Suéltame, le dijo, si nó te pego un cabezazo. Y al otro día llegó la señora y lo bajó del sandía y lo dejó encerrado; mientras fué a calentar el asador. Y luego pasó tío Coyote: — Tío Coyote, — le dijo el Conejo, — venga a comer el banquete que me van a dar, y lo dejó en su lugar. Al rato llegó la señora y le dijo: — Cuando me fui estabas más pequeño y ahora que regreso te veo más grande, y le quemó el culo con el asador y lo dejó ir. Tío Conejo se le adelantó corriendo y por ay se subió a un injertal.

Y pasó tío Coyote y le dijo: — ¡Tío Coyote, Culo quemado! — Ahora te como, — le dijo tío Coyote. — No tío Coyote, — le contestó tío Conejo, — ay le voy a botar un injerto, — y le botó uno maduro, maduro. — Tírame otro, — le dijo, y le tiró un verde y le quebró los dientes y se fué corriendo.

Por ay se subió a un coyolar y le dijo: — ¡Tío Coyote, Culo quemado! — ¡Ahora te como, tío Conejo! — No, tío Coyote, ay le voy a botar un coyol. — Tírame uno maduro, — le dijo, y se lo tiró. — Tírame otro,

— le dijo, y tío Conejo le tiró un verde y le quebró la cabeza y se juyó. Y se fué a poner debajo de una piedra para cargarla, y pasó tío Coyote y le dijo: — ¡Ora te como, tío Conejo! — Venga ayudarme, tío Coyote, — le dijo, y se puso tío Coyote a cargar la piedra. Y se empezó a caer la piedra. — ¡Vení ayudame tío Conejo! — gritó el Coyote, y se le cayó la piedra y le quebró los huevos. Tío Conejo salió huyendo.

Y estaba en un río cuando pasó tío Coyote y le dijo: — ¡Tío Coyote, culo quemado, dientes quebrados, cabeza rota, huevos desquebrados! — ¡Ora te como, tío Conejo! — dijo el Coyote. — No, tío Coyote, venga, saquemos este queso que está aquí entre el río. — Y era la luna. Y tío Coyote se puso a beber agua, y como tomó mucha se le empezó a salir por el fundillo. — ¡Póngame un tapón, tío Conejo! — le gritó. Y el Conejo le puso un oolute. — ¡Póngame otro! tío Conejo. Entonces tío Conejo fué a conseguir chichicaste<sup>(1)</sup> y le rellenó el fundillo y salió corriendo.

(*Segunda versión.*)

Había en cierta huerta un hermoso ayotal donde iba tío Conejo todas las noches a comerse los ayotes. La dueña, que era una vieja, le puso trampa y cayó el conejo. Al poco rato pasó un coyote viejo y le dijo — ¿Qué hacés allí muchacho? — ¡Ay tío Coyote de mi alma! le contestó, aquí me tienen encerrado porque me quieren casar con una muchacha rica y yo no quiero. — ¡Tonto! — le dijo tío Coyote, — y por qué no querés? ¿Por qué perdés esa ganga? — ¡Porque yo quiero ser libre! Tío, si usté quisiera aprovechar esta ganga tendría quien le cuidara en su vejez. — Pués hombre, — le dijo, — está dicho, hago el ánimo, — y dicho y hecho se metió en la trampa.

Y al día siguiente llegó la vieja con un asador caliente y le dijo: — ¡Aquí estás vos, gran sinvergüenza, ya verés si te quedan ganas de volverte a comer los ayotes! — Y dicho y hecho, le metió el asador en el culo. El infeliz tío Coyote se revolvía del dolor. El conejo estaba escondido y onde vió el resultado, le dijo: — ¡Adiós tío Coyote, Culo-quemado! — . . . Y salió corriendo.

2. JUAN MUDO Y JUAN VIVO.

Juan Vivo, estaba su mamá enferma de muerte; pero como él tenía que salir y ella estaba grave, ya para morir, le dijo Juan Vivo a Juan Mudo: — Quedáte cuidando a mi nana. — Bueno, — le dijo Juan Mudo, y la puso atrás de una puerta. Y ahí le metió un hueso entre la boca para que comiera, creyendo que no estaba muerta. Cuando regresó Juan Vivo le preguntó que si le había dado de comer a su nana.

<sup>(1)</sup> Chichicaste, ortiga que secreta un líquido cáustico.

— Ya le di, contestó Juan Mudo. — Vamos a ver, — le dijo Juan Vivo. Y se fueron.

Cuando entraron, la vieja tenía un ron-rón<sup>(1)</sup> en la boca. — Conque hasta está roncando, — le dijo Juan Mudo. Y era el ron-ron que estaba volando entre la boca. Pero Juan Vivo vió que su nana ya estaba muerta y le dijo a Juan Mudo: — ¡Bruto! ¿qué has hecho con mi nana? — Ora hagamos ésto, — le dijo Juan Mudo a Juan Vivo. — ¿Qué? — contestó Juan Vivo. — Monós<sup>(2)</sup> con el sacerdote y que traiga el viático, y ponemos la puerta falsa pa que cuando empuje el padre se le caiga encima a mi nana. — Bueno, — le dijo Juan Vivo, y llegó el Padre y cayó la puerta encima de la vieja. — ¡Ya la mató, Padre! — dijeron los dos. — No digan nada, mis hijos, — les dijo, — ay les voy a dar dinero para que la entierren. — ¡Bueno! — le dijeron y lo recibieron.

Una vez se fué Juan Mudo a la iglesia y se encaramó al campanario. Y le dijo el Padre: — ¡Ay echás ojos! — Entonces Juan Mudo se fué al Rastro con una su cubeta y recogió todos los ojos de los bueyes y se fué otra vez para el campanario. Y desde arriba, cuando pasaba toda la gente, les dejó caer la cubetada de ojos. — ¿Qué estás haciendo, animal? — le gritó el Padre. — ¡Estoy echando ojos! contestó Juan Mudo.

— Ora te vas a calzar la milpa, — le dijo Juan Vivo. — Bueno, — contestó Juan Mudo. Y se fué a todos los basureros y recogió todos los zapatos viejos que habían y se fué para la milpa. Y agarró su machete y botó todas las matas y les fué poniendo zapatos a cada una. Después regresó con su hermano y le dijo: — Ya está calzada. — Vamos a ver, — dijo Juan Vivo. Y onde la vió la dijo: — ¡Animal! eso no es calzarla.

### 3. PEDRO ORDIMALES.

(*Primera versión.*)

Estaba Pedro Ordimales pastoreando unos coches<sup>(3)</sup> que eran de su patrón. Cerca de la casa había una ciénega. Unos viajeros que por allí pasaron le gritaron: — ¿Vendés los coches, Pedro? — Y Pedro contestó: — Sí, pero sin colita. — Los viajeros, después de tratar los coches, les quitaron las colitas. Pedro recibió el dinero, y ellos se fueron.

Luego que se fueron los viajeros, Pedro Ordimales se quedó con las colitas y las enterró en la ciénega, dejando una parte afuera, y sin darse por entendido se fué con su patrón y le dijo: — ¡Señor, señor, los coches se han ido entre la ciénega! — El patrón se quedó asustado

(1) Ron-ron, escarabajo.

(2) Monós, por vamonós.

(3) Coches, cerdos.

y corrió a ver y cuando miró que todas las colitas estaban por fuera mandó inmediatamente a traer un lazo con su mujer. Esta le dió el lazo y salió con dirección a la ciénega. No tardó tanto en llegar y cuando estuvieron juntos amarraron una colita y Pedro y el patrón jalaron con dureza, pero Pedro ya sabía lo que iba a suceder y procuró no echar tanta fuerza. El patrón cayó patas arriba y sufrió su golpe y ya no quiso seguir. Pedro todavía estará gozando del dinero.

(*Segunda versión.*)

*Pedro Urdimales y su hijo Juan Panela.*

Pedro Urdimales, teniendo la mala fortuna de perder a su madre buscó su acomodo en una hacienda llamada — Las Vacas. — Como en esta hacienda había gran cantidad de vacas, su patrón lo levantaba muy temprano a dar de comer a las vacas y con un machete muy bien afilado lo mandaba que cortara la hierba. — ¡Ay le quitás la cabeza! le gritó el patrón cuando ya iba lejos. Y creyendo que le decía que le cortara la cabeza a las vacas, se las quitó y viendo ésto el patrón lo sacó de la finca.

Juan Panela era hijo de una viejecita que teniendo en su casa panela para su café, su hijo se robaba la panela todos los días muy temprano viendo que su madre dormía. Llevaba la panela a la escuela y por eso le quedó el nombre de Juan Panela. Y viendo ésto, un día dejó la vieja cuidando la panela a su hijo y viendo éste que en la panela había muchas moscas, les empezó a pegar y matándolas le dijo a su madre que él mataba siete de un puñete. Pero no decía qué mataba y como a todos les decía eso, lo supo el rey de una provincia y lo mandó llamar y le dijo que si le mataba a todos los ladrones que había en el mundo se casaría con su hija.

El tal Juan dijo que estaba bueno y se fué para con su madre y le dijo: — ¡Madre, ya me voy a matar a todos los ladrones que hay en el mundo! La madre le dió unas tortillas y un poco de masa con veneno. Pero no habiendo zacate para su caballo, Juan le dió la masa y el caballo se murió y los zopilotes se lo comieron y murieron más de doscientos. Juan se los llevó a la joya donde vivían los ladrones y viendo que éstos tenían un gran perol compuso todos los zopilotes y cuando llegaron los ladrones vieron a Juan y dijeron todos: — ¡Maten a ese que se encuentra en nuestra casa! El les dijo: — No me maten, yo les estoy guardando su comida, aquí tengo muchas gallinas. Los ladrones no lo mataron, se comieron los zopilotes y murieron todos porque sentían que los zopilotes les picaban la barriga.

Entonces se fué Juan Panela para con el Rey y le dijo: — Señor Rey, he matado cuanto ladrón encontré en el mundo; ahora no tenga usted pena que sus hijas no se las robarán. El Rey, viendo ésto le

preguntó que como los había matado y él le dijo: — Pues me maté siete de un puñete hasta acabar con todos y sólo me sobró uno, que ese sí me costó matarlo y mire como estoy de herido porque ese tenía muchas fuerzas. — Ahora te casás con mi hija y te haré un palacio en una noche para que vivan con mi hija y así mejorar la vida de Pedro Urdimales que allá era una desdicha.

Y para que este cuento sea más bonito, me meto en un hoyito.

(*Tercera versión.*)

#### *Historia de Pedro Ordinales.*

Cuando Pedro andaba en el mundo, era la gente muy sencilla y Pedro era el vivo, el astuto. En ese tiempo tenía Pedro un árbol de guayaba y entre las flores metía cuartillos de plata, reales, pesetas, de-a-cuatro y pesos, y cuando alguno pasaba, lo llamaba y le decía: — Cómpreme este árbol. Y pedía miles por él. El comprador, viendo que al sacudir el árbol caía mucho dinero al suelo, se enamoraba del arbolito y decía: — ¡Día a día sacudiéndolo, qué dineral se juntará! Se decidió el comprador en cinco mil pesos y lo compró. Y se pasaba los días enteros sacudiendo el árbol, pero no caía nada y él se quedó preguntando con qué secreto logaría el fruto de su arbolito.

Pedro tenía un caballo y tenía por costumbre atacarle el caquero de pesos y cuando lo visitaba algúne y lo encontraba limpiando la caballeriza, al ver que estaba limpiando la plata le preguntaban que de donde sacaba esa moneda y él contestaba que su caballo cagaba plata y que no lo vendía por ningún dinero. Pero las gentes ambiciosas le sacaron trato y lo vendió muy bien. El comprador se llevó el caballo y tendió su manta para que no se perdiera el dinero al caer al suelo; todavía logró algo, pero más nó y se pasaba todos los días desesperado escarbando la majada, pero no volvió a encontrar un solo peso.

Pedro se fué en seguida a andar con el objeto de ver que otro invento discurría. Luego encontró un caballo muerto y viendo que había bastantes zopes adentro, se le ocurrió taparle el rabo, pero con el juelgo<sup>(1)</sup> de los que estaban adentro, el caballo se paró y él con sus astucias lo hizo andar. Pasó un hombre por la calle y le dijo: — Véndame ese su seco. — No me ha de dar lo que yo quiero por él; éste es caballo volador. ¡Fíjate! Se montó Pedro en su caballo y tenía muy buen andar. Lo montó el comprador, pero no quedó satisfecho; dijo que quería volar y entonces Pedro le pidió un rato de espera y le dijo que le iba a dar de almorzar. Mientras, le metía más zopes adentro y habiéndole encajado otra docena se lo llevó al comprador, cogió otro zope, lo dobló en dos y lo metió por tapón. En ésto llegó el comprador y le dijo: — ¿Ya estás listo? — Y muy listo, — contestó Pedro,

(1) Juelgo, la respiración.

— con la comida que le dí puede hasta volar. Móntelo. Luego lo montó el comprador y con las astucias de Pedro se comenzó a encumbrar; ya tenía una altura muy grande cuando se zafó el zope que estaba de tapón y se salieron todos los demás. Entonces empezó el caballo a dar vueltas con todo y ginete para abajo y allí acabó comprador, caballo y todo.

Y el zope que había metido Pedro de tapón, quedó tan escarmientado, que dijo al caer en el suelo todo atontado, que tardó en volver en sí: — ¡Juro y perjurio que cuando yo me coma otro caballo, primero serán los ojos y después el culo!

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Partióse Pedro a acomodarse con unos cocheros. Luego se acomodó con uno de ellos para pastorear los coches y los fué a bañar en una poza de lodo. Llegó un tratante y le compró todos los coches, pero Pedro se los vendió sin cola. Cuando el patrón llegó le preguntó que a donde estaban los coches. — Se están bañando en la laguna — contestó — se han hundido enteros que sólo la cola se les mira. — Andá a traerte uno porque ya está vendido, — le dijo el patrón. Y se fué Pedro, pero luego regresó con la nueva de que no se podía porque se reventaba la cola del marrano, que estaban muy hundidos. Entonces se fué el patrón a ver si era cierto. Pedro se fué metiendo de nuevo entre el lodo y al meter las manos le dijo: — ¡Sí se revienta, sí se revienta, patroncito . . . se reventó! Entonces metióse el patrón a desengañarse y al ver que era cierto, fueron jalando los demás y sólo las colas de los marranos lograron sacar. Entonces el patrón se quedó pensando que tal vez Pedro le había formado una venta.

En la noche pensó el arriero irlo a tirar al río, porque conoció la venta zurda que Pedro le había formado. Pedro que le conoció las ganas dispuso disfrazarse y se quedó dormido en unos costales; pero a la media noche se salió de allí y metió todos los lazos del patrón en un costal y se vistió con ropa de otro de los compañeros y se acostó en otro lugar. Cuando despertó el patrón y le dijo a Pedro: — Ve, vamos a tirar a Pedro al río por lo que me hizo. — Bueno — dice Pedro y agarraron el costal lleno de lazos y al tiempo de tirarlo dijo el patrón: — ¡Adiós, Pedro Ordiales! Entonces contestó Pedro en distinta voz: — ¡Adiós, lazos y riatas! A esas horas partióse Pedro a otro lugar y cuando amaneció levantóse el patrón que iba a ensillar sus bestias y no encontrando lazos ni costales preguntó que donde estaban; y al no encontrar nada, luego se supuso que el astuto de Pedro había sido el del intento, por la respuesta que hizo al tiempo de tirar el costal. Se fué a recordar al compañero y fueron a buscar en el río. A la cuadra de andar encontraron el costal bien amarrado de la boca y lo desataron, habiendo encontrado todos los costales,

lazos y riatas adentro y quedaron convencidos de que Pedro había sido el de la venta de los marranos.

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Un día, estando Pedro en media calle haciendo del cuerpo, pasó a tiempo un cura y le dijo: — ¿Qué estás haciendo allí? — Estoy cuidando una mi paloma que pone los huevos de plata y oro, le contestó. — Vendémela dijo el Padre. — ¡Ah! — contestó Pedro, no me ha de dar su capa y su bonete por ella. — ¡Cómo no! — contestó el cura, — Tómala y haber mi paloma. Vistiése Pedro de padre, quedóse el padre cuidando la paloma, mas Pedro le dijo que no fuera a meter las manos muy ligero. Partióse Pedro en forma de Cura a ganar dinero a los pueblos y cuando predicaba decía: — ¡Misa, sermón, procesión y jalón! . . . Y va de hacer dinero en todos los pueblos. Entre tanto, el Padre, de ver que ya era tarde fué levantando el sombrero y metiendo la mano onde sintió que estaba caliente, la agarró duro, onde sintió que se destripó levantó el sombrero, viendo lo que había y el engaño de Pedro. Y se fué a buscarlo pero no lo encontró.

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Llegó acaso que Pedro murió de muerte natural y cuando llegó con nuestro Señor, no lo quería perdonar y lo mandó al Infierno, que fuera a servirles a los judíos. Luego se acomidió a servirles la comida; puso plomo y estaño derretido sobre las sillas y los llamó a comer. Los judíos, al sentarse y sentir lo caliente, se levantaron con los asientos pegados al fundillo y corretearon a Pedro y le dijeron a nuestro Señor que ya no lo querían ay porque no sabía servir. Lo mandó a traer nuestro Señor y le dijo que a la Gloria no entraba por haber sido tan mal portado en el mundo. — ¡Ay Señor! una gracia quiero que me conceda y es que me dé permiso siquiera para mirar la Gloria — le contestó Pedro. Dios se lo concedió y el astuto de Pedro, al tiempo de pararse en la puerta hizo como que se le caía su sombrero y por levantarla lo metió de una patada más adentro. Al ver nuestro Señor que ya se había metido, no teniendo más que hacer, le dijo: — ¡Piedra te vuelves! — ¡Ay, pero con ojos! responde Pedro.

Y así entró Pedro Ordinales a la Gloria; él no oye, es piedra, pero mira . . .

#### 4. LOS CUENTOS DE TATA PINQUÍN.

Tata Pinquín vivía por la calle del Hospital. Una vez fué a pasar unos días al Tuerto y estando allí se acordó que era día de Guadalupe y fiesta de su barrio y como tenía la costumbre de convidar a sus amigos a ver pasar el rezado en su casa y les daba buñuelos, plátanos

y batido,<sup>(1)</sup> se consiguió un lazo y con él hizo una gaza y lazó a sus amigos, a una buñuelera, a una batidera y a un señor con todo y fonda<sup>(2)</sup> se los llevó y pasó el día muy contento.

Cuando entró la noche, Tata Pinquín, ya bolo<sup>(3)</sup> sacó su pato<sup>(4)</sup> y embistió a todos los invitados, al ruido de la buruca llegó la policía y lo persiguió desde el—Tuerto — hasta cerca de su casa; Tata Pinquín llegó corriendo hasta donde había una alcantarilla con un gran chorro y se subió por el chorro sobre la casa. Acabando de subir estaban cuando llegaron los polis<sup>(5)</sup> y empezaron a trepar por el chorro y cuando ya lo iban a coger, tata Pinquín se envolvió el chorro en las manos y de un tirón lo reventó quedando más de cincuenta policías muertos del somatón.<sup>(6)</sup>

Tata Pinquín iba un día para su casa cuando encontró un chuchó<sup>(7)</sup> rabioso que al verlo se le tiró y cuando ya lo iba a morder, Tata Pinquín le metió la mano por la boca hasta llegar a la cola y dándole un tirón lo volteó al revés.

Otra vez dejó encerrados Tata Pinquín en su casa seis gallinas y dos gatos y se fué para Escuintla a temporada. A los pocos días regresó y fué a registrar los nidos de las gallinas y encontró unos huevotes negros. Esperó que las gallinas estuvieran culecas<sup>(8)</sup> y las echó.<sup>(9)</sup> Se regresó a cerrar un trato a Escuintla y al poco tiempo vino encontrar ya grandes a los pollos: tenían la cara de gallo, cuatro patas como los gatos y una gran cola eriza, y a las cinco de la mañana todos cantaban: ¡Qui . . . quirí . . . miau! . . .

(*Otra versión.*)

(a)

Una tarde de invierno salió Tata Pinquín de Guatemala y cogió el camino de Amatitlán. Poco habría andado cuando comenzó a llover con fuerte tempestad y al pasar por los llanos de Castañás le cayó un rayo partiéndole el caballo medio a medio; pero como le precisaba llegar pronto siguió su camino sobre la otra mitad del caballo y así bajó hasta la laguna de Amatitlán. Para no dar vuelta por el camino,

(1) Bativo. Bebida popular.

(2) Fonda, cantina de infimo orden.

(3) Bolo, borracho.

(4) Pato, pufial.

(5) Polis, policías.

(6) Somatón, golpe fuerte.

(7) Chuchó, perro.

(8) Culecas, cluecas.

(9) Echar las gallinas sobre los huevos.

siguió de frente y atravesó la laguna en su mitad de caballo; pero como las piernas le quedaban colgando, cuando salió de la laguna vió que en los picos de las espuelas se le habían prendido cantidad de mojarras<sup>(1)</sup> que vendió muy bien en la plaza de Amatitlán.

## (b)

Otra ocasión se fué Tata Pinquín para la Antigua, en un día de invierno también y en el camino le cogió el aguacero por detrás. Entonces le metió espuelas a su caballo para que no le alcanzara el agua; al pasar por el río de Villalobos que estaba muy crecido, se pasó a llevar con la cola del caballo una viga que servía de puente a los caminantes y siguió corriendo sin que el aguacero lo pudiera alcanzar hasta que ya llegando a la Antigua se cansó el aguacero de perseguirlo. Entonces se apeó Tata Pinquín de su caballo, en las calles de la Antigua y vió que sólo una gota de agua le había caído en el rabo del animal. Componiendo la albarda estaba cuando salió un chuchío furioso que se le tiró con intención de morderlo; pero él se arremangó la camisa y le metió la mano en el hocico hasta la cola y dándole un fuerte jalón lo volteó completamente.

El dueño del animal lo encontró desconocido y llamó a una patrulla que persiguió a Tata Pinquín bajo un gran aguacero, y como la patrulla ya lo iba alcanzando, Tata Pinquín aventó el caballo a un sitio y se subió por los chorros del tejado de una casa, corrió por la azotea y bajó a la vecindad escondiéndose entre un tecomate<sup>(2)</sup> que encontró en el patio y en vano la patrulla lo buscó hasta en el último rincón.

## (c)

Y como era muy perseguido de la suerte, otra ocasión iba de viaje para Jalpatagua y al pasar por los llanos de Arrazola se le tiró un toro y onde lo vió Tata Pinquín salió corriendo, y el toro tras él, hasta que se encontró botada una escopeta de algún cazador que la había dejado perdida y Tata Pinqui se metió luego entre el cañón, y el toro se metió tras él; pero Tata Pinquín pudo salir por el hoyito de la chimenea y ahí se atoró el animal.

## 5. EL QUE NO TE CONOZCA QUE TE COMPRE.

Don Jesús Nuezmoscada, hombre sencillo, católico y crédulo de buena fe, fué a la feria de Chiantla a comprar un macho; pero como llevaba al hombro sus árganas repletas de dinero, dos ladrones que no faltan en las ferias, le echaron el ojo y lo fueron siguiendo. Don Chus, después de dar muchas vueltas, encontró un macho que le

<sup>(1)</sup> Mojarras, peces.<sup>(2)</sup> Tecomate, calabaza.

gustó, y después de ponerle muchos defectos y el dueño muchas cualidades, se cerró el trato y él se llevó su compra a su posada, lo amarró en una estaca y le echó bastante zacate.

Nuezmoscada se propuso no dormir esa noche y a cada momento salía a ver a su animal. Los ladrones mientras tanto, lo estaban vendiendo y en cuanto se descuidó, desataron al macho, le pusieron otro lazo en el pescuezo y se quedó uno de ellos poniéndose a gatas. A los pocos momentos salió don Chus del cuarto, con su hachón de ocote y se fué de espaldas al ver que en lugar de su macho estaba un hombre amarrado del pescuezo haciendo esfuerzos por comer zacate. Poco a poco se fué animando y por fin sin acercarse mucho se santiguó y dijo: — En el nombre de Dios todo poderoso ¿qué estás haciendo allí, vos? — ¡Ay, Señor mío! mi bienhechor, — contestó el ladrón, yo soy un hombre que fui muy mal portado con mis padres, por eso una bruja me encantó, me volvió macho y me dijo: — Anda errante por el mundo en castigo de tus faltas, volverás otra vez a tu ser cuando te compre un hombre de buena fe. Desde entonces he pasado muchos trabajos, estuve en el poste me remataron y me compró Ño Pascasio Taltusa, pero como es un hereje no pude volver a mi primer estado hasta que mi buena suerte quiso que usted que es un santo, me compró y hace como media hora que volví a mi primitivo ser. Ora sólo falta que me desate porque yo no puedo, siento todavía mis manos como cascós. — ¡Bueno! — dijo don Jesús, — y si te desato ¿quién me paga mi pisto<sup>(1)</sup> que di por vos? ¿Tenés vos con qué pagarme? — ¿Onde quiere que yo vaya a trer? Suélteme, écheme su bendición y regáleme cinco pesos, que Dios le ha de pagar porque ¿cuándo ha visto usted que Dios se quede con una deuda? Al fin, compadecido don Chus, lo soltó.

Al día siguiente, Nuezmoscada se fué a la feria a reponer el macho perdido, ya muy satisfecho de su buena acción, cuando encontró un animal muy parecido al que perdió y al estarlo registrando se fijó en el tamaño, color y los fierros sacó la carta de venta comparó todas las señas y resultó ser el mismo macho que él había comprado el día antes. — ¡Ah pícaro! — le dijo don Jesús, — a mí no me la pegás dos veces, ¡el que no te conozca que te compre! . . .

#### 6. ESPERAR QUE EL HIGO CAIGA EN LA BOCA.

Don Gumersindo Pososeco tenía un hijo ya muy crecido y seriamente dispuso entregarlo a aprender oficio. Un día lo llamó y le dijo: — Ve vos, muchacho, ya estás tamaño de grande y no sabés hacer nada, he dispuesto ponerte a aprender un oficio, decime cuál te gusta. — Yo tata, no sé como se llaman los oficios, — contestó el muchacho, dígame usted uno detrás de otro, hasta que yo vea pasar el que más me cuadre. — Pues, muchacho, vamos a ver, ¿te gusta carpintero? —

<sup>(1)</sup> Pisto, dinero.

No, porque me puedo trozar — ¿Herrero? — ¡No porque me quemo! — ¿Albañil? — ¡Tampoco porque me entra cal en los ojos! — ¿Sastre? — ¡No, porque me pico con la aguja! — ¿Zapatero? — ¡No porque me duelen las rodillas con los martillazos! — ¿Alfarero? — ¡No me gusta el lodo!

Don Gumersindo probó con todos los oficios y el muchacho a todos les encontró defectos. Desesperado, el viejo le dijo: — Entonces, el oficio que te gustaría es el de haragán. — Si usted quiere, dijo el muchacho, voy a probar ése. Al día siguiente fué entregado el muchacho con ño Juan Jaragán, hombre sin oficio conocido, que vivía de petardos<sup>(1)</sup> y de alzos.<sup>(2)</sup>

El primer día del aprendizaje, le dijo ño Juan: — Monós, mijo<sup>(3)</sup> a la calle, vamos a ver qué cachamos. Estuvieron andando mucho, pidiendo limosna por aquí y viendo qué se jalaban por allá, pero no cayó nada. Como ya tenían mucha hambre, se metieron a un sitio donde había una higuera. — Vaya, dijo ño Juan, ésto es algo para matar el hambre. Quedáte vos abajo y yo me subo a botar higos, cuando ya hayás comido bastantes juntás los demás pa mí. Se subió ño Juan y botó bastantes higos, pero cuando bajó encontró a su aprendiz tendido en el suelo con la boca abierta. — ¿Y di ay? — le dijo, — ¿ya comes bastantes? — ¡No, Señor Maistro! — contestó — ¡ninguno me ha caído en la boca! — ¡Ah, . . . vos si que sos listo, dijo ño Juan, yo no sé por qué te entregó tu tata conmigo, mejor yo me quedo de aprendiz en tu casa, porque me dejás atrás, hermano!

#### 7. EL MOSQUITO.

Este era un mosquito que quería ver el mundo y se fué a viajar, y la primer noche hacía mucho frío y se tapó con su chamarrita pero le quedó destapado un piecito y se lo quemó el hielo.

Entonces el mosquito se fué con el hielo y le dijo: — Hielo, ¿tan valiente eres que quemaste mi piecito? — Sí, pero más valiente es el sol que me derriete.

Entonces se fué con el sol y le dijo — Sol, ¿tan valiente eres que derribes hielo, hielo que quemó mi piecito? — Sí, pero más valiente es la nube que me tapa.

Entonces se fué con la nube: — Nube, ¿tan valiente eres que tapas sol, sol que derribes hielo, hielo que quemó mi piecito? — Sí, pero más valiente es el viento que me avienta.

Entonces se fué con el viento: — Viento, ¿tan valiente eres que avientas nubes, nubes que tapan sol, sol que derribes hielo, hielo que quemó mi piecito? — Sí, pero más valiente es la pared que me detiene.

<sup>(1)</sup> Petardos, estafas.

<sup>(2)</sup> Alzos, hurtos.

<sup>(3)</sup> Mi hijo.

Entonces se fué con la pared: — Pared, ¿tan valiente eres que detienes viento, viento que avienta nubes, nubes que tapan sol, sol que derrite hielo, hielo que quemó mi piecito? — Sí, pero más valiente es el ratón que me agujerea.

Entonces se fué con el ratón: — Ratón, ¿tan valiente eres que agujeras pared, pared que detiene viento, viento que avienta nubes, nubes que tapan sol, sol que derrite hielo, hielo que quemó mi piecito? — Sí, pero más valiente es el gato que me come.

Entonces se fué con el gato: — Gato, ¿tan valiente eres que comes ratón, ratón que agujerea pared, pared que detiene viento, viento que avienta nubes, nubes que tapan sol, sol que derrite hielo, hielo que quemó mi piecito? — Sí, pero más valiente es el perro que me mata.

Entonces se fué con el perro: — Perro, ¿tan valiente eres que matas gato, gato que come ratón, ratón que agujerea pared, pared que detiene viento, viento que avienta nubes, nubes que tapan sol, sol que derrite hielo, hielo que quemó mi piecito? — Sí, pero más valiente es el hombre que me mata.

Entonces se fué con el hombre: — Hombre ¿tan valiente eres que matas perro, perro que mata gato, gato que come ratón, ratón que agujerea pared, pared que detiene viento, viento que avienta nubes, nubes que tapan sol, sol que derrite hielo, hielo que quemó mi piecito? — Sí, pero más valiente es la muerte que me mata.

Entonces se fué con la muerte: — Muerte, ¿tan valiente eres que matas hombre, hombre que mata perro, perro que mata gato, gato que come ratón, ratón que agujerea pared, pared que detiene viento, viento que avienta nubes, nubes que tapan sol, sol que derrite hielo, hielo que quemó mi piecito? Entonces, la muerte, poniéndole la mano encima, le dijo: — *Pígu*, — y lo mató.

#### 8. JUAN MARÍA Y JUANA MARÍA.

Eran dos amigas que vivían juntas y se querían mucho. Y las dos amigas tuvieron dos niños: una Juana María y la otra Juan María. Los dos niños crecieron juntos, queriéndose como hermanos; pero ya en cierta edad querían casarse y las dos mamás se opusieron.

Entonces los niños se huyeron de la casa y escribieron una carta con sangre de sus venas, jurando que no se casarían con ningún otro. Llegaron a una ciudad y los apresaron por desconocidos y los pusieron en una bartolina,<sup>(1)</sup> separados y sin comunicación, ella con su carcelera, y él con su carcelero. Día a día los sacaban a asolear a la calle; en una salida que tuvo el niño, pasó la hija del Gobernador para misa y vió a Juan María y se enamoró de él. La niña le pidió a su padre que lo sacara de la prisión porque estaba enamorada de él y se quería

(1) Bartolina, prisión estrecha.

casar con él. Su padre se lo concedió y llevaron a Juan María a un hotel para que se reformara.<sup>(1)</sup>

Lo supo Juana María y se preparó; mandó hacer una mortaja blanca, un puñal, una cadena larga y gruesa y una linterna. Llegó la noche del matrimonio de Juan María con la hija del Gobernador; hubo gran fiesta y Juana María, con la mortaja, la cadena, el puñal en la cintura y la linterna en la mano, salió de su prisión a cumplir su juramento y en las calles del trayecto hasta llegar al Palacio iba gritando, con un grito desconsolado que hacía huir a la gente: — ¡Ay! ésta es la calle de mis pasiones. ¡Si algún pícaro encontrara y dos mil vidas tuviera, dos mil vidas le quitara! Y sonaba la cadena.

Así se fué gritando hasta llegar a la puerta del Palacio donde estaba el baile en lo mejor. Salió a abrirle Juan María y la entró donde estaba la cama nupcial. Ella le dijo que llegaba a cumplir su juramento, se acostó él en la cama, tendido, sacó ella el puñal y se lo metió en el pecho. Salió de regreso gritando por las calles: — ¡Ay! ésta es la calle de mis pasiones. ¡Si algún pícaro encontrara y dos mil vidas tuviera, dos mil vidas le quitara! hasta que llegó a su prisión, donde se encerró muy tranquila.

En el palacio hubo gran sensación con haber encontrado al joven esposo hecho un cadáver y sin saber como había sido eso. Luego el baile se volvió velorio. Otro día encajonaron a Juan María y lo llevaron a la iglesia para que durmiera el cadáver en la iglesia y hacer el entierro hasta otro día. Esa otra noche volvió a salir Juana María con su mortaja, la cadena, la linterna y gritando lo mismo. La ciudad estaba llena de comentarios, de novedades, asolada. Llegó a la puerta de la iglesia, abrió la iglesia y entró; abrió la tapadera de la caja donde estaba encerrado el cadáver de Juan María y le volvió a embutirle el puñal. Al salir, la arrebataron los diablos y pasó por la prisión, donde estaba su carcelera esperándola en la puerta: — ¡Adiós, Catalina! ¡Cuidate mucho, gracias por tus cuidados! le dijo Juana María. Y la carcelera le contestó: — ¡Adiós, niña! ¡se va y me deja! Entonces le contestó Juana María: — ¡Mi cadena es grande y alcanza para todos! Y envolviéndola en la cadena, se la llevó.

#### 9. EL PALACIO ENCANTADO.

En una gran ciudad un hombre millonario escribió este rótulo en la puerta de su casa: — El que tiene dinero todo lo puede y hace. El Rey tuvo noticia de este atrevimiento y lo mandó llamar. — Caballero, — le dijo, — ¿en qué se funda usté para poner este admirable rótulo en la puerta de su casa? — Señor Sacra-Real,<sup>(2)</sup> — le contestó, — en que puedo favorecer a media humanidad. — ¿De qué manera? — Pues

<sup>(1)</sup> Se reformara, se vistiera de nuevo, se transformara.

<sup>(2)</sup> Sacra-Real. El título de los Reyes de España era: Sacra, Real Majestad.

como me considero que soy el único humanitario y de buen corazón en la ciudad, puedo mandar a regalarle lo que se me antoje, comprar los terrenos, lograr las mujeres más hermosas; pues Señor Sacra-Real, no he dejado nada por ver, de lo cual me tiene a las órdenes. Soy Gípiles Rosatales.

— Pues llevas la pena de que por medio de que eres rico y que todo lo haces, quiero que te alistes porque en el camino que va para la orilla de la ciudad hay un túnel muy grande al cual nadie ha podido darle fin y tú que eres rico y que todo lo haces, prepárate para meterte en él.

— Señor, contestó el rico, no tengo inconveniente si usté me concede el permiso de cinco años, muy buenas y elegidas carnes y conservas y una buena maquinaria porque es probable que tenga que hacer estos esperimentos<sup>(1)</sup> con todo cuidado y preparativo. — Todo se te concederá, dijo el Rey, con tal que me des cuenta clara de lo que mires por aquella soledad.

Partió Gípiles Rosatales quedando convenidos los verdugos que dieran cable conforme se necesitara y que él les anunciaría al llegar a terreno sólido por medio de un timbrazo. Los verdugos convenidos estaban trabajando dándole cuerda y él cambiando a cada momento el número de la inacabable cuerda. Al cabo de un mes de caminar día y noche, llegó a terreno sólido, pero todo era una horrible oscuridad. Luego hizo uso de la maquinaria para determinar el camino, sintió hambre, prendió el reverbero y tomó café y luego se puso en marcha. A los ocho días de caminar bajo aquella oscuridad, determinó media luz que entraba por una grieta. Fué grande su alegría al ver que existía allí la luz del dia y que aquellos horizontes y lugares eran extensísimos y las aves muy grandes y diferentes de las de su ciudad. Todo ésto lo contemplaba el joven y lo escribía para darle cuenta al Rey. Seguía caminando y de repente iba a dar con ríos caudalosos y montañas, lo cual no le preocupaba pues estaba dispuesto a lo que viniera. El valor lo comprometía, pero nunca veía una persona para platicarle algo y preguntarle qué era lo que existía por aquel lugar tan desconsolado. Desesperado de no encontrar a ninguna persona, se durmió y por medio del sueño se le reveló un pájaro que le dijo: — No desmayes en el valor que llevas, pues estás próximo a llegar al palacio encantado. Inmediatamente se puso en marcha por la indicación del sueño y al poco de caminar descubrió el palacio encantado a una distancia como de una legua.

Poco tiempo después, llegó a la puerta principal del palacio y vió aquellas riquezas de la puerta de entrada. Todo lo vió y tocó, pero nunca vió una sola gente para preguntarle de las cosas que existían por ahí; cuando vió unas manos que pasaban por un cristal de roca de parte del palacio y de repente se formó una mesa con unos manjares

<sup>(1)</sup> Experiencias.

exquisitos y licores de lo mejor. Luego desapareció la mesa y el joven admirable se fué a otra pieza y ahí oyó una voz que dijo: — ¿Quién ha entrado aquí? — Yo soy, contestó él, el valor me compromete y vengo a averiguar lo que hay aquí. Tengo dos años de camino y no veo una sola persona para averiguar por qué existe este palacio aquí y quien es el dueño. — Pues ya que tienes mediano valor, si deseas conocerme, toca ese botón que está allí en esa puerta y entra-rás. Tocó el botón y luego vió un ángel que estaba entre nubes. — ¿Qué haces aquí, ángel mio, eres divinidad del cielo o de la tierra? — No te extrañes, — le contestó, — soy deidad de la tierra. — Y ¿por qué estás aquí? — Te cuento — le contestó, — que dependo de una maldita fiera y ésta me tiene castigada aquí desde hace cuarenta años y te suplico por simpatía que regreses y evites que la fiera te encuentre. — No tengas pena, ángel mio, dijo el joven valiente, que si dos vidas tuviera yo, las perdería por hacerme dueño tuyo. Con este acero venceré a esta fiera. De repente bramó desesperado el león y el hombre se preparó para el ataque, ocultándose detrás de una puerta. En eso llegó la fiera y dijo: — ¡Iifa, Iifa, qué jiede a carne humana! — Nadie ha venido aquí. — Pues el olfato no me engaña, — dijo la fiera, y dió con el hombre diciéndole: — Tú, miserable, ¿cómo has hecho para entrar aquí donde sólo yo y la doncella debemos estar? — Pues, fiera maldita, a costas de mi desmedido valor, fiera inútil, que con este acero te partiré la coronilla y me quedaré dueño del palacio; prepárate para que luchemos. La doncella les suplicó que no pelearan, que dejaran los insultos para otro día; pero los dos, hombre y fiera vinieron a las manos y el hombre le dió tan fuerte puñalada al león que quedó echado junto al altar de la doncella. La doncella dió un grito de alegría al ver que el león era muerto y le dió las gracias al gentil hombre diciéndole: — Soy tuya hasta la muerte porque me has libertado de las garras de esta maldita fiera que tan malamente me ha correspondido mis servicios. — Paciencia, — dijo el joven, — que me faltan dos pisos por conocer y entre tanto, espéreme, luego regreso por usted.

El valiente joven marchó al siguiente piso por un inmenso caracol; llegó y al dar unos pasos oyó una voz que dijo: — ¿Quién ha entrado aquí? — Yo soy, el hombre vencedor de fieras, — contestó. — Si deseas conocerme toca ese botón que está ahí. Lo tocó y se abrió otra puerta, viendo el joven otra mujer mejor que la primera. — Si la primera es buena, — dijo, — ésta le echa el gallo. ¡Señorita, por Dios! ¿Qué hace usted en este altar tan elegante? Pues me llamas la atención porque eres hermosa como las flores del jardín. — ¡Ay hombre! tienes mucho valor y te suplico que por tu simpatía regreses por donde viniste porque a mí me manda y domina una maldita fiera. — ¿Qué fiera es esa? — La sierpe de cien cabezas, y harás muy bien en regresarte y evitar su vista. — Niña, — dijo el joven, — me he encantado al verla y hoy debo

desmostrarle a esta fiera inútil que yo quiero hacerme dueño de usted. De repente entró la fiera diciendo: — Miserable hombre ¿qué haces aquí? ¿cómo has hecho para entrar? — Por medio de que soy muy hombre y prepárate para que luchemos, que yo te demostraré con mi acero que soy mejor que tú. Entonces la fiera de un salto le cayó encima mordiéndole varias partes del cuerpo; pero el hombre le dió una fuerte puñalada en el centro de las cabezas, cayendo muerta la temible fiera. La doncella dió un grito de alegría diciéndole: — ¡Ay, querido hombre! tienes mucho valor y destreza y por eso has matado a este animal: Soy tuya. — Niña, — dijo Gípiles, — me considero feliz porque me he hecho dueño de este ángel encantador; pero me falta un piso por conocer y de regreso pasare por usted.

Principió a subir el último piso y oyó una voz agudita que dijo: — ¿Quién eres que tan de repente has venido? — Soy el hombre vencedor de las fieras que tienen castigados a estos seductores ángeles y vengo a salvarla a usted. — Pues si deseas conocerme toca ese botón que tienes a tu derecha. — Lo tocó y se abrió una enorme puerta dejando ver otro ángel más hermoso que los dos primeros. — Señorita, — dijo el joven, — por suerte quiero que usted me diga como se encuentra aquí y si es deidad del cielo o de la tierra. — De la tierra, — contestó, — y no te extrañes que una fiera me domina y como eres un caballero muy simpático, te suplico que mejor evites que esa fiera te encuentre aquí. — ¿Y qué fiera es? — ¡Pues es el diablo! — No me iré sin combatir con él, — dijo el joven, — y cuando sintió era que el diablo estaba hablando con él. — Prepárate para que riñamos, — le dijo el joven, — y le dió un gran machetazo volándole una oreja. Y como vió caer la oreja la levantó y le siguió tirando. — ¡Ay ingrato! — le dijo el diablo, — me has quitado mi oreja. — Ahora déjame solo con la doncella y si no te mato, — le contestó. El diablo salió corriendo y diciendo: — ¡Dame mi orejita! — Diablo maldito, — le contestó, — vete a los infiernos.

Poco tiempo después llegó aviso a la ciudad de que el joven regresaba llevando las tres princesas encantadas. Cuando el Rey las vió quiso casarse con las tres, pero ellas se negaron diciéndole que era imposible casarse con él, pues aquel joven que estaba presente era el salvador de su vida y el marido de las tres. El Rey se enojó y dijo: — Vengan mis ejércitos sobre este hombre. — Rey pagano, — dijo el joven, — no sea usted inconsecuente y señale terreno para el combate. Sacó el joven la oreja del diablo y le dió una fuerte mordida. El diablo se presentó diciéndole: — ¡A tus órdenes estoy! y le dió un gran ejército, caballos voladores, buenos ginetes y lanzas y con ellos ganó el combate, quitó al Rey del trono, quedándose él con la corona y con sus tres mujeres.

## SUPERSTICIONES DE LA REGIÓN DE SAN JUAN TEOTI-HUACÁN EST. DE MEX.

POR E. M. GOMEZ MAILLIFERT.<sup>(1)</sup>

### PRONÓSTICOS DEL TIEMPO.

(Relato de Pedro Martínez, San Martín de las Pirámides, Teotihuacán.)

TIENEN la creencia que el tiempo fértil o abundante se augura en los treinta y un días del mes de enero, donde según creencia general los doce primeros días representan los doce meses del año, contando de enero en adelante. Los otros doce días representan los mismos meses sólo que entonces se cuentan de diciembre hasta terminar con enero, siendo con esos veinticuatro días. Despues en los seis últimos pasan los meses por duplicado, es decir: en 25 pasa el enero y febrero y así hasta terminar, y el último día que queda, en él pasan los doce meses.

Dícese también, porque lo cuentan los viejos, que: "año de par, cosecha en lunar, y año de non cosecha en montón."

Hay la creencia de que por allá, por los meses de mayo, junio y julio la posición de la luna indica si trae agua o no. Por ejemplo: si dada la posición en que el pueblo se encuentra, los cuernos de la luna se inclinan en dirección a México (al S. O.) es señal de que las lluvias serán abundantes.

Cuando amanece nublado y la nube se ve arrastrar por los cerros hasta desaparecer con el sol es señal de que o se levanta el tiempo o se cierra. A la levantada se llama cuando deja de llover y a la cerrada cuando llueve.

Al aullido del coyote también le dan importancia, pues cuando lo hace de seis a siete de la mañana es buen síntoma, pero cuando a la puesta del sol lo hace, predice heladas.

De las revoluciones de la luna se tiene la certeza de que mucho influyen no sólo en las plantas sino también en los animales. Cuando la misma se corta en "Luna tierna" pronto se agorgoja el maíz, cuando un "Albor" (arbol) se poda en igual tiempo, pronto se apolilla y cuando un animal se castra entonces, se enferma.

Cuando las puertas se hinchan y no pueden cerrarse, es señal de que pronto lloverá. Cuando después de que no ha llovido se ven por las noches esas mariposas que apagan la vela, es también buen síntoma. Cuando las hormigas negras, que por aquí abundan y que son muy chicas, sacan al sol sus provisiones, es señal de que para no nacerse

<sup>(1)</sup> Profesor auxiliar de la Dirección de Estudios Arqueológicos y Etnográficos.

sacan sus semillas a asolearse, pues el tiempo viene "llovioso" (lluvioso); pero cuando en vez de sacar, meten, entonces el año viene seco y escaso.

Cuando los huizaches (*Acacia albicans*, K.) se les logra mucha vaina, creese que el año es de frijol.

En Febrero si vienen aires de México (S. O.), la cosecha de la tuna es buena y si no hay aires la cosecha se pierde.

Se ha observado que el aire parte el filo de las pencas del nopal y ahí brotan las tunas.

Entre marzo y abril los remolinos que vienen de México anuncian buen tiempo y al revés, los que van para México, indican mal tiempo. Dicen que cuando marzo "mayea," mayo "marzea."

#### SUPERSTICIONES.

(Relato de Pedro Martínez, San Martín de las Pirámides, Teotihuacán.)

Asegúrase que el "salta-paré" (saltapared, *Thryothorus maculipectus*) pajarito del tamaño del gorrión, de color café, pechito blanco y más ágil, llega a cantar en alguna casa, puede darse por conforme en el hecho de algún suceso desgraciado. También se cree que cuando los perros aullan por la noche es el diablo o la muerte a la que ven y que alguno muere o va a morir.

Créese que cuando se sueña agua o carne en abundancia, algún pariente o conocido va a morir o está ya muerto.

Crean en la aparición de fantasmas y a muchos se les han aparecido muertos para hacerles "encargos."<sup>(1)</sup>

En un lugar en donde matan alguna gente o en donde al pasar la camilla de algún muerto descansa el "mal aire" sale a penar en ese lugar y ahí se oyen ruidos extraños, lamentos humanos o se ven fantasmas.

Se cuenta que dos que vivieron en pecado mortal, (el uno por adulterio y el otro también) llegaron a ver algunas personas como en las noches o ardían sus casas o se oían ruidos que denotaban muy claro que desde en vida estaban condenados.

Dicen que cuando la luna está en "eclise" (eclipse) y alguna señora estando en cinta se empeña en verla, le sucede algún percance a su hijo tal como salir rubio siendo de padres morenos o con la boca incompleta porque se la come la luna.

Cuando se deja ver un cometa dicen que es para predecir algún funesto suceso.

Hay la creencia de que a los niños les hacen "mal de ojo" y por eso les cuelgan muchas yerbecitas como ojo de venado (*Mucuna urens*, D. C.), corales y otros más.

<sup>(1)</sup> Véase a continuación los relatos de "Encargos" y "Apariciones."

Dícese que cuando a los muertos se les sujetan las manos o los pies con cualquiera ligadura, el día del juicio no se podrán levantar.

Acostumbran acompañar a toda clase de muertos de "palma real" (*Dorasus*) y rama de romero (*Rosmarinus officinalis* L.); para espantar a los diablos en su camino al Purgatorio.

Se tiene la costumbre de poner "ofrenda" el día de los muertos, compuesta de pan, fruta y agua, pues todos a sus circunstancias, ven todo esto como grande obligación.

#### ENCARGO.

(Relato de Isabel Martínez, San Martín de las Pirámides, Teotihuacán.)

Un día estaba yo durmiendo en la cocina y salí a juera (fuera) a miar allá abajo del árbol (árbol) que está junto a la cerca del camino, cuando oyí (oí) un ruido como el de huarachis (guaraches) y volví a ver quién era y cuando vi que era Don Tomás mi vecino, me acuerdo muy bien como si horita (si fuera ahora) hacía una Luna como la mitan (mitad) del día. Luego que me vió me saludó de mi nombre y me preguntó por su hijo el "Chon" y luego le dije: — Nostay (no está ahí) croque (creo que) se jué a México. Y él me dijo: — Nō, anda míralo, dile que vaya a pagar lo que se debe porque me están cobrando. — Sí, no tengaste (tenga Usted) cuidado, — le dije. Cuando se despidió me dió la mano, pero, como yo estaba lejos, del otro lado de la cerca, no me alcanzó y me dijo: — Ya me voy no se te vaya a olvidar. Bien me acuerdo como lo vi y como se jué y hasta como andaba y con sus huarachis, traiba (traía) un ayate en sus hombros. Luego que se jué, que me acuerdo que ya se había muerto y ¡ay! como me reespanté (muy espantado); sentí que me levantaban de mis cabellos y ya no pude caminar de frente, me juí (fui) patrás (para atrás), hasta que llegué a mi cocina. Mi petróleo estaba ardiendo, llegué y me metí en mis sábanas, se me figuraba que alguno iba a entrar y como miabía (me había) yo espantado tanto, acosté de un lado a mi "Birrinchoño" y del otro lado al "Chacho" (apodos). Estuvo ardiendo el petróleo hasta que siacabó (se acabó). Cuando ameneció y se levantaron los de mi casa a moler, me dijeron que me levantara yo, pero yo no los chisté nada y como las siete, mirando que no me quería yo levantar, me preguntaron: — ¿Qué tienes? Le dije a mi mamá lo que había yo visto y luego lo jueron a ver al "Chon" para que si debía su papá lo pagara y que no anduviera molestando. Todo el día no se me quitó el miedo. Hasta quince días se jué quitando poco a poco.

En la tarde de ese día, como teníamos arrendado el corral d'enfrente, juimos la "Chonita," una prima y yo a ver el tomate que teníamos sembrado en el corral. Me andaba llevando de la mano y que me acuerdo de don Tomás y que le parto la carrera, hasta la cocina juí a dar. En

la noche me acosté en el cuarto con ellas porque se me figuraba que iba a ver. Luego me curaron<sup>(1)</sup> y se me quitó.

#### APARICION.

(Relato de Felipe Hernández, 55 Años, San Francisco Mazapa.)

Cuando juí (fué) la primera vez casada, pasaba yo mucha (mucha) mala vida, pues yo le pedía a San Francisco que me hiciera un milagro que mi (me) hiciera este milagro, que le ofrecía yo veinte rosarios y que remediaría mi vida y si no me remediable, vale más que mi quitaría la vida, porque mi marido mi pegaba cada vez que se emborrachaba; mi pegaba y mi corriaba. Una vez mi persiguió con un cuchillo, y sólo cuando estaba tomado señor (señor) porque cuando no tomaba era muy güeno (bueno), no me decía nada, todo con atento (atención).

Después que acabé los diecinueve rosarios, yia (ya) no me faltaba más que un rosario para los veinte rosarios, se me presentó una señora de cabello blanco en la puerta del cementerio (cimenterio) y me dijo: — ¿Adónde juites? (fuiste) Yo le dije: — Juí a hacer mi devoción. Y me dijo: — Pues vete pronto porque ya viene tu esposo y viene muy tomado y yanda (anda) vete a tu casa, remojas dos hojas de maíz y le pones el romero (*Rosmarinus officinalis* L.) en cruz. Me dijo: — ¿Qué no tienes agua bendita en tu casa? Le digo: — Sí. Dice: — Agarras y lo hechas en cruz y lo hechas en el rescoldo donde no se te quemé, pronto y vete pronto, porque yia te va a agarrar. Llegué a mi casa aluego, hice lo que me dijo la señora y llegó él y me dijo: — ¿Qué cosa has quemado? — Nada, “asomé” (saumé) al niño. Y dice: — Pos (pues) cómo no yia te juites a pasiar (pasear) yia le trajites (trajiste) aigre (aire). — Entonces yo no le chisté nada. ¿Qué cosa le decía yo si estaba remente? (renuente). Entonces si (se) sentó él y se quedó dormido yia no me pegó y nosotros, yo con Felipe que estaba chiquito, lo metimos los dos adentro a su petate. Entonces les digo a mis chiquitos: — Vamos a cenar, yia tu padre está dormido, yia no lo podemos recordar (despertar) y luego cenamos y nos acostamos también, y me acosté con él porque nunca mi dejaba que mi acostara aseparada (separada). Yia en la madrugada como a los dos, cuando yia se le quitó el pulque, dispirtó y dijo: — Viejita ¿quiaqui estás? (que aquí estás) Y digo: — Si aquistoy (aquí estoy). ¿Dónde estal niño? — Aquí está. Dice: — Hombre tú no mi dites de cenar anoche porque tengo mucha (mucha) hambre. Y le digo: — Pos no comites (comiste) porque te dormites (dormiste) aluego (luego); luego que llegates (llegaste) de la calle ti dormites. — Vamos a dormir otro poco y te levantas temprano paque (para que) mi des de comer antes

<sup>(1)</sup> Véase el levantamiento de Espíritus.

que mi vaya a trabajar." Güeno, si jué a dormir y yia no me dijo nada. A otro día vino del trabajo y dice: — ¿Quihaces (que haces) hija, yia le dites de comer a mis hijitos? — Yia no mas testoy esperando, — le dije yo.

Güeno, pos ya nos dormimos yialuego (y luego) en la noche dispertó y asustado me dice: — ¡Ay tú! dispierta, que dolor tengo en mis espaldas, yies que San Francisco me dió muchos cordonazos con su cordón questá amarradito. Y yo le dije: — Yia ves, es porque yo le jué a pedir que mi hiciera (me hiciera) un milagro a que yia no me pegaras. Luego dice: — Pos es que yo yia mi voy a morir muy pronto, en vez de que tú andes pidiendo que te mueras, tu te vas a quedar con mis hijitos y yo me voy a morir muy pronto. Entonces yia seguimos feliz, yia no tuve mala vida hasta estaba yo ripuesta (repuesta).

Como a los once meses, cuando yibamos (ibamos) a ajustar l'año, me dijo: — Vamos a plantar unos nopales. Yo andaba agarrando los nopales yel echándoles tierra yientonces dice: — Cuando crecen estos nopales yia tienen mis hijos donde agarrar una tuna, pues yio me voy a morir. — ¿Qué te vas a morir? — le digo yo. — Ni yio que estoy acabada, ni tú quistás tan gran mozo (buen mozo). Güeno, chancián-donos (chanceádonos), ya sabe Ud. usted, como hace uno los compañie-ros.

Yiegó (llegó) una fiesta de carnaval y yia sinfermó (se enfermó) y yia no tuvo remedio, y si murió, yiel día que murió estaba un día dormido desde las siete de la mañana hasta las cinco del otro día, de dormido; yia no hablaba ni vía (veía) ni oyía (oía) yialuego dispertó y dijo: — Felipa, yia me voy a morir, este mi pones mi mortaja azul, después de la mortaja mi pones mi blusa encima y mi manual lado izquierdo y mi Cristo en la mano, porque mi voy a San Miguel de los Milagros. (Por quiba [que iba] siempre a los santuarios, era muy religioso), yialuego, al momento, entraron mis chiquitos y alzó la mano, pero ya no pudo bendecirlos yia (y ahí) acabó de morir.

Como a los tres días, si me reveló (apareció), yo que salgo de la puerta de mi casa y lo veo en la puerta parado y entré padentre (para adentro) otra güelta (vuelta) esperándole y ya no entró.

#### AMULETO.

(Relato de Felipa Hernández.)

Pa que (para que) le vaya a uno bien, esto no es brujería, se pone incenso (incienso) y la cera de la Candelaria (un cabo de vela bendito el dos de febrero que es la fiesta religiosa de la Candelaria) y el romero (*Rosmarinus officinalis* L.) y se hace una bolsita y se pone una oración de la sombra del señor (señor) San Pedro y se cose y sólo con cargar eso no le pasa a uno nada anque (aun cuando) se duerma uste (Usted) en el campo, no liase (le hace), no le pasa a uste nada.

#### BRUJERÍA.

(Relato de Felipe Hernández.)

Cuando una mujer se le va su hombre y ya no la quiere y anda con otro (esta si es brujería), pero no diga señor (señor) que yo se lo dije porque m'infiliza (me perjudica grandemente) se compra una biste (*beefsteak*) y siunta (se unta) muy bien en el negocio (*partes genitales*) y después que ya se le untó se pone en el talón del pie dentro del zapato a que sude y se le rezá a San Judas Tadeo y se le dice: "¿Porqué mia (me ha) dejado esionbre (ese hombre) y ya no quiere seguir conmigo." Y luego se quita esa carne y se rezan siete padres nuestros y se dice: "Estos siete padres nuestros se los endono a San Judas Tadeo." Y luego se pone a calentar la carne y luego se le da a comer pero a él solo, no se tiene que convidar y luego a las doce del día se le grita por su nombre y le dice uste (Usted): "Julano de tal (Fulano) ¿dónde estás?" Y pega uste juerte (fuerte) en la mesa o la pare (pared) con una maldición grandota.

#### BRUJERÍA.

(Relato de Felipe Hernández.)

Para tener dinero y para robar, pero ya no se puede entrar a la Iglesia, ya no más se ve a Dios ya no más tiene que ver con él, se carga mágica si (se) compra con los del circo con esos quiandan (que andan) haciendo maromas, con éhos se consigue y el que la carga puede lo que quiere, puede gozar, roba uste (Usted) y no lo sienten porque anda uste cargando la mágica pero si pierde uste la mágica en l'horita (al momento) cay (cae) usté enfermo, muere usté padeciendo, quiere decir: como Dios si no cumple usté con su religión pos lo tiene que castigar en la cama, así el diablo si pierde uste la mágica él lo tiene que castigar en la cama hasta que no le quita a usté la vida.

#### EL LEVANTAMIENTO DE LOS ESPÍRITUS.

Cuando algún individuo recibe un susto ya sea producido por alguna causa sobrenatural como espantos, aire maligno, etc., o lo que es más frecuente a consecuencia de algún golpe o herida física los indígenas de la región de Teotihuacán tienen la creencia de que entonces los espíritus abandonan su cuerpo, y cae en una continua enfermedad hasta que se hace la ceremonia del "Levantamiento de los Espíritus" cuyo objeto es introducir los espíritus que se han escapado y, por ende, contribuir al completo restablecimiento del "espantado" o del herido.

La ceremonia tiene dos fases: una que se desarrolla en el lugar preciso donde acaeció la desgracia, y otra en la casa del paciente. Vamos a describir cada uno de ellas.

Como primera providencia se hace un muñeco o pelele de trapo, que representa al interesado poniéndose atención en que las prendas de ropa que sean necesarias, hayan sido llevadas en el momento en que tuvo lugar el abandono de los espíritus. El pelele se hace con cuidado, en el lugar de la cabeza se coloca una piedra de un tamaño proporcional al cuerpo que se envuelve con los trapos. Póngase el cuerpo ficticio en la misma dirección y en el mismo lugar en que se hallaba en los momentos en que fué espantado y en donde recibió el golpe o herida. La curandera que es la persona encargada de hacer esa ceremonia toma de una manga al muñeco y con la otra mano le da continuos golpes con una vara flexible, escogida cuidadosamente.

Pronuncia el nombre del interfecto, además de decir repetidas veces: "¡Párate! ¡levántate! ¿qué estás haciendo ay (ahf)?" Enseguida toma la otra manga, repitiendo las anteriores palabras y los varazos. Terminando esto, toma un poco de tierra del lugar preciso donde yace el muñeco, pinta una cruz en el aire y la arroja en una jícara que lleva dispuesta para tal ceremonia y que ha sido previamente comprada en alguna de las peregrinaciones efectuadas a los santuarios.

Con lo anterior termina la primera parte del "Levantamiento de los Espíritus," que debe realizarse invariablemente a las doce meridiano.

Cinco días antes de que tenga lugar la ceremonia se hechan en un "tecomate" (jícara), nopalillo (*Phyllocactus phyllantoides* S. D.), hongo (*Polyporus*), clavel (*Dianthus sinensis* L.), yoloxochitl (*Talauma macrocarpa* Zucc.), y manita (*Cheirosthema plantanoides* L.), todo junto con agua de "gloria." <sup>(1)</sup>

Después de la escena del pelele y ya vestido el paciente con las ropas con que fué éste formado y que son las mismas, como ya dijimos, que llevaba cuando el accidente, en su presencia se tiran las flores y yerbas que han "soltado su jugo" y se vierte la mitad del agua que resta en otro tecumate donde se espolvorea "espondio" o sean huesos de muerto previamente molidos, y la tierra recogida en el lugar de la desgracia.

Con anticipación se ha encargado a la botica "espíritus de untar y espíritus de tomar." Estas substancias son inofensivas y se componen de algún sedativo con agua y azúcar, pero existe la firme creencia entre los indígenas que tienen cualidades mágicas aun cuando ignoran a ciencia cierta que contienen.

El espíritu de tomar se vierte en uno de los tecumates y el de untar en el otro.

Con el contenido del segundo tecumate, donde se virtió el "espíritu de untar" se pintan cruces al paciente en el lado izquierdo del pecho, "encima del corazón," y en las coyonturas de las piernas y los

<sup>(1)</sup> Agua bendecida en el Sábado de Gloria.

brazos, así como de las manos y los pies, lugares por donde se introducen de nuevo los espíritus.

Enseguida se le hace beber el espíritu de tomar, previamente mezclados con el espondio, la tierra y el "agua de gloria" con el jugo de las plantas mencionadas.

La hechicera sopla el tecumate frente al enfermo, y hace una aspiración poderosa para volver a soplar; pronuncia después varias veces, el nombre del paciente haciendo que éste beba la mitad del contenido del tecumate.

El resto debe beberlo a las seis de la tarde, en punto, de ese mismo día.

Así los espíritus que abandonaron a la enferma en el momento del accidente vuelven a su cuerpo y el restablecimiento es completo.

En octubre del año pasado una indígena del pueblo de San Francisco Mazapa, del Valle de Teotihuacán, intentó suicidarse arrojándose a una barranca desde los pretilles de un puente. Después de una larga y penosa enfermedad la familia de la enferma, con el objeto de acelerar su curación consultó a la hechicera Felipa Hernández y ésta procedió a efectuar la ceremonia del "Levantamiento de los Espíritus" que dejamos relatada.

México, D.F.

## SOME SONGS OF THE PUGET SOUND SALISH.

BY HELEN H. ROBERTS AND HERMAN K. HAEBERLIN.

THE following songs were recorded during the course of field-work performed by H. K. Haeberlin in the fall of 1916 among the Snohomish and Snoqualmu Indians on Puget Sound. They were transcribed by Helen H. Roberts, who also supplied all of the musical remarks and wrote the conclusion. The general ethnological remarks on the songs were written by the collector.

Song No. 1 was sung by Skukum George, who was a Snoqualmu (*Sdōkwā'lbix<sup>a</sup>*). Nos. 2-9 were sung by James Percival; and Nos. 10 and 11, by Peter Sam. The latter two men were Snohomish (*Stū'dōhōbc*). Snoqualmu and Snohomish are dialectically very closely affiliated, and mutually quite intelligible. All the songs were recorded as sung by an individual male voice, without the accompaniment of a chorus, and also without the usual beating of sticks. The records are on file in the American Museum of Natural History of New York City.

As is commonly the case in Indian music, the words of these songs are often not translatable, or their allusions are not intelligible.

I. LOVE-SONG.<sup>1</sup>

l̄escakē'l ta l̄uk<sup>u</sup>a'<sup>l</sup> tcEDlala'x<sup>u</sup>dx<sup>u</sup> setssia'b  
 It rises the sun I think of my love  
 l̄escakē'l ta l̄uk<sup>u</sup>a'<sup>l</sup> tcEDlala'x<sup>u</sup>dx<sup>u</sup> setssia'b adē  
 it rises the sun I think of my love  
 satssia'b adē.  
 my love.

In this Snoqualmu love-song all of the words were readily translatable with the exception of "adē," which seems to be an interjection.

2. James Percival called this a tribal song <sup>2</sup> of the Snohomish. He said he had learned it from his father, who belonged to this tribe. *Hō'ya* is the name of a mountain near the present town of Monroe. The great transformer, *Dō'k'ibet*, had ordained that the Snohomish should be the only tribe who could get guardian-spirits on this mountain. If the member of another tribe should try to do so, he would get sick and die.

The phrase *la'ē'bāc tu'xba hō'ya* was translated "*hō'ya* accompanies [= *la'ē'bāc*] the tribe."

<sup>1</sup> The record of this song was broken, and the notation is therefore not given.

<sup>2</sup> Record No. 2.

## *Some Songs of the Puget Sound Salish.*

497

*Jug.* Rather uneven.  
**INTRODUCTION.**

VI

47

hō'' ya hō'' ya hū'' ya bō' la' ē' bāc tux' ba'

VII

hō'' ya hū'' ya hō'' ya hō'' ya hū'' ya bō' ya la' ē' bāc tux' ba'

49

whif/ whif/  
(sharp  
whistle)

hō'' ya hō'' ya hū'' ya hō'' ya hō'' ya hū'' ya hō'' ya

to

From the standpoint of form, the songs reveal some points of considerable interest, which, though not known to be distinctive for that particular culture or area, are nevertheless quite different from those presented, for instance, among the Iroquois or Blackfoot. No definite statement can as yet be made concerning American Indian songs as a whole; and conclusions can only be drawn after an exhaustive study of the music of different areas, which so far has not been accomplished.

General remarks concerning the noticeable features of the songs of this particular people are given at the end of the article, after their presentation and the observations upon each.

It has been stated frequently that love-songs are difficult to obtain; if so, the collector was fortunate in acquiring three in the present small collection. One has been lost, however, through the breaking of the record; but the text has been obtained, and is given partly in preference to ignoring it altogether, and partly because the poetic sentiment alone is worth the consideration.

As a general guide in reading, it may be said that the oblique lines through the body of the notes indicate, according to their direction, deviation upwards or downwards from the pitch as otherwise noted. One line marks a deviation of about a quarter-step; two lines, less than a quarter-step. More accurate pitches are not at present obtainable. The use of sharps and flats conforms to current rules, the sign holding for the remainder of the measure in which it occurs. Where a song is throughout less than a semitone from the true pitch or "key," it is indicated at the beginning, and then written as if in the "pure" key. Where holds are indicated, however, the accepted value of repetition of the length of the note is not maintained. They are only used where it was exceedingly difficult to fix a definite value to the extended length, which is less than half a beat. Where there is a recognized half-beat or more, it has been thought best to represent it in actual note values, even where this creates a  $2\frac{1}{2}$  or  $3\frac{1}{2}$  beat measure; for, since sometimes this has been actually found to add up to the required metric unit, it is not safe to disregard "extra" lengths, or to consider them unintentional.

This song presents practically the same musical phrase throughout, similar to the first, which serves as an introduction. Beginning with I, each division is composed of two phrases, *A* and *B*, which differ slightly from each other, and each division differs in minor particulars from every other; but with the introduction of each division there is a rise in pitch of about a quarter-tone. This tendency to raise the pitch is characteristic of James Percival's singing. Division VI is interesting because of the extension, of which there are many forms even in this small number of songs. Extensions are a trait worthy of particular mention, and seem to have attained a remarkable development in this region. Division VII is only a half-division,—the balancing section to the introduction,—and forms a coda, from the melodic as well as from the rhythmic point of view. It may readily be seen that fundamentally this song contains an exceedingly well-balanced theme, showing perhaps not much variety, but certainly an employment (unconscious, no doubt) of the form called "question and answer," which here, as usually in Occidental modern music, appears in phrases of four measures each, extensions excepted. The metric analysis of this and a few of the others is particularly interesting in the light of some Iroquois material recently studied. In this song there seems to be a metric unit centring around 47-49. This variation would argue against the theory of the existence of metric units, were it not for the fact that this unit is exceedingly long, and that the holds are responsible for the variation; and it cannot be said in just how far these are a vital part of the unit. Where metric units are found, slight variations are much less common, in

the material so far studied, than cases of absolute correspondence. This was strikingly brought out in the Iroquois material; and it is very interesting to find the same idea capable of demonstration in these songs from the Northwest coast, even though not to such a marked degree, for no metric unit has been found for several of the latter.

3. This is a song<sup>1</sup> of the Tōbcā'dād spirit. Another Snohomish informed me that this is the great war guardian-spirit, who gives courage to the warriors. Additional information on this and other spirits is being prepared for publication.

The words of this song are all interjections. The actual pitch of the entire song is a quarter-tone lower than here given.

*G = g.*

I

A

yā' wā 'wā 'wā 'wā'a 'wā yā' 'wā 'wā 'wā 'wā'a 'wā

B

'yā'a 'wā 'wā 'wā 'wā 'wā yā' 'wā 'wā'a 'wā 'wā 'wā

II

20 A

yā' 'wā 'wā 'wā 'wā yā' 'wā 'wā 'wā 'wā 'wā

B

yā'a 'wā 'wā 'wā 'wā 'wā wi . 'wā 'wā yā' 'wā 'wā 'wā 'wā 'wā

20

III

A

yā' 'wā 'wā 'wā 'wā wi . 'wā 'wā yā'a 'wā 'wā 'wā 'wā 'wā

<sup>1</sup> First song on record No. 3.

17

17

I and II are similar divisions, of two phrases each (the first containing three measures; the second, two); and obviously in each case the metric unit is 20. The analysis of division III is not so easy to determine. It might be made as follows: division III, four measures; and III', four measures; the metric unit for each being 17. A difficulty, however, is caused in the rise in pitch, which so constantly attends the beginning of a new phrase as to forbid ignoring it altogether. Hence it might be advisable to consider the first two measures of III as a connective, the real division starting with the change of key and continuing to the end, the metric unit being 25 less the final exclamatory "ya" before included.

Again, the so-called "connective" might be considered as an extension of division II; then divisions II and III would each contain six measures, but respectively 28 and 30 beats for the metric unit, I serving as an introduction.

The melodic analysis reveals the presence of the augmented fourth in addition to the tones of the major triad.

4. The following<sup>1</sup> is a Tōbcā'dād song of the Lummi Indians. It was sung, as was the preceding song, by James Percival, a Snohomish. The Tōbcā'dād guardian-spirit is common to many Puget Sound tribes. The extensive ownership of this spirit by many neighboring tribes is recognized by the Indians themselves. This is in contradistinction to some of the other guardian-spirits which are attributed to only one or another of the tribes by the natives.

<sup>1</sup> Second song on record No. 3.

♩ = 58.

## INTRODUCTION.



. yā' 'wā' 'wā' 'wā' 'wā' 'wā' yā' 'wā' 'wā' 'wā' 'wā' 'wā'



yā' 'wā' 'wā' 'wā' 'wā' 'wā' 19 yā' 'wā' 'wā' 'wā' 'wā' 'wā'

I



yā' 'wā' 'wā' 'wā' 'wā' 'wā' yā' 'wā' 'wā' 'wā' 'wā' 'wā'



yā' 'wā' 'wā' 'wā' 'wā' 'wā' yā' 'wā' 'wā' 'wā' 'wā' 'wā'

II



yā' 'wā' 'wā' 'wā' 'wā' 'wā' yā' 'wā' 'wā' 'wā' 'wā' 'wā'

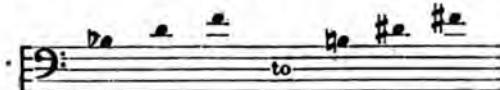


'wā' 'wā' 'wā' 'wā' 'wā' 'wā' yā' 'wā' 'wā' 'wā' 'wā' 'wā'

CODA.



'wā' 'wā' 'wā' 'wā' 'wā' 'wā' yā' 'wā' 'wā' 'wā' 'wā' 'wā'



This tune is of value purely for its melodic and metric units, for the syllables contain no known sense. It is composed of an introduction of four irregular measures, comprising, in all,  $19\frac{1}{2}$  beats, and divided into two sections of more or less similar character.

Divisions I and II are of five measures each, divided into sections of 3 and 2; but in I the three measures come first, the third being an extension of the second, while in II the two measures occur first, are repeated, and then a return to the first measure follows as a kind of coda.

Although the measure-lengths in each division are different, they add up to 24 as the metric unit.

5. This is a woman's song<sup>1</sup> of the sqai'p guardian-spirit. It was sung by James Percival, not by a woman. Both men and women may have the sqai'p spirit. It is one of the lesser spirits; and while it seems to have special associations with war, it is also powerful in the pursuits of peaceful life. As a war-spirit, it is much less powerful than Tōbcā'dād.

The first part of the song is not translatable. The second part was translated as follows:—

**la'ē'bac**      **ba'a'tsiltalbix<sup>u</sup>**      **tō'xbasnū'k<sup>u</sup>.**  
he walks      as a human being      but he is not one.

$d \approx 126$  (about).

## INTRODUCTION.

à hā' nē nū wē - i - i - i - i .... à hā' nē nū wē - i - i -  
 2' 1'' 2' 1'  
 - - i .... à hā' nē nū wē - i - i - i .... à hā' nē nū wē - i - i -  
 2' 1''' 2' 1'''  
 - - i .... à hā' nē nū wē - i - i - i - i .... à hā' nē nū wē -  
 2'' 1''' 2''' 44  
 i - i - i hē - i - i bā' nā wā wē - i - i - i .... à

<sup>1</sup> First song on record No. 4.



Falsetto singing is rather common, and this is an example. Here both an introduction and a coda appear, the former attractive on account of its melodic structure, with the use of the sixth of the minor scale and the secondary seventh chord basis, from the root D<sup>b</sup>, implying a melodic minor in the first measure. The subsequent modulation from minor to major, as well as the numerous extensions, no two of which are alike, are also noteworthy. Although there is no really new material in the main body of the song, the presence of the sixth of the major scale, carrying out in that mode the idea in the first measure of the introduction, and of the triplet form covering two beats, marks a departure. There are in this section 29 beats in the metric unit; while in the following, I', the lengthening of the last note (really a hold) brings the unit up to 30 instead of 29. Frequently at the end of sections, such a pause occurs before the attack on a new part. This is particularly noticeable in Iroquois songs, especially if the next section begins on a much higher note.

I" is the beginning of the real song, or at least of the sentence; and here a marked change of rhythm accompanies the words. Though this phrase is quite different from the other in structure, its metric unit is also 30, hence the "hold" at the end of the previous division may have been not unintentional. The whole is followed by a coda, the exact duplicate of the ending of the introduction.

6. This is a man's song<sup>1</sup> of the sqai'p guardian-spirit. Both men and women who had this spirit would show that they were immune from pain. Their performances consisted in such things as eating fire and dancing on burning ashes. When this particular song was sung, the performer would stick a dagger through his skin, one on each side. The words of the song have reference to this. They were translated to me as follows: —

āsnānū'kum'  
he cannot be hurt

asxā'lūlīts!a'  
when he has his  
colored costume on

ni'lāx<sup>u</sup>.  
he is here now.

<sup>1</sup> Second song on record No. 4.

II

he' - i      a's nā nū kum' as xā'l ū ll' ts'a'

a's nā nū kum' as xā'l ū ll' ts'a'      a's nā nū kum' as xā'l ū ll' ts'a'

III

he' - i      ni'      m'x̄ snā nū kum' as xā'l ū ll' ts'a'      ni'

m'x̄ snā nū kum' as xā'l ū ll' ts'a'      m'x̄ snā nū kum' as xā'l ū ll' ts'a'

IV

he' - i      ni'      m'x̄ snā nū kum' as xā'l ū ll' ts'a'      ni'

m'x̄ snā nū kum' as xā'l ū ll' ts'a'      ni'      m'x̄ snā nū kum' as

V

xā'l ū ll' ts'a'      he' - i      ni'      m'x̄ snā nū kum' as

xā'l ū ll' ts'a'      ni'      m'x̄ snā nū kum' as xā'l ū ll' ts'a'

VI

he' - i      ni'      m'x̄ snā nū kum' as xā'l ū ll' ts'a'      ni'

m'x̄ snā nū kum' as xā'l ū ll' ts'a'

Voice rising by almost indefinable degrees.

The song of the Snohomish man has somewhat the same melodic trend of the woman's song, reminding one of the example given by Dr. Sapir, in his "Paiute Myth Songs," of those belonging to the characters Gray-Hawk and Lizard, his wife. Here, again, a slightly less varying, more dignified rhythm appears in the man's song. Most of the measures are in 6/4, with variations to 5 and 7. The divisions fluctuate between four and five measures; yet, considering the poverty of theme, there is bewildering variation. Attention is called to the very pleasing alteration in the ending of division V, which is especially so by way of contrast to the others. No metric unit is apparent.

7. This is a Snohomish love-song.<sup>1</sup> Anybody was free to sing it. The translation of the words is as follows: —

mā's'u'cāmīnax <sup>u</sup> tcad	tsis-ūcamā'ianāx <sup>u</sup>	tulās'ā'taman
I pity her	when she is gone	she was sick

*M* 72—68.

INTRODUCTION.

A

I'

<sup>1</sup> First song on record No. 5.

A'

5' ts' tu lās 'a' - ta - man tsis - ū' ca māl yan 5' hā  
wū' - ū - ū tsis - ū' ca māl yan 5' hā wū' tsis - ū' ca māl yan

5' ts' tu lās 'a' - ta - man tsis - ū' ca māl yan 5' hā  
wū' - ū - ū tsis - ū' ca māl yan 5' hā wū' tsis - ū' ca māl yan

A''

5' 2' ts' tu lās 'a' - ta - man tsis - ū' ca māl yan 5' hā  
wū' - ū - ū tsis - ū' ca māl yan 5' hā wū' tsis - ū' ca māl yan

5' mā s'ū' cā min tsis - ū' ca tsis - ū' ca māl yan 5' hā  
wū' - ū - ū tsis - ū' ca māl yan 5' hā wū' tsis - ū' ca māl yan

INTRODUCTION REPEATED.

2''

wū' - ū - ū tsis - ū' ca māl yan 5' hā wū' tsis - ū' ca  
māl yan 5' hā wū' tsis - ū' ca māl yan 5' hā mā

A''

māl yan 5' hā wū' tsis - ū' ca māl yan 5' hā mā  
s'ū' ca min tsis - ū' ca tsis - ū' ca māl yan 5' hā hā

## INTRODUCTION REPEATED.

wū' - u - u tsis'u' ca mā'i yan a'x̣' bā wū' tsis-u' ca

A''

mā'i yan a'x̣' bā wū' tsis-u' ca mā'i yan a'x̣' tū' lās

a - ta - man tsis-u' ca mā'i yan a'x̣' ma' - ss'

a' ca min a'x̣' tea'd tsis-u' ca mā'i yan a'x̣'

The melodic analysis shows here an occasional introductory measure, — at least, it so appears, — but there is no syllabic change. Here, again, bewildering variations of a simple theme confront the student. There seems no doubt but that these were quite intentional. One becomes more and more convinced of this, the longer one studies them. The words do not necessitate the alterations, and they can therefore hardly be accounted for in any other way than as evidences of playing with the theme, such as has been known to occur in other phases of culture; for instance, basketry. The divisions and markings indicate quite plainly the points of resemblance and difference in this song; and little else need be said than to call attention to the last measure, where four sixteenths are substituted for the seemingly almost habitual triplet, giving one quite a shock, somewhat of the character experienced in playing for the first time Bach's Inventions and Fugues, upon sudden reversions to the relative major at the end, after long discourses in minor.

8. This is a woman's love-song,<sup>1</sup> sung in this case by James Percival.

<sup>1</sup> Second song on record No. 5.

The translation was given as follows:—

ōcim̄itsax <sup>u</sup>	xwē'tīgwātsūxwāla'ak! <sup>u</sup>
pity me!	I am not getting foolish
dagwa'cab	tī'ūxwāla'ak! <sup>u</sup>
you are the one who	has become foolish.

The information was volunteered that the singer would be thrown over by her lover. The words of the song are supposed to have reference to this.

$J = 100$ . Rather uneven.

I

ō' ci mi tsax<sup>u</sup> yā' hā'      ō' ci mi tsax<sup>u</sup> yā' hā'

B

ō' ci mi tsax<sup>u</sup> yā' hā'      ō' ci mi tsax<sup>u</sup> yā' hā'

A'

xwē" tī gwātsux wā' la'ak! xwē" tī gwātsux wā' la'ak! da

II

Ex.

gwa' cab tī' u xwē' la'ak!      ō' ci mi tsax<sup>u</sup> yā' hā'

Ex.

ō' ci mi tsax<sup>u</sup> yā' hā' da gwa' ca" - ab tr'ūx ya la' ak!

A'

xwē" tī gwātsux wā' la' ak! da gwa' cab tī' u

A''

Ex.

Record cut off.

Here is a truly human document. We at once acquire an interest quite apart from the music. The melody, though in major tonality,—not minor, be it noted, as might be supposed, according to the theme and the popular notion of Indian composition and tonality,—is, however, quite in keeping. There is a nice little touch of expression at just the right point. The extensions and rise in pitch should be noted. Perhaps here, however, the latter is not without really natural causes! It is unfortunate that the record ended before the song did, though that sort of theme might have been protracted endlessly!

9. The following is a doctor's medicine-song.<sup>1</sup> It is a series of seven different tunes, each of which terminates with a long-drawn-out '*wī*'. James Percival said that a doctor would sing the various medicine-songs he owned just in this way, one after another, with a '*wī*' at the end of each one. Only the following words could be translated: ā'dzādzāq! ("to turn around"), latū'lits ("to go across"), tc!ā'kac!atsūt (the name of a spirit).

Although in each of these songs, all the tones of a scale as indicated by the signatures have not occurred, it has been thought best to use the full signature, since the impression of key and tonality is so strongly implied, and since, after all, we are obliged to transcribe these songs by a comparatively inelastic system of notation, which is always more or less inadequate. The tones as actually occurring appear at the end of each song.

<sup>1</sup> Record No. 6.

*J = 126.*

2. 

A' yā yā yā yā' yī' yā yā' yī' yā yā' yā yā' yī' yā  
A'' yā' yī' yā yā' yī' yā yā' yī' yā yā' yā yā' yī' yā  
yā' yī' yā yā' yī' yā yā' yī' yā yā' yā yā' yī' yā  
yā' yī' yā yā' yī' yā yā' 'wi - ii!

*J = 96.*

2. 

A' dsa dsa<sup>a</sup>q! A' dsa dsaq! A' dsa dsa<sup>a</sup>q! A' dsa dsaq!  
A' dsa dsa<sup>a</sup>q! A' dsa dsaq! A' dsa dsa<sup>a</sup>q! A' dsa dsaq!  
A' dsa dsa<sup>a</sup>q! A' dsa dsaq! A' dsa dsa<sup>a</sup>q! A' dsa dsaq!  
'wi - ii!

*J = 96.*

3. 

A' yā yā yā yā yā yū yū yū yā yā yā yū yū yū yū yū  
A' yā yā yā yā yā yū yū yū yū yū yā yā yā yū yū yū yū yū

J = 88.

4.

la tū' llits tū-la tū' llits i' yā' wā wā wā wā la

tū' llits tū-la tū' llits i' yā' wā wā wā wā la

tū' llits tū-la tū' llits i' yā' wā wā wā wā wā la

- tū' llits tū-la tū' llits i' yā' wā wā wā wā 'wi - i

wā wā' wā wā wā wā wā' wā wā' wā wā wā wā

wā' wā wā wā wā wā' wā wā' wā wā wā' wā wā' wā

*d = 132.*

A

6.

Te'ā'' ia tclia tsū't ū yā yā' yī yā yā' te'ā'' ia tclia  
 tsū't ū yā yā' yī yā yā' yī yā yā' te'ā'' ia tclia

tsū't ū yā yā' yī yā yā' yī - i yā' te'ā'' ia tclia

B

tsū't ū yā yā' yī yā yā' yī yā yā' te'ā'' ia tclia  
 tsū't ū yā yā' yī yā yā' yī yā yā' te'ā'' ia tclia

tsū't ū yā yā' yī yā yā' yī yā yā' yī yā yā' te'ā'' ia tclia

tsū't ū yā yā' yī yā yā' yī yā yā' yī yā yā' te'ā'' ia tclia

te'ā'' ia tclia tsū't ū yā yā' yī yā yā' yī yā yā' yī yā yā'





No. 1 contains nothing new except the "anticipatory extension" in A' and the slight melodic change in A".

For all these songs the almost complete regularity of measures should be observed, likewise the four-measure construction of the phrases and their perfect balance according to "classical" European notions, if the European standpoint enters here at all.

No. 6, which is quite elaborate, is chiefly so, again, on account of the extensions. The metric unit is obvious for all songs except 6. Here a definite unit for the sections has not been found. Augmentation and diminution of phrases by the introduction or elimination of extensions seems, on the other hand, to be the case, and comes out rather regularly and interestingly.

No. 7 presents the four-measure phrase last, and its three-phrase construction is not particularly common anywhere in songs I have studied.

10. This is a gambling-song<sup>1</sup> used in connection with the slaha'l game. The translation was given to me thus:—

lusā'xwabtcad      duxā'gntsap      ā'tadi'a'lētcup  
I am going to run      between      his legs (of the wolf).

*J = 92.*

The musical notation is in 2/4 time. It features two staves of music with various note heads and rests. The lyrics are: 'lū' sāx wab tcad a' g" tsa"p' a' ta di 'a' lēt cup' lū' and 'sā'x wa"b tcad dūx" a' g" tsa"p' a' ta di 'a' lēt cup' lū'. The notation includes dynamic markings like 'mf' and 'f'.

<sup>1</sup> First song on record No. 7.

The musical score consists of two staves of music in common time (indicated by '4'). The top staff uses a bass clef and the bottom staff uses a treble clef. The music features eighth-note patterns with various dynamics: 'pp' (pianissimo), 'mf' (mezzo-forte), and 'pp' again. The lyrics are written below each staff, corresponding to the musical phrases. The lyrics are in Salish and include words like 'waab', 'tcad', 'dux', 'g', 'tsap', 'ta', 'di', 'let', 'cu', 'up', and 'lu'. The vocal parts are separated by vertical bar lines, and there are some rests and changes in pitch indicated by small numbers above the notes.

sā'x wa<sup>a</sup>b tcad dux<sup>a</sup> ā' g<sup>a</sup> tsa<sup>a</sup>p' ā' ta di 'ā' lēt cu - up' lu  
sā'x wa<sup>a</sup>b tcad dux<sup>a</sup> ā' g<sup>a</sup> tsap' ā' tā di 'ā' lēt cu - u - u-up' lu  
sā'x wa<sup>a</sup>b tca<sup>a</sup>d dux<sup>a</sup> ā' g<sup>a</sup> tsap' ā' ta di 'ā' lēt cu - u - u<sup>a</sup>-up' lu  
sā'x wa<sup>a</sup>b tca<sup>a</sup>d dux<sup>a</sup> ā' g<sup>a</sup> tsap' ā' ta di 'ā' lēt cu - u - u<sup>a</sup>-u - p' lu  
sā'x wa<sup>a</sup>b tcad dux<sup>a</sup> ā' g<sup>a</sup> tsap' ā' ta di 'ā' lēt cu - u - u<sup>a</sup>-up' lu  
sā'x wa<sup>a</sup>b tcad dux<sup>a</sup> ā' g<sup>a</sup> tsap' ā' ta di 'ā' lēt cu - u - u<sup>a</sup>-up' lu  
sā'x wa<sup>a</sup>b tcad dux<sup>a</sup> ā' g<sup>a</sup> tsap' ā' ta di 'ā' lēt cu - u - u<sup>a</sup>-u - p' lu



Augmentation of measures is the unique feature here, and is a phenomenon wholly unconnected with the words. The pulsations with the increase of volume on C are most peculiar, and have the effect of waves of sound. Another peculiar feature is the carrying of the vowel in the syllable "cup" over several beats, ending with the explosive *p* before the immediate resumption of the sentence.

II. This is a guardian-spirit song.<sup>1</sup> The *yeyē'i* is supposed to imitate the sound of the echo. The translation was given as follows:—

ōts tsō'tōd  
it is making a  
noise.

tidiō'tsīd  
across

hāwā'yīyā.  
the echo.

$\text{♩} = 120$

I

ōts tsō' tōd ōts tsō' tōd ti di s' tsid' ti di s' tsid'

II

hā wā'yī yā' yē' yē' hā wā'yī rā' yē' ōts tōd tōd ōts

<sup>1</sup> Second song on record No. 7.

A

B

This charming little song has all the mystery that echo inspires, and the echo itself is part of the melody. One can well imagine it occupying a fitting position among collections of folk-songs for children.

#### CONCLUSIONS.

The most striking features of the songs as a whole have already come out in the particular analyses. It remains only to sum them up. In the first rank, in point of abundance and variety, come the extensions and the variations on a given theme. Lengthy introductions, with a sentence body and occasional codas, also occur. Melodically they are not so rich, nor is there often any very noticeable expression. There seem to be fewer distinct tones used than in the songs of other areas studied, those of the major triad having a decided preference. Exceptions do occur, however, in the use of all other tones of both major and minor diatonic scales, even the augmented fourth of the major, and seventh of the melodic minor, appearing; but their use is, on the whole, rare. The fifth above and below the tonic is found, but the octave of the tonic only once.

Except for the rise in pitch throughout the song, in all of James Percival's singing, which cannot be proved at present to be other than a personal characteristic, there is not much "off-pitch" singing, as it is called; and such as does occur is only the result, apparently, of careless intonation, the same "alteration" frequently not being a feature of a section otherwise repeated exactly.

In fact, the singing is much more true to what is known as the Occidental scale system than that of the Dakota, for instance. Throughout whole songs there is often not one "off" tone. The writer is inclined to think the "scale systems" for this area are therefore quite comparable to the European, and it is also perhaps unnecessary to state that the songs bear no trace of European influence. It has not been determined in just how far the phonograph which it

was necessary to use in reproducing, was responsible for muffled intonation and enunciation. That it had some effect is certain, but great care was taken to record the pitches as accurately as possible with the means at hand.

It cannot at present be said that there is a strong evidence for the appearance of definite metric units in Snohomish songs, but only that sufficient examples have been found to be interesting for comparison with those of some other areas. Eventually the metric unit may be discovered largely to control the whole situation<sup>1</sup> in Indian music, and the melodic to be subordinated to it. As yet this is only a theory. However, it is a perfectly natural assumption, founded on the well-known predominance of rhythm over melody in primitive music, and its much greater development as compared even with modern music.

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<sup>1</sup> This idea was suggested by Dr. Boas, and so far the investigations based upon it have given some very interesting results.

## SOME COUNTING-OUT RHYMES IN MICHIGAN.

BY EMELYN E. GARDNER.

IN the present brief paper on some counting-out rhymes which were collected from students in the Michigan State Normal College during the year 1914-15, the following collections are referred to by the names of their respective editors. Sources cited in those works are not repeated in this paper.

- Black, C. F. . . . . County Folklore. Vol. III, Orkney and Shetland Islands. London, 1901.  
Bolton, Henry Carrington. The Counting-out Rhymes of Children. London, 1888.  
Gutch, Mrs. . . . . County Folklore. Vol. VI, The East Riding of Yorkshire. London, 1911.  
Newell, William Wells . . . Games and Songs of American Children. New York, 1883.  
Northall, G. F. . . . . English Folk Rhymes. London, 1892.

The rhymes are arranged according to the classification given by Bolton in the work listed above. Although the present collection of counting-out rhymes in Michigan is far from being exhaustive, it is offered for publication with the thought that it may facilitate the collection of other such rhymes.

It may or may not be fair to assume that the rhymes of the present collection stand in approximately the same proportion to all such rhymes in Michigan at the present time as the English counting-out rhymes collected by Bolton in the United States stood to all such rhymes in this country at the time his work was published. At any rate, it is hoped that the brief comparison given below under each group heading is not altogether out of place.

### GROUP I.

#### RHYMES BEGINNING WITH NUMBERS.

Bolton's collection contains thirty-three versions. The present collection contains ten versions.

1 (Version 1). Compare Bolton, p. 92, Nos. 413, 414; Northall, p. 350, identical.

One, two, three,  
Mother caught a flea;  
Flea died; mother cried;  
Out goes she.

MARGARET STOLL, Escanaba.

## 2 (Version 2).

One potato, two potato, three potato, four,  
 Five potato, six potato, seven potato o'er.

THELMA THURLBY, Hudson.

## 3 (Version 3). Compare Bolton, p. 93, No. 417.

One, two, three,  
 The bumblebee.  
 The rooster crows,  
 And away she goes.

FEROLIN BROOKS, Ypsilanti.

## 4 (Version 4). Compare Bolton, p. 93, Nos. 422-423; Newell, p. 201, No. 20; p. 202, Nos. 21-22; Northall, p. 350.

One, two, three, four,  
 Nellie at the cottage door,  
 Giving cherries to the poor.  
 One, two, three, four.

GERTRUDE JONES, Hancock.

## 5 (Version 5). Compare Bolton, p. 93, No. 427, identical with the exception of "hen."

One, two, three, four, five,  
 I caught a hen alive;  
 Six, seven, eight, nine, ten,  
 I let her go again.

RUTH VANDEVeer, Colona.

## 6 (Version 6). Compare Bolton, p. 94, No. 440, almost identical; Newell, p. 202, No. 23, first two lines only.

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven,  
 All good children go to Heaven;  
 Penny on the water,  
 Tuppence on the sea,  
 Threepence on the railway;  
 Out goes she.

IRENE PRISK, Hubbell.

## 7 (Version 7). Compare Bolton, p. 94, No. 437, identical except the last line.

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven,  
 All good children go to Heaven.  
 Some go up, and some go down,  
 And some go to the burying-ground.

JEAN KINGSTON, Detroit.

## 8 (Version 8). Compare Bolton, p. 94, Nos. 434, 436, first two lines identical; Newell, p. 202, No. 23, the first two lines identical with first two below.

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven,  
All good children go to Heaven.  
All bad children suffer and die.  
That shall not be you or I.

BERNIECE ELLIOTT, Ypsilanti.

9 (Version 9). For comparison, see references for No. 8. Obviously of recent invention — localized.

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven,  
All good children go to Heaven.  
When the angel rings the bell,  
All bad children go to — H-u-d-s-o-n.

EDNA HARDIE, Hudson.

10 (Version 10). For comparison see references for No. 8.

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven,  
All good children go to Heaven.  
When they get there, they will shout,  
O-u-t, and that spells out.

LILLIAN GUSTAFSON, Lake Mine.

#### GROUP II.

##### "ONE-ERY, TWO-ERY, ICKERY ANN," AND VARIATIONS.

Bolton's collection contains twenty-eight versions. The present collection contains seven versions.

11 (Version 1). Compare Bolton, p. 94, Nos. 443 *et seq.*; Newell, p. 197, Nos. 1 *et seq.*; Northall, p. 349.

Erie, Irie, Ickery Ann,  
Phyllis, Phallus, Nicholas, John.  
Queever, quaver, English neighbor,  
Stringulum, strangulum, Roe Buck.

CORNELIA KLOOSTER, Holland.

12 (Version 2). For comparison see references for No. 11.

One-ery, two-ery, ickery, Ann.  
Fillacy, fallacy, Nicholas Zann;  
Queevy, quavy, Irish Navy.  
Stingulum, stangulum, buck.

JEAN KINGSTON, Detroit.

13 (Version 3). For comparison see references for No. 11.

Ury, Iry, Ichery, Jam,  
Phillisy, Phollosy, Nicholas John,  
Queby, Quoby, English Mary.  
Stickulum, Stackelum,  
Wee, Woe, Buck.

HELEN McKEON, Fenton.

14 (Version 4). Compare Bolton, p. 95, Nos. 449, 451 *et seq.*; Newell, p. 197, Nos. 1 *et seq.*; Northall, p. 349.

One-ery, two-ery, ickery Ann,  
Phillisy, phollisy, Nicholas John,  
Queever, quaver, English Knaver.  
Stigerum, stagerum, buck.

MARGIE CRANDALL, Ypsilanti.

15 (Version 5). Compare Bolton, p. 95, Nos. 449 *et seq.*; Newell, p. 197, Nos. 1 *et seq.*

Sybil, Sybil, Fred and Don;  
Phyllis, Phallus, Nicholas John;  
Quiver, quaver, English neighbor,  
Whoa, haw, gee, buck.

EVELYN BOWEN, Howard City.

16 (Version 6). Compare Bolton, p. 95, Nos. 452 *et seq.*; Newell, p. 197, Nos. 1 *et seq.*

One-ery, o-ery, ickery, Ann,  
Filson, folson, Nicholas John,  
Queevy, quavy, Injun Navy,  
Sticklum, stacklum, buck.

One, two, three; out goes she. (he)

GRACE GOWMAN, Detroit.

17 (Version 7). Compare Bolton, p. 95, Nos. 444-465 *et seq.*; Newell, p. 197, Nos. 1-5.

One-ery, two-ery, ickery, Ann;  
Phillisy, Phollosy, Nicholas John;  
Queever, quaver, English naver;  
Stringle-um, strangle-um,  
Bee, baw, buck!

ZILPHA PEARSALL, Ypsilanti.

### GROUP III.

#### RHYMES FOR COUNTING TWENTY-ONE.

##### SECTION I.—“ONE-ERY, TWO-ERY, ZICCARY, ZAN,” ETC.

Bolton's collection contains thirty-two versions. The present collection contains three versions.

18 (Version 1). Compare Bolton, p. 97, No. 474, identical; Newell, p. 198, Nos. 4-7; Northall, p. 345.

Hickry, dickry, six and seven.  
Holla-bone, cracka-bone, ten and eleven.  
Mrs. GOBEL, Ypsilanti.

19 (Version 2). Compare Black, “County Folklore,” 3 : 262; Bolton, p. 97, Nos. 483 *et seq.*; Newell, p. 198, Nos. 7-8.

One-ery, two-ery, tickery seven;  
Alibi, crackabi, ten and eleven;  
Pin, pan, muskydan;]  
Tweedle-um, twaddle-um, twenty-one;  
Eerie, ourie; you are out.

FEROLIN BROOKS, Northville.

- 20 (Version 3). Compare Bolton, p. 97, Nos. 474 *et seq.*; Newell, p. 198, Nos. 7-8.

Gimmery, twaery, hickery, seven,  
Oucherie, doucherie, ten and eleven;  
Twael ran, musha dan;  
Tweedle-dum, twaddle-dum.  
Twenty-one — schedoo!

LOUISE GAMBER, Fayette, O.

It is supposed that in the first place the rhymes of Group III contained twenty-one words, and that "musky dan," etc., are corruptions of "must be done."

#### SECTION 2. — "EEENA, DEENA, DINA, DUST."

Bolton's collection contains seven versions. The present collection contains none.

#### GROUP IV.

##### RHYMES FOR COUNTING TWENTY-NINE.

Bolton's collection contains twenty-one versions. The present collection contains none.

#### GROUP V.

##### "ONE'S ALL, TWO'S ALL," ETC.

Bolton's collection contains twenty-two versions. The present collection contains one version.

21. Compare Bolton, p. 100, Nos. 531 *et seq.*; Newell, p. 198, No. 6.

Ramsey in the pot;  
One-sel, two-sel, zig-sel, zam;  
Bob tailed vinegar, tickeram, tam;  
Harum, skarum, birds and rarum;  
Te, ti, to, buck!

[Name of informant lost.]

#### GROUP VI.

##### "HINTY, MINTY, CUTY, CORN," ETC.

Bolton's collection contains fifteen versions. The present collection contains two versions.

- 22 (Version 1). Compare Bolton, p. 102, Nos. 553 *et seq.*, a variant; Newell, p. 142, No. 87, a game, and p. 200, No. 13; Northall, p. 347.

Entry, mentry, cutrie, corn,  
 Apple seed and apple thorn;  
 Wire, brier, limber lock,  
 Five geese in a flock.  
 Sit and sing by the spring;  
 O-U-T, out, old worn dish clout;  
 Strike Jack, lick Tom;  
 Blow the bellows, old man;  
 Out the game.

GRACE GOWMAN, Detroit.

**23** (Version 2). Compare Bolton, p. 103, No. 563, variation in the last line; Newell, p. 200, No. 13.

Entry, kentry, cutry, corn.  
 Apple seed and apple thorn.  
 Wire, brier, limber lock.  
 Three geese in a flock.  
 One flew east, one flew west.  
 One flew over the cuckoo's nest.  
 O-U-T spells out goes she.

CORNELIA KLOOSTER, Holland.

#### GROUP VII.

"EENY, MEENY, MONY, MY," ETC.

Bolton's collection contains thirty-two versions. The present collection contains none.

#### GROUP VIII.

"EENY, MEENY, MINY, MO," ETC.

##### SECTION I.—CATCH A NIGGER BY THE TOE.

Bolton's collection contains eight versions. The present collection contains two versions.

**24** (Version 1). Compare Bolton, p. 105, Nos. 603, 604, *et seq.*, a combination of 24 and 25 of the present collection; Gutch, p. 216.

Eenie, meeny, miny, mo;  
 Catch a nigger by the toe;  
 When he hollers, make him pay  
 Fifty dollars every day.

LILLIAN GUSTAFSON, Lake Mine.

**25** (Version 2). Localized version.

Eeny, meeny, miny, mo,  
 Pennsylvany, viny, vo;  
 O-U-T spells "out goes she."

EMMA ORSCHEL, Elk Rapids.

## SECTION 2.—“CRACKA, FEENA, FINA, FO,” ETC.

Bolton's collection contains ten versions. The present collection contains three versions.

26 (Version 1). Compare Bolton, p. 106, Nos. 608 *et seq.*, a variant.

Eeny, meeny, miny, mo,  
Craca, feena, fina, fo;  
Papa tuja, rocka tuja,  
Rick, stick, bando.

BETSY EATON, Pentwater.

27 (Version 2). Compare Bolton, p. 106, No. 608.

Eena, meena, mina, mo,  
Crack-a-feeny, finy, foe;  
Papa tuja, mama wuja,  
Exem, bam, bo!  
One, two, three, spells out go you.

EDNA HARDIE, Hudson.

28 (Version 3). A modernized form in the last line.

Eeny, meeny, miny, mo,  
Feeny, feeney, finey, fo!  
Otchey, pōtchey, ḍtchey, dōtchey,  
Did-did, did-do!

RUTH FILES, Ypsilanti.

## GROUP IX.

## “EENY, MEENY, TIPTY, TEE,” ETC.

Bolton's collection contains twenty-nine versions. The present collection contains eleven versions.

29 (Version 1). Compare Bolton, p. 107, Nos. 630 *et seq.*, a variant. For comment upon the changes in this group see Bolton, p. 56.

Eena, meena, hickory, Dick;  
Delia, dilia, dominick;  
Otcha, pōtcha, dōminōtcha;  
Tee, ta, toosh;  
Ugguly, bugguly, boo;  
Out goes y-o-u!

FREDERICK CLEVERINGA, Grand Haven.

30 (Version 2). Compare Bolton, p. 107, No. 624, a variant; Northall, p. 344.

Eeny, meeny, figgledy, fig;  
Delia, dōlia, dōminig;  
Ozy, pōzy, dōma-nōzy.  
Tee, tau, tut.  
Uggeldy, buggeldy, boo!  
Out goes you.

CATHERINE MILLER, Detroit.

- 31 (Version 3). Compare Bolton, p. 104, No. 624, a variant; Northall, p. 344.

Inta, minta, dibbity, fig,  
Delia, dōlia, dōminig,  
Itcha, kitcha, dōminicha,  
Am, bam, cruss.  
Alla, balla, boo,  
Out goes you.

HELEN CHADWICK, Northville.

- 32 (Version 4). Compare Bolton, p. 107, Nos. 630 *et seq.*, a variant.

Eeny, meeny, hipperdick,  
Delia, dilia, dōminick,  
Coachy, poachy, dōminochoy,  
Tee, tu, tush.  
Huckly, buckly, boo,  
Out goes you.

ROCHE McCLEAR, Whitmore Lake.

- 33 (Version 5). Compare Bolton, p. 107, Nos. 630 *et seq.*, a variant.

Eeny, Meeny, hipperty Dick,  
Delia, dolia, dōm-in-ic;  
Hōkelty, pōkelty, dōminōkelty,  
Tree, ta, too,  
Hugeldy, bugeldy, boo,  
Out goes you.

MALVA GENEROUS, Marine City.

- 34 (Version 6). Compare Bolton, p. 107, No. 632, a variant.

Eeny, meeny, hippy, Dick,  
Delia, dōlia, dōmond Nick,  
Oacha, poacha, dōmond oacha,  
Tee, ta, touch.

CORNELIA KLOOSTER, Holland.

- 35 (Version 7). Compare Bolton, p. 108, No. 642, a variant.

Eeny, meeny, middy, mat,  
Domido, domidat.  
Santa, panta, pilla, roos,  
San, pan, toos.

EVA EMENDORFER, Bay City.

- 36 (Version 8). Composite of the versions in Bolton, Group IX.

Eeny, meeny, topsy, teeny,  
Alabama, domineeny,  
Hōchy, pōchy, dōminochoy,  
Tee, ta, touch;  
One, two, three,  
Out goes she.

FLORENCE MORSE, St. Joseph.

37 (Version 9). See references for No. 36.

Eeny, meeny, tipsy bee,  
Alabama dominee,  
Ócha, pöcha, dömo nöche,  
Out goes she.

BETSY EATON, Pentwater.

38 (Version 10). See references for No. 36.

Empty, mempty, tick-a-to-fig,  
Delia, dolia, döminig,  
Omp, pomp, testa, tomp,  
Ola, bola, boo,  
And out goes you.

MARION KELLY, Onekama.

39 (Version 11). A composite of the rhymes in Group VI and Group IX.

Intery, mintery, hippity dick,  
Delia, dilia, dömonick,  
Höcky, pöcky, döminocky,  
Tee, ta, tush.

DELIA GARDNER, Bath.

#### GROUP X.

##### MISCELLANEOUS RHYMES CONTAINING GIBBERISH.

Bolton's collection contains forty-seven versions. The present collection contains six versions.

40 (Version 1). Compare Newell, p. 199, No. 11.

Aina, maina, mōna, mike;  
Bassalōna, bōna, strike;  
Hara, wara, frown, back;  
Halico, balico, wee, wo, wy, whack!

FEROLIN BROOKS, Northville.

41 (Version 2).

Higgledy, piggledy,  
Osh, cosh, boh.  
One, two, three,  
And out goes she.

EVA ERWIN, Midland.

42 (Version 3). Compare Bolton, p. 109, Nos. 659 *et seq.*, a variant, obviously of German origin.

Ibbity, babbity, zibbity, zab.  
Ibbity, babbity, knabe.

CORNELIA KLOOSTER, Holland.

43 (Version 4). A composite.

Ibbity, babbity, zibbity, zee,  
Hellity, crackity, bumble-bee.

ROCHE McCLEAR, Whitmore Lake.

44 (Version 5). Compare Bolton, p. 121, No. 856, a variant of part of an American college song.

Shoe lie, shoe lie, shoe lie, shoe.  
Shoe lie sacaraca, sillababi cue;  
When I see my Billy bab-a-lie  
Come Billy, bab a-loo;  
Sholorum!

CRYSTAL WORNER, Grand Rapids.

45 (Version 6).

Spinnery, spannery, musketree,  
Tweedle-um, twaddle-um, out goes he.

CORNELIA KLOOSTER, Holland.

#### GROUP XI.

##### MISCELLANEOUS.

Bolton's collection contains one hundred forty-four versions. The present collection contains twenty versions.

46 (Version 1). Compare Bolton, p. 117, No. 798, a variant.

Bee, bee, bumble bee,  
Stung a man upon his knee,  
Stung a pig upon his snout,  
It is sure that you are out.

EDNA HARDIE, Hudson.

##### *Variant.*

Bee, bee, bumble bee,  
Stung Jacob on the knee.  
Stung Sally on the snout.  
Oh, golly, you are out.

FLORENCE YOUNG, Alpena.

47 (Version 2). Compare Bolton, p. 116, Nos. 790-791, a variant.

Chick, chick, chatter man,  
How much are your geese?  
Chick, chick, chatter man,  
Five cents apiece.  
Chick, chick, chatter man,  
That's too dear.  
Chick, chick, chatter man,  
You get out of here.

Alice HAMMOND, Ypsilanti.

*Variant.*

Chink, chink, Chinaman,  
How much are your geese?  
Chink, chink, Chinaman,  
Fifty cents apiece.  
Chink, chink, Chinaman,  
That's too dear.  
Chink, chink, Chinaman,  
You get out of here.

CORNELIA KLOOSTER, Holland.

## 48 (Version 3).

Did you ever, ever, ever,  
In your life, life, life,  
See a nigger, nigger, nigger,  
Kiss his wife, wife, wife?

GRACE YOUNG, Perry.

49. (Version 4). Compare Bolton, p. 111, Nos. 707-709, a variant;  
Newell, p. 203, No. 32, very generally known.

Engine, engine, number nine,  
Running on Chicago line;  
How she's polished!  
How she shines!  
Engine, engine, number nine.

EDITH COONEY, Gaines.

*Variant 1.*

Engine, engine, number nine,  
Running on Chicago line;  
How it sparkles, how it shines!  
Engine, engine, number nine.

FLORENCE MORSE, St. Joseph.

*Variant 2.*

Engine, engine, number nine,  
Running on Chicago line;  
Bright and shining number two,  
All are out but y-o-u.

EDNA HARDIE, Hudson.

*Variant 3.*

Engine, engine, number nine,  
Running on Chicago line,  
See it sparkle, see it shine.  
Engine, engine, number nine  
O-U-T spells out goes he.

LUCY LETTS, Romeo.

*Variant 4.*

Engine, engine, number nine,  
Running on Chicago line;

One, two, three, four,  
Five, six, seven, eight, nine.  
O-U-T spells out she goes.

MALVA GENEROUS, Marine City.

*Variant 5.*

Engine, engine, number nine,  
Running on the Central line;  
One goes east, one goes west,  
One flies over the cuckoo's nest.

HELEN CHAPELL, Eaton Rapids.

50 (Version 5).

Fireman, fireman, number eight,  
Struck his head against a gate;  
The gate flew in, the gate flew out,  
And that's the way the fire went out.

LUCY BEACH, Niles.

51 (Version 6). Compare Bolton, p. 120, No. 844; Newell, p. 215, No. 154, a game the last two lines of which are identical.

I charge my children every one,  
To stay at home when I am gone;  
Especially you, my sister Sue,  
Or I will whip you black and blue.

VERA STEALY, Charlotte.

52 (Version 7). Compare Bolton, p. 113, No. 741. The first two lines are identical.

I know something I won't tell,  
Three little niggers in a peanut-shell;  
One was black, one was blacker,  
One was the color of chawin' tobacker.

EVELYN BOWEN, Howard City.

53 (Version 8).

I am going down town  
To smoke my pipe,  
And won't be back till Monday night;  
And if you let any of my children go,  
I'll whip you black and blue  
With my old rubber shoe.

IRENE RIKER, Lyons.

54 (Version 9).

Little nigger,  
Come to dinner  
Half-past three,  
Fried potatoes,  
Alligators,  
Out goes he.

ALICE HAMMOND, Ypsilanti.

55 (Version 10). Compare Bolton, pp. 23, 112, Nos. 728-729; *idem*, p. 116, Nos. 781 *et seq.*; Newell, p. 202, No. 25. Bolton suggests that the rhyme may refer to the earthenware jars known in India as "monkeys."

Monkey, monkey, barley beer,  
How many monkeys are there here?  
One, two, three; out goes she.

[Name of informant missing.]

56 (Version 11). Compare Bolton, p. 112, No. 731; Northall, p. 413.

My mother, your mother, lives across the street,  
At 514 East Broadway,  
And every night they have a fight,  
And this is what they say:  
Acka, backa, soda cracka,  
Acka backa, boo.  
If your father chews tobacco,  
Out goes you.

HELEN CHADWICK, Detroit.

57 (Version 12). For comparison see references in No. 56.

My mother and your mother  
Were hanging out clothes;  
My mother gave your mother  
A punch in the nose.  
Did it hurt her?  
Y-E-S, that spells yes; and O-U-T, that spells out.

LILLIAN GUSTAFSON, Lake Mine.

*Variant 1.*

My mother and your mother  
Were hanging out clothes;  
My mother gave your mother  
A punch in the nose.  
Was she mad?  
Y-E-S, that spells yes; and O-U-T, that spells out.

OLIVE BARLOW, St. Joseph.

*Variant 2.*

My mother and your mother  
Were hanging out clothes;  
My mother gave your mother  
A punch in the nose.  
The blood that ran was the color of my new hat.  
What is the color of my new hat? <sup>1</sup>

LUCY LETTS, Romeo.

58 (Version 13). The child who repeats the rhyme assigns some number to some child, who thereupon becomes "it." Compare Bolton, p. 116, No. 789.

<sup>1</sup> The child questioned is supposed to say, "red," and becomes "it."

My mother made a chocolate cake.  
How many eggs did she take?  
HAZEL JACKSON, Montague.

*Variant.* All the children are counted to the last, who becomes "it." Compare Bolton, p. 20, an adaptation from the German.

My father bought a brand new house.  
How many nails did he put in it?  
One, two, etc.  
ETHELYN COLE, Saginaw.

59 (Version 14). Compare Bolton, p. 111, No. 706; Northall, p. 348.

My mother told me to take this one.  
THELMA THURLBY, Hudson.

60 (Version 15). Compare Bolton, p. 112, No. 733, a variant.

Nigger, nigger, never die;  
Teapot nose and china eye;  
Kinky hair and crooked toes,  
That's the way the nigger goes.

CHARLES ELLIOTT, Ypsilanti.

61 (Version 16).

Oh, dear me! what a flower I be!  
Three young men came a-courtin' me.  
One was blind, the other couldn't see;  
And one fell down and broke his knee.  
Out goes she.

IRENE PRISK, Hubbell.

62 (Version 17). Compare Bolton, p. 106, No. 612; *idem*, p. 111, No. 710, last two lines; also p. 25, a variant.

One, two, three,  
Out goes she  
With a dish-rag on her knee.

THELMA THURLBY, Hudson.

63 (Version 18). The child upon whom "you" falls is "it." Compare Bolton, p. 111, No. 713, a variant.

Red, white and blue;  
Your father is a Jew;  
Your mother is a red-head;  
So are you.

MARION KELLY, Onekama.

*Variant.*

Red, white and blue;  
Your mother is a Jew;  
Your father is a Dago;  
So are you.

M. MARIE MERTZ, St. Charles.

64 (Version 19). For comparison see references for No. 63.

Red and blue;  
Dutch clear through.  
Your father is a Dutchman,  
And so are you.

HELEN CHAPELL, Eaton Rapids.

65 (Version 20).

There was a rat, for want of stairs,  
Went down a rope to say his prayers.

JEAN KINGSTON, Detroit.

#### GROUP XII.

##### RHYMES USED FOR COUNTING-OUT IN SPECIAL GAMES.

Bolton's collection contains nineteen versions. The present collection contains none.

#### GROUP XIII.

##### THE ANGLO-CYMRIC SCORE.

Bolton's collection contains six versions. The present collection contains none.

A general survey of the comparisons made above shows that Groups III (section 2), IV, VII, XII, XIII, have no representatives in the present collection; while Groups I and IX have approximately one-third as many versions as are given by Bolton in those groups. In general, it may be said that the rhythm, the rhyme, the number of words, and the general construction, of the earlier forms, have been retained. It is probably not far from the truth to assume that the many versions of any group are due to imperfect memory, mishearing, phonetic spelling, and "localizations." As Ellis ("Polynesian Researches," New York, 1888) remarks, "changes made acoustically are more striking to the eye in print than to the ear." Bolton contends that in the written forms "the vowels count for nothing, and the consonants for little." There is some support of this theory furnished by the rhymes of the present collection, in which the spelling given by the informants has been retained. There appears to be in these rhymes neither appreciable increase nor decrease in alliteration and assonance over those qualities in the rhymes given by Bolton.

Some rhymes relating to conduct and to domestic and rural life have been retained; the one about "Engine number nine" (No. 49) is the most popular, over half the informants contributing identical versions, perhaps because engines appeal strongly to all children; but claims to the greatest popularity rest with the rhymes containing gibberish in one form or another, as Groups II, III, VIII, IX, and X,

doubtless because gibberish is universally popular with every child during some stage of his development.

The methods of using counting-out rhymes in Michigan are two. According to one method, a self-chosen leader arranges in a row or circle the children who are to play a game; then, sometimes beginning with himself, and always including himself, he proceeds to point at each child in turn as he "reels off" with astonishing facility the words of some counting-out rhyme, any rhyme serving for any game. A word is allotted to each of those being counted-out until the rhyme is completed. The child upon whom the last word falls is considered "out," and stands aside. The leader repeats the rhyme, beginning with the child next in order to the one who is "out." At the end of the repetition another child is "out," and so on the repetitions continue until only one child is left. Upon him falls the lot of being "it." Surely in this method of choice there is a suggestion, if not a survival, of the method by which primitive peoples are known to have selected one of their number for sacrifice. According to the second and more popular method in Michigan, a self-appointed leader repeats a counting-out rhyme but once, declaring the child upon whom the last word falls "it." Informants say the second method is more popular, because it is shorter and allows the players to participate more quickly in the joy of physical activity.

YPSILANTI, MICH.

## NOTES AND QUERIES.

## ADIVINANZAS RECOGIDAS EN MÉXICO. —

I.

Ciento cincuenta doncellas  
 Nacidas de quince padres  
 Ellas a sus padres pan  
 Y sus padres a ellas aves.  
 El rosario de quince misterios.

2.

Casa de barro,  
 Sacristán de palo,  
 Gente menuda  
 Y el que le ayuda.  
 La olla de los frijoles.

3.

Una negra larga y fea,  
 Que sin comer se mantiene  
 Todo tiene, carne no  
 Porque su carne soy yo  
 De la que su cuerpo tiene.  
 La sombra.

4.

Mi primera es del amor,  
 Mi última es la esperanza,  
 Dos veces está en la panza,  
 Y una está en el azador.  
 No se halla en el comedor,  
 Pero se halla en la cocina,  
 Dos está en mi madrina,  
 Y una al fin de la retreta,  
 Es principio y fin de Arrieta,  
 Y conclusión de mi china.

La letra a.

5.

No soy Dios ni puedo serlo  
 Ni la Virgen es mi madre  
 Y llegándose mi día,  
 Soy tan Dios como Dios Padre.

La hostia.

6.

Aunque me veas chiquitita  
 Con mi color de esclava,  
 Me parto brazo partido  
 Con la más hermosa dama.  
 Te pico, te retepico,  
 Te vuelbo a retepigar  
 Y después de haberte picado  
 Te pesa el que me vaya.

La pulga.

7.

En un cuarto muy oscuro,  
 Tengo una cóngola, cóngola,  
 Oyela, atiéndela, escúchala.

La lengua.

8.

Soy vestida de pureza  
 Y mi cuerpo es de armiño.  
 Todo el día por caval  
 Me tiene de la cabeza,  
 Sirvo al rey, a la princesa,  
 Al canónigo y al perro,  
 Sirvo a todo el mundo entero  
 Hasta que mi vida cesa.

La vela.

9.

Blanca es,  
 Papel no es,  
 Letras tiene,  
 Tinta no es.

El peso (Moneda).

10.

No soy soldado y peleo,  
 No aprendí música y canto,  
 Y también sin ser reloj,  
 Algunas horas señalo.

El gallo.

11.

Dentro del mar está un queso,  
 Dentro del queso una *O*  
 Dentro de la *O* una *T*  
 Advineló usté.

Marquesote.

20.

La usa la joven y anciana,  
 Se pone al recién nacido,  
 Sirve también de apellido  
 Y al caballo lo engalana.

La mantilla.

12.

Soy la redondez del mundo,  
 Sin mí no puede haber Dios,  
 Papas y cardenales, sí  
 Pero pontifice, no.

La letra *o*.

13.

Nico, Nico y su mujer,  
 Tienen cola, piés y pico  
 Y los hijos de Nico Nico,  
 No tienen cola, ni piés ni pico.

Los huevos.

21.

Mi comadre la pintita  
 Sube y baja el calvario,  
 Anda y no tiene piés,  
 Habla y no tiene boca.

La carta.

14.

Qu'es, qu'es  
 Que te coje y no lo ves.

El sueño.

15.

Tito, Tito con su capotito  
 Sube al cielo y pega un grito.

El cohete.

16.

Agua pasa por mi casa,  
*Cate* de mi corazón  
 Al que me lo adivine  
 Se le parte el corazón.

El ahuacate.

17.

En un cuarto muy oscuro,  
 Moradores vide entrar

(Vuelta).

18.

Todos en gran apretura  
 Y cada uno en su lugar.

La Granada China.

19.

Un enano panturrano,  
 Con tres patas y una mano.

El metate.

22.

Para bailar me ponen la capa,  
 Y cuando bailo me quitan la capa,  
 Y sin la capa nu puedo bailar.

El trompo.

23.

Fuí a la plaza,  
 Traje de ellas,  
 Vine a mi casa  
 Y lloré con ellas.

Las cebollas.

24.

Méteme el cuchillo  
 Y verás que amarillo,  
 Méteme el poso,  
 Y verás que sabroso.

El melon.

25.

En el puerto de *Capul*  
 Mataron al indio *Lines*,  
 Quiero que me lo adivines.

Los capulines.

26.

En un canasto muy oscuro  
 Lleno de mil embarazos,  
 La muerte anda de carrera  
 Y un hombre la trae en brazos.

La pistola.

27.

*Plata* no es,  
 Oro no es,  
 Levanta la cortina  
 Y verás lo que és.

El plátano.

28.

Fui a la plaza,  
Compré negritos,  
Vine a mi casa  
Y se pusieron coloraditos.

29.

Una viejita,  
Con un diente  
Llama toda la gente.

La campana.

El carbón.

Patio barrido,  
Patio regado,  
Sale un negrito muy empinado.

El pinacate.

31.

¿Qué pesa más? Un kilo de paja o uno de plomo. — Ppesan iguales.

32.

¿Qué distancia hay del sol a la tierra? — La misma que de la tierra al sol.

33.

¿En qué se parecen las montañas a las mujeres? — En que tienen faldas.

34.

¿Porqué el padre necesita acercarse al altar para decir la misa? — Porque el altar no se puede acercar a él.

35.

¿De qué color era el caballo blanco de Napoleón? — Era blanco.

36.

¿En qué se parece un piano a un cepillo? — En que ninguno de los dos se puede subir a un árbol.

37.

Un tintín,  
Dos tantanes,  
Un colibrí<sup>r</sup>  
Y dos alacranes.

Las antiguas balanzas.

40.

Oro no es,  
Papel no es,  
Letras tiene,  
Tinta no es.

El dinero.

38.

Tengo calor y frío,  
Y no frío sin calor,  
Y a veces en mi señor,  
Se hallan peces sin ser río.

El sarten.

41.

De Isabel quitando el *bel*  
Y de Lucas lo postrero,  
Es el nombre de la dama  
Por quien yo suspiro y muero.

Luisa.

39.

*Tito* pasó por aquí,  
*Mate* me dió la razón.  
A que no me lo adivinas  
Ni de aquí a la oración.

El jitomate.

42.

¿Quién es aquel que nació  
Sin que naciese su padre.  
No tuvo madre su madre  
Ni de mujer procedió.

Al fin aqueste murió  
Y después que hubo expirado  
Fué en su madre sepultado  
A la cual virgin halló.

Abel.

44.

*Lla ves* cual claro es  
Adivinámelo lo que es.

Las llaves.

43.

¿Cual es el ave que vuela mejor?  
El pensamiento.

45.

Estas eran once peras,  
Y éstos eran once frailes.  
*Cada cual* tomo la suya  
Y quedaron diez enteras.

Era un fraile que se  
llamaba Cada Cual.

46.

¿Que se necesita para subir a una torre? — Estar abajo.

47.

Tintín por los rincones,  
Tú de puntitas  
Y yo de talones.

La escoba.

48.

Una persona le dice a otra: Tu eres mi hijo, pero yo no soy tu padre. —  
Era su madre.

49.

¿De qué se necesita llenar un cántaro para que 'pese menos'? — Llenarlo  
de agujeros.

50.

¿Que es lo que con solo nombrarlo se rompe? — El silencio.

51.

¿En qué se parece un esqueleto a una comida de Viernes Santo? — En  
que no tiene carne.

52.

¿Cuál es el nombre de hombre que no tiene ninguna de las letras de Carlos?  
— Quintín.

53.

¿Qué se necesita para encender una vela? — Que esté apagada.

54.

¿Quién está en el limbo además do los niños que mueren sin bautismo? —  
Las niñas.

55.

¿En qué parece el cielo a un huevo? — En que se estrella.

EDUARDO GUADALUPE NOGUERA.

1.

Arriba chivo,  
Abajo Buey  
y Alrededor maguey.

2.

En la ventana soy dama,  
En la mesa cortesana,  
Y en el campo labrador.

3.

El que la hace la hace cantando,  
El que la compra la compra llorando,  
Y el que la usa no la ve.

La caja del muerto.

Zapatos.

El agua.

4.

Cajita de China  
Que se abra y se cierra  
Y que nunca rechina.

Los ojos.

5.

Cajita cerrada de buen parecer  
Que ningún carpintero la puede hacer.  
La nuez de castilla.

6.

Una viejita con un solo diente  
Llama a toda la gente.

La campana.

7.

Cuando se siembra el maíz ¿qué es lo primero que sale? — Un puerco para comérsela.

8.

Cuando se come una caña ¿qué es lo primero que se pela? — Los dientes.

9.

Todos me dicen día  
Y por amor soy amante.  
Todos me quieren a mí  
Y yo no quiero a nadie.

El diamante.

10.

Corri, corrió  
Me senté, lo alcancé  
Vi un árbol de cirudas  
Cargadito de manzanas.  
Empecé a tirar de piedras  
Y cayeron avellanas.

La mentira.

11.

¿Cuál es el ave que no tiene panza? — El Ave María.

12.

¿Puede un cura decir misa después de haber comido un gallo? — Sí, porque el gallo es el que come.

13.

¿Cuál es la letra sin la cual no puede haber Dios? — La o.

14.

Un hombre se subió a una azotea y se cayó. ¿Contra qué se cayó? — Contra su voluntad.

15.

¿Cuál es el lápiz más peligroso? — Lápiz-tola (la pistola).

16.

¿Cuál es el pez que usa corbata? — El pez-cuezo (el pescuezos).

*Adivinanzas tomadas del libro Historia General de las cosas de la Nueva España escrita por el R. P. Fray Bernardino Sahagún Tomo II del Vigésimo Tercero de la Biblioteca Mexicana en la página número 369, Capítulo XLII.*

17.

¿Qué cosa y cosa es una jícara azul sembrada de maízes tostados, que se llaman momochtl? — Este es el cielo que está sembrado de estrellas.

18.

¿Qué cosa y cosa, un teponastli de una piedra preciosa y señido con carne viva? — Es la orejera hecha de piedra preciosa que está metida en la oreja.

19.

¿Qué cosa y cosa, diez piedras que las tiene alguno a cuestas? — Estas son las uñas que están sobre los dedos.

20.

¿Qué cosa y cosa, que se toma en una montaña negra, y se mata en una estera blanca? — Es el piojo que se toma en la cabeza, y se mata en la uña.

21.

¿Qué cosa y cosa una caña hueca que está cantando? — Es el sacabuche (Instrumento musical que trajeron los españoles).

22.

¿Qué cosa y cosa, un negrillo que va escribiendo con vidriado? — Son los caracolitos negros que cuando van andando dejan el camino por donde van, vidriado con unas babitas que dejan.

23.

¿Qué cosa y cosa, que en todo el manda encima de nosotros se encorva? — Son los penachos del maíz cuando se van secando, y encorvando.

24.

¿Qué cosa y cosa, una vieja mostruosa debajo de tierra que anda comiendo y royendo? — Es el topo.

25.

¿Qué cosa y cosa, una cosita pequeña de plata está atada con una hebra de hilo de color castaño?

¿Qué cosa y cosa, espejo que está en una casa hecha de ramos de pino? — Es el ojo que tiene la cejas como ramada de pino.

26.

¿Qué cosa y cosa, un cerro como loma, y que mana por dentro? — Las narices.

27.

¿Qué cosa y cosa, que muele con pedernales, y allí tiene un cuero blanco echado, y está cercado con carne? — Es la boca que tiene los labios con que masca, y la lengua tendida en medio, está cerrada con carne, son los labios.

28.

¿Qué cosa y cosa una vieja que tiene los cabellos bancos de heno, y está cerca de la puerta de la casa? — Es la trox del maíz.

29.

¿Qué cosa y cosa que dice: salta tu que yo saltaré? — Es la mano del teponaxtli con que la tienen.

30.

¿Qué cosa y cosa, piedra blanca y de ella nacen plumas verdes? — Es la cebolla.

31.

¿Qué cosa y cosa, que tiene los cabellos canos hasta el cabo y cría plumas verdes? — La misma cebolla.

32.

¿Qué cosa y cosa, que entramos por tres partes y salimos por una? — La camisa.

33.

¿Qué cosa y cosa, que le rascan las costillas y está dando gritos? — Es el hueso que se usa en los areitos por sonajas.

34.

¿Qué cosa y cosa, que entra en la montaña y lleva la lengua sacada? — Es el hacha.

35.

¿Qué cosa y cosa está arrimado a la azotea el bellaco cabeza de ella? — La escalera que se arrima para subir a la azotea.

36.

¿Qué cosa y cosa, van guiando las plumas coloradas y van tras ella los cuervos? — Es la chamosquina de las sábanas.

37.

¿Qué cosa y cosa, que tiene cotaras de piedra y está levantando a la puerte de casa? — Son los postes colaterales de la puerta.

38.

¿Qué cosa y cosa, una piedra almagrada va salando? — Es la pulga.

39.

¿Qué cosa y cosa, que va por un valle, y va dando palmadas con las manos como la muger que hace pan? — Es la mariposa que va volando.

PAUL SILICEO PAUER.

## ADIVINANZAS RECOGIDAS EN GUATEMALA. —

I.	Caballito de banda a banda que ni come, ni bebe, ni anda.  Acera Sol.	10.	Verde en el monte, negro en la plaza, colorado en la casa.
			Carbón.
2.	Agua pasa por mi casa, cate de mi corazón.  Aguacate.	II.	Carreta será tu abuela.
			Carretela.
3.	En un monte campechano está un padre franciscano; tiene dientes y no come, tiene barbas y no es hombre.  Ajo.	12.	Blanca como la leche, negra como la hez, habla y no tiene boca, anda y no tiene pies.
			Carta.
4.	Verde como el zacate, negra como el carbón, blanca como la leche.  Anona.	13.	Cebo en una olla.
			Cebolla.
5.	Un árbol con doce ramas, cada rama con su nido, cada nido con sus pájaros, cada pájaro con su nombre.  Añio.	14.	Choco, pero no del ojo, late, pero no muerde.
			Chocolate.
6.	Chiquito como un gallo y aguanta más que un caballo.  Bacínica.	15.	Colorado está colgado, Bisbiringo lo está viendo, si Colorado se cayera, Bisbiringo se lo comiera.
			Chorizo y el gato.
7.	Largo y peludo, sabroso para tu culo.  Caballo.	16.	Tiruliro está colgado, Pititillo está sentado, Si Tiruliro se cayera, Pititillo lo cogiera.
			<i>Id.</i>
8.	Regálame un poco de verde verdino para este pobre que llevo entre las canillas.  Id.	17.	Tibí, tibiri, Tibí, tibirá, Sábana pintada, ¿Qué cosa será?
			Cielo.
9.	De una peña soy nacida, y es tan contraria mi suerte, que el fuego me da la vida y el agua me da la muerte.  Cal.	18.	Cielo arriba, cielo abajo, y el mar en medio.
			Coco.

19.

Un negrito subió al cielo,  
pegó un grito y bajó al suelo.

Cohete.

20.

Un viejito sube al cielo,  
pega un grito y baja al suelo.

*Id.*

21.

Ánima del pelo liso,  
retrato del monumento,  
¿Por qué le sacas la lengua  
al divino Sacramento?

La comunión.

22.

Vámonos pronto a la cama,  
a hacer lo que hacemos siempre,  
a juntar pelo con pelo,  
dejando lo vivo adentro.

A dormir.

23.

En un callejón oscuro  
meten y sacan a don Juan desnudo.

Espada.

24.

Una señora muy aseñorada,  
llena de remiendos y sin una pun-  
tada.

Gallina.

25.

Una señora muy aseñorada,  
con muchos remiendos  
y ninguna puntada.

*Id.*

26.

Se sentó peludo sobre rapado  
y juró peludo no levantarse,  
hasta que rapado estuviera peludo.  
Gallina sobre los huevos.

27.

Una vieja tonta y loca  
con las tripas en la boca.

Guitarra.

28.

Cajita de pon-pon,  
que no tiene tapa ni tapón.

Huevo.

29.

Mis padres fueron cantores,  
mis hermanos no lo son;  
traigo la capilla blanca  
y amarillo el corazón.

*Id.*

30.

Cajuelita de pón-pon,  
que no tiene tapa ni tapón.

*Id.*

31.

Van cien damas  
en un camino,  
que no levantan polvo,  
ni remolino.

Hormigas.

32.

Un negrito camandulero,  
capita de hueso  
y sombrero de cuero.

Jute.<sup>(1)</sup>

33.

En la punta de aquel cerro,  
está una vaca barrosa,  
no hay vaquero que la corra,  
ni lacero que la alcance.

Luna.

34.

Entré a un templo sagrado  
y vide el mundo al revés:  
el penitente en la silla  
y el confesor en los pies.

El lavatorio, ceremonia religiosa.

35.

Entré a un tribunal y vi  
las cosas todas al revés:  
el penitente en la silla  
y el confesor a los pies.

*Id.*

<sup>(1)</sup> Jute, crustáceo.

36.

Ya vas, ya regresas,  
y nunca te quitas.

Llave.

44.

Soy la redondez del mundo,  
sin mí no puede haber Dios,  
Papas y Cardenales sí,  
pero Pontífices nō.

37.

Sobre el mar hay un queso,  
sobre el queso una t.  
Adivínemelo usté.

Marquesote.

45.

Cajita de china-china,  
que se abre, se cierra  
y no rechina.

La letra o.

38.

Pino, lino, flores,  
y alrededor amores.

Mesa de comedor.

Ojo.

39.

Adivina, adivinico,  
cuántos pelos tiene un mico.

Mil y pico.

46.

Cajuelita de china  
que se cierra y no rechina.

Id.

40.

¿Cuál cosa será, señores,  
que tupe el entendimiento,  
que la carne está por fuera  
y el pellejo está por dentro?

Molleja.

47.

¿Quiénes fueron los que primero  
vieron el mar?

Los ojos.

41.

Verde mi nacimiento,  
colorado mi vivir,  
negro me amortajaron  
antes que fuera a morir.

Mora.

48.

Te trinco en el suelo  
y sin ninguna duda,  
te meto una cuarta de carne cruda.

Pantufla, o zapato.

42.

Cartas van,  
cartas vienen,  
y en el aire  
se detienen.

Nubes.

49.

Pan para blanca,  
semilla negra,  
cinco toritos  
y una ternera.

Papel, tinta, dedos y pluma.

43.

Tinto y lulo,  
con siete pelitos en el culo.

Nance.<sup>(1)</sup>

50.

El que lo tiene lo carga  
y el que no, carga un petate.

Paraguas.

51.

Una viejita muy arrugadita  
y en el culo una tranquita.

Pasa.

<sup>(1)</sup> Nance, pequeña fruta tropical.

52.

Escopeta que no mata perdiz,  
que apunta en el suelo  
y va a dar en la nariz.

Pedo.

60.

Oro no es,  
plata no es,  
levanta la cortina  
y lo verás.

Plátano.

53.

Entre dos piedras feroces  
sale un negrito dando voces.

*Id.*

61.

¿Cuál es un San Antoñito  
que ni come ni bebe  
y siempre está gordito?

*Id.*

54.

Un señor subió a un cerro  
y bajó con ganado.

Peine con piojos.

62.

Capa sobre capa,  
a que no me lo adivinas  
ni de aquí de Totonicapa.

Repollo.

55.

Adivina, adivinante,  
qué trae el ave por delante.

Pico.

63.

Negra es ella al parecer,  
cuerpo tiene, carne no,  
porque la carne soy yo  
de quien ella se mantiene.

Sombra.

56.

La nana tendida,  
el tata paseando,  
los hijos bailando.

La piedra de moler y el maíz.

64.

Cien monjitas en un convento  
que todas se orinan a un tiempo.

Tejas.

57.

Le quitan, le quitan,  
entre más le quitan, más hay.

Pila.

65.

Hay cien niñas  
en un convento,  
todas se orinan  
al mismo tiempo.

*Id.*

58.

Árbol que me das sombra,  
a Dios le sirves de alfombra<sup>(1)</sup>  
y de luz al miserable.

Pino.

66.

Cuarenta caballos en un corral,  
todos juntos chorrean por igual.

*Id.*

59.

Botón sobre botón,  
botón de filigrana,  
que no lo adivinaréis  
ni hoy ni mañana.

Piña.

67.

Tercio, pero no de leña,  
pelo, pero no de gato.

Terciopelo.

(1) En las fiestas religiosas y profanas es costumbre regar hojas de pino sobre el suelo.

68.

Una señora muy aseñorada,  
con el pico por delante  
y los ojos por detrás.

Tijeras.

69.

Dos pajaritos que caminan en  
compás  
con el pico por delante,  
y los ojos por detrás.

Id.

70.

¿Cuál es la cosa que, cortándole  
los extremos se vuelve más larga?

Zanja.

*Adivinanzas especiales.*

71.

Tres cazadores cazando  
y tres palomas volando,  
cada cual cogió la suya  
y dos se fueron volando.

Cadacual era el nombre de  
uno de los cazadores.

72.

Doce peras en un plato,  
doce frailes a cogerlas,  
Cada cual cogió la suya  
y quedaron once peras.

Id.

73.

Un cazador fué al campo,  
siete palomas mató,  
muertas las llevó a su casa  
y vivas se las comió.

Vivas se llamaba su criado.

74.

Doroteo se fué al campo  
y cazó un su animalito  
y comió carne nacida y sin nacer.

Mató una venada pre-  
ñada de un venadito.

75.

Todos hacemos nuestra familia por  
el lugar correspondiente  
que Dios ha dado; pero hay uno que  
la hace con la pata.

El pato.

76.

De Antaño soy hija,  
De Antaño soy madre,  
Crié hijo ajeno,  
marido de mi madre.

Había amamantado a su  
padre en la prisión.

77.

Coman pan y beban vino  
del bautizo de este niño;  
es mi hijo, es mi nieto  
y hijo de mi marido.

Se había casado con su hijo.

78.

Pensando me estoy, pensando,  
de pensar me vuelvo loca,  
con la suegra de la mujer de mi her-  
mano  
¿qué parentesco me toca?

Era su madre.

79.

¿Qué es lo primero que hace el buey  
al salir el sol? — Sombra.

80.

¿Por qué el buey busca la sombra?  
— Porque la sombra no busca al  
buey.

81.

¿En qué se parece el cielo a un  
huevo? — En que se estrella.

82.

¿En qué se parece un elefante a  
una hormiga? — En nada.

83.

El carpintero y su hermano,  
el herrero y su mujer  
se comieron nueve huevos  
y les tocaron a tres.

El herrero era el hermano  
del carpintero.

84.

Estaba un pato,  
sobre su cola un gato,  
se zambulló el pato  
y no se mojó el gato.

El gato estaba sobre  
su propia cola.

ADRIÁN RECINOS.

GUATEMALA CITY.

**LEYENDA Y CANCIÓN RECOGIDAS EN MÉXICO, D.F. "La Coyota"**  
*Leyenda de espantos en el Pedregal de San Angel, D.F.* — Desde que naci  
 he vivido en el Pedregal, lo ando lo mismo de día que de noche. Nunca he  
 tenido miedo, señor amo, mas qui'una vez señor amito, que por mi  
 mal'suerte mí'encontré en el camino p'al rancho con la coyota borracha.  
 ¡Ay, mi señor! Qué susto. Chillaba y nu más corría dando güeltas y  
 güeltas, hasta que mi madrecita que via que no llegaba vino a buscarme y  
 luego que columbró a la "coyota" le gritó: — Aquí'sta tu pulque y tu medio  
 pa'que t'emborraches; y le puso en el suelo un jarro con pulque y medio y  
 a luego dijo: — Ave María Purísima y la coyota pegó un brincote y un  
 chillido y se hizo muy chiquita y ya nos juimos p'al rancho.

Pos mi madrecita me contó qu'en el rancho de don Juanito había un  
 señor qu'era gachupín y tenía su mujer y hay tiene usted señor amo qu'en  
 las noches se salía doña Gertrudis al Pedregal y andaba metiendose con don  
 Guadalupe, qu'era sacristán de la Iglesia, hasta que s'infermó de parto y  
 lo supo su señor esposo y pa'que los del rancho no lo supieran, se la llevó a  
 una cueva que hay por medio del Pedregal, pa'que allí saliera del cuidado.  
 ¡Ay, señor amo! El merito día que nacía la criatura vinieron los cabreros a  
 decir que en la cueva se oían unos alaridos muy feos y que salían como de  
 monios colorados gritando. Mi madrecita a luego que llegó el amo, se lo  
 dijo y fueron con él a ver lo que pasaba; mi madrecita cuando lo contaba  
 templaba de miedo; cuando llegaron el amo, mi madrecita y unos peones,  
 van viendo una coyota que chillaba y se hacía chiquita y grandota, luego  
 que la vieron dió un chillido muy grande y se desapareció; entonces entraron  
 a la cueva y señor amo, encontraron a la criaturita ahorcada, toda llena de  
 sangre, pos doña Gertrudis de seguro mató a su hijo y pa'que no lo supieran  
 los del rancho y en castigo se volvió coyota. Eso fué lo que dijo el amo y  
 por eso anda penando y a todos los que andan en la noche por el Pedregal,  
 se les aparece chillando y no más lo deja pasar dándole un jarro con pulque  
 y medio para que se emborrache y deje de penar. ¡Pobrecita, chilla tan  
 feo que hasta tiemblan los huesos!

*Canción.*

De los diez que yo tenía,  
 De los diez que me quedaban,  
 Solo uno no se mueve,  
 Ahora sólo quedan nueve, nueve,  
 nueve, nueve.

De los nueve que tenía,  
 De los nueve que quedaban,  
 Uno se comió un biscocho,  
 Ahora sólo quedan ocho, ocho, ocho,  
 ocho.

De lo ocho que tenía,  
De los ocho que quedaban,  
Uno se quitó el copete,  
Ahora sólo quedan siete, siete, siete,  
siete.

De los siete que tenía,  
De los siete que quedaban,  
Uno se llevó Moises,  
Ahora sólo quedan seis, seis, seis,  
seis.

De los seis que yo tenía,  
De los seis que me quedaban,  
Uno se murió de un brinco,  
Ahora sólo quedan cinco, cinco,  
cinco, cinco.

De los cinco que tenía,  
De los cinco que quedaban,  
Uno se fué al teatro,  
Ahora sólo quedan cuatro, cuatro,  
cuatro, cuatro.

De los cuatro que tenía,  
De los cuatro que quedaban,  
Uno se llevó Andrés,  
Ahora sólo quedan tres, tres, tres,  
tres.

De los tres que yo tenía,  
De los tres que me quedaban,  
uno se murió de los,  
Ahora sólo quedan dos, dos, dos, dos.

De los dos que yo tenía,  
de los dos que me quedaban,  
Uno se llevó don Bruno,  
Ahora sólo queda uno, uno, uno, uno.

De ese uno que tenía,  
De ese uno que quedaba,  
Yo le di una patada,  
Ahora ya no queda nada, nada, nada,  
nada.

México, D.F.

GABRIEL GAMIO.

**ALL-SOULS DAY AT ZUÑI, ACOMA, AND LAGUNA.** — In the number of this Journal for October-December, 1917, pp. 495-496, we read a few interesting notes under the same heading as the present. I beg to make here a few additional suggestions and some corrections to the notes of Mrs. Parsons.

As I have already pointed out in my notes to the article on "New-Mexican Spanish Folk-Lore" by Miss Freire-Marreco (JAFL 29 : 539, note 2), few, if any, of the New-Mexican or Arizona Indians, are real Catholics. Even where the church exists and the Catholic curate is present, as is the case in pueblos like San Juan and Isleta, I have reasons for believing that the Catholicity of the Indians is not genuine. In spite of this, however, it is too much to assume that the religion of the Spaniards has not left its influence among them; and, in fact, many of their old ceremonials and festivals seem to have been more definitely established through the introduction of the new Catholic doctrines and ceremonies.

The All-Souls-Day festival of Zufi, Acoma, and Laguna, is certainly a continuation of the Catholic festival. The Zuñi festival, which comes late in October, comes sufficiently close to the date of the church calendar to prove this. Furthermore, the whole ceremonial seems to be a direct continuation of the Catholic church feast, the assertions of the Zufi Indians notwithstanding.

The leaving of food for the dead is not alone an Indian custom. Ethnologists and folklorists are familiar with this institution, which is found among many peoples, even in modern times.

The words which accompany the ceremony of the making of the sign of the cross are all Spanish. They are all perfectly clear. This shows how Catholic and how Spanish the ceremony still remains. There is no such thing as a Mexican prayer, *polasenya* (Zuñi) or *porasinia* (Laguna). These

Indian vocables are regular phonetic developments of the first three words of the Catholic ceremony in question: *Por la señal*. In New-Mexican Spanish, and also in Andalusian Spanish, the current familiar pronunciation of these three words is *po la señal* or *po la señá*. This is exactly the Zufí *pola-senyá*. Mrs. Parsons does not write it with a final accented, but I presume that is the correct accentuation. The Laguna form, *porasiniá*, is also a perfectly normal Spanish dialectal development. The assimilation here has favored the *r* and eliminated the *l*; and we have the dialectal form *siñal*, current in all Spanish dialects, for the regular form *señal*, just as we have *siñor* for *señor*. Again the accentuation must be *porasiniá*.

In the note on p. 496 Mrs. Parsons gives the Indian words, and also the Spanish formula, but fails to tell us that each and every word which the Indian mumbles is a direct continuation of its Spanish source; and two words of the Spanish formula are omitted, although the Indian formula repeats them also. I give below the Indian words as given by Mrs. Parsons, and I add under each one the Spanish equivalents from which the Indian words are certainly derived.

Polasenyá	ela santa	kulusi	lenuishta	imimiku	liplansiniola
Por la señal	de la santa	cruz	de nuestros	enemigos	librando señor
ios.	imimipali	eleleho	eleahpintu	santu amikiasual.	
Dios.	En nombre el padre	del hijo	y el espíritu	santo Amén Jesús.	
	En el nombre del padre		y del espíritu		

Mrs. Parsons finds it difficult to explain the Indian words *Tsalemo* (Acoma and Zufí), *Saremo* (Laguna), which the Indian children repeat from house to house as they go forth begging for food on All-Souls Day. This also is a purely Spanish custom, as I have already explained in my note to Miss Marreco's article above mentioned, pp. 538-539, and in my "Romancero Nuevomejicano" (*Revue Hispanique*, April, 1915, No. 137). The complete version of the New-Mexican Spanish invocation is,—

Oremos, oremos,  
angelitos semos,  
del cielo venemos.  
Si no nos dan  
puertas y ventanas  
quebraremos.

The Zufí and Acoma form *Tsalemo*, and the Laguna form *Salemo*, are Indian developments of the first word of the invocation. Curiously enough, these Pueblo Indians have preserved only the first word of the Catholic invocation, evidently taught to them by the old *padres*. In the current familiar Spanish pronunciation the first two words of the invocation are thus divided into syllables:—

Oremo, soremo.

The initial verse is frequently repeated before passing to the second; and hence,—

Oremo, soremo,  
soremo, soremo.

*Soremo* is the Spanish word that is now pronounced *Tsálemo* and *Saremo* by the Zuñi, Acoma, and Laguna Indians.

AURELIO M. ESPINOSA.

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FOLK-TALES FROM MEXICO. *El Lagarto.* — Había una vez un lagarto que se estaba muriendo porque estaba en un charco de lodo que casi no tenía agua. Así estaba cuando un día pasó un leñador por ahí y cuando lo vió el lagarto le dijo: — Oye buen hombre hazme la caridad de sacarme de este charco y llevarme al río. Ya ves que está cerca, y que me estoy muriendo. El hombre se compadeció de él y jalando y arrastrando se lo llevó y lo echó al río. El lagarto se hechó de cabeza se zambulló y se revolcó en el agua y después que estuvo muy contento volvió a la orilla a donde estaba el hombre y le dijo: — Oye ahora te voy a comer. Hombre le contestó ¿pero, porqué? no ves que te he traído del charco de donde te estabas muriendo y ahora ya estás bueno. No seas malo. Y el cocodrilo le dijo: — No, yo te como. ¿No sabes que un bien con un mal se paga? Pero hombre no seas malo, no me comas. Mira vamos a hacer una cosa, a los animales que pasen les preguntamos que opinan ellos y si dicen que sí entonces me dejaré comer.

Entonces pasó un caballo ya muy viejo que venía arrastrando las patas y muy flaco y el hombre le dijo: — Mira acabo de sacar a este lagarto del charco y lo traje al río y ahora me quiere comer. ¿Tú dices que está esto bueno? Y el caballo que estaba muy flaco y muy viejo le dijo: Si porque un bien con un mal se paga yo le serví durante muchos años a mi amo y ya que estuve viejo y flaco me mandó fuera de su casa porque ya no podía trabajarle. Ya ves que un bien con un mal se paga y tiene razón el lagarto. Entonces el lagarto le dijo: — Yo te como ya ves lo que dice el caballo; pero el hombre le rogó que lo esperaran a otro animal y el lagarto aceptó. A poco rato pasó un buey también muy viejo y muy flaco con unos cuernos muy largos y le dijo: — Oye, acabo de sacar a este lagarto de un charco y lo traje al río y por pago me quiere comer. ¿Tú qué dices? — Que hace bien, porque un bien con un mal se paga. Yo mientras estuve gordito y fuerte me trabajaron y me dieron de comer. Ahora que estoy flaco y viejo me han hechado y me estoy muriendo de hambre. Y el lagarto le dijo: — Ya ves ahora si te como sin remedio. Pero el hombre le volvió a suplicar y le dijo que a la tercera era la vencida. En eso vieron venir una zorra que iba a tomar agua. Y el hombre le dijo: — Mira, buena zorra, pasaba yo por un charco de lodo cuando este lagarto que se estaba muriendo me dijo que lo salvara trayéndolo al río y compadecido de él le dije que sí me lo traje arrastrando y ahora que está bueno me quiere comer porque dice que un bien con un mal se paga. Y el lagarto le dijo si el caballo y el buey dicen que tengo razón y ahora me lo como. ¿Que opinas? y el zorro dijo yo necesito para poder dar mi opinión que vea como sucedieron las cosas. Y se las volvieron a explicar; pero la zorra les dijo no necesito ver personalmente tal como pasó. Y entonces el hombre cogió de nuevo al lagarto y se lo llevó al charco. Como no había agua luego que estuvo el lagarto ahí se comenzaba a morir y entonces le dijo la zorra al hombre. — Ahora que él está de nuevo aquí, buen tonto serás si te dejas comer. Y el lagarto por más que suplicó se quedó ahí y el hombre se fué.

*El Chivo.* — Una vez un chivo fué a tomar agua a un río y cuando se agachó vió su cara con sus barbas y le pareció muy bonita y dijo: — Yo soy

muy bonito tengo unas barbas muy largas y me deben nombrar a mí rey de los animales, porque soy muy respetable. Y se fué y reunió a los animales y les dijo:—Ya ven que tengo yo mis barbas y mi cara es imponente a mí me deben nombrar rey de Uds. en lugar del león, porque yo soy mejor que él y más bonito. Y los animales le dijeron que sí pero algunos fueron a ver al león y le contaron que el chivo hablaba mal de él, diciéndo, que él no debería ser rey, porque el tenía una cara muy imponente y el león no. Entonces el león fué a ver al chivo y le dijo que que andaba diciendo de él. Pero entonces el chivo le dió miedo la figura del león se le apeó por las orejas y le dijo: — No hermanito yo no he dicho nada, ya sabes te quiero; pero es que todos los cabrones somos habladores.

PAUL SILICEO PAUER.

México, D.F.

**LEGENDS OF CHAPPAQUIDDICK.** — The island of Chappaquiddick, lying to the east of Edgartown, on Martha's Vineyard, is one of the least accessible spots on the New England coast. It is reached from Edgartown by ferry (a row-boat); and the ferry-bell on Chappaquiddick point has been for many years the delight of summer-visitor artists, while the non-artistic have also experienced a certain æsthetic thrill as they tugged at its frayed rope and murmured, "Frightfully quaint!" The excellent bathing-beach, a little to the east of the point, is also well known to all summer visitors. Some of them have even gone so far as to climb the little look-out tower on the hill above the beach, and to gaze out over the miles of wind-swept dunes that lie between Cape Poge Light and Washqua Bluff. But that is all. Save for such a fleeting survey, the island is *terra incognita*.

We may imagine the summer visitor's effusive raptures if he could know that Chappaquiddick has its local legends of the supernatural; that many a spot along the windy shore, many a lonely island thicket of hazel or ragged clump of scrub-oak, is *haunted*. Such is indeed the case, but the summer visitor will never know it. These stories belong to the category of things too precious to be exhibited to the casual stranger: —

" 'twere profanation  
To tell the laity our love."

But in the island farm-house at dead of winter, before the open fire, — that is another matter. On such an occasion tongues are unsealed, and one may hear of the Phantom Ship, of the treasure buried beneath the Blue Rock, and even, if his host be uncommonly communicative, of the Haunted Hollow and of the Little Man. These last two stories are of quite superior quality, and seem worth setting down here.

In the Haunted Hollow, over a century ago, stood a house where a somewhat mysterious woman lived alone with her three children. She does not appear to have been precisely an estimable character, but *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*. At all events, she was in the habit of locking the children in the house at night and going down to the point, and across the ferry to Edgartown. She did this once too often. The children, it is supposed, somehow set the house on fire, and, being unable to get out, were burned to death. Of their mother's emotions and of her subsequent history, nothing is told. But — and here is the strange part of the story — every spring, along in

May and June, just about dusk, the voices of the three children may be heard crying down in the Haunted Hollow. Superstition! Nonsense! No doubt, but let him scoff who, knowing the legend, has sauntered by the Haunted Hollow of a May evening and felt no quickening pulse.

The Little Man is something more than a voice. He can be seen; and some time, when you are walking alone across the Chappaquiddick moors, you may encounter him. He is very small and very strange-looking. Those who have seen him are unable to say more of his physical appearance. But you may know him by his manner. He never speaks: he approaches you, looks at you oddly, and then points off across the sea. You will naturally look in the direction in which he points, — people always do, — and when you look back, he will be gone. Vanished, absolutely! No trace of him anywhere. The story is told of a certain Edgartown man, a lover of practical jokes, that he once asked a Chappaquiddick farmer, "Who was that little man that I saw down in your field?" — "I don't know. Why?" was the rather indifferent answer. "Well, I just wondered. He was sort of queer-looking. I thought I knew everybody in town, but I never saw him before." — "What did he say to you?" asked the farmer, showing a little more interest. "Why, that was the queer part of it. He didn't say a word; he just pointed. Of course, I looked to see what he was pointing at, and then" — "Yes, yes, what then?" — "Why, he was gone. I don't know what became of him. He must have gone off pretty quick." — "There now!" cried the farmer, excitedly. "You've seen it! Now maybe folks won't say there's no such thing! I've seen it, and my father saw it, and now you've seen it!"

I myself have never heard the strange cries in the Haunted Hollow; I have never seen the "little man;" but I have heard the noise of frogs on a still night in spring, and I have heard the mournful cry of the owl. At night, in the Haunted Hollow, such sounds might well prove disturbing.

As for the "little man," I have a notion as to the particular family of elves to which he belongs. An old Scottish ballad (No. 38 in the Child collection) begins thus: —

"As I was walking all alone,  
Between a water and a wa,  
And there I spy'd a wee wee man,  
And he was the least that ere I saw."

The narrator has some conversation with the wee wee man, and follows him to a fairy palace which has a roof of beaten gold. But, note the *denouement!*

"When we came to the stair-foot,  
Ladies were dancing, jimp and sma,  
But in the twinkling of an eye,  
My wee wee man was clean awa."

Can it be that this Scottish spirit is now acclimated in the lonely fields of Chappaquiddick? It may be so, for time and space mean little to these unsubstantial beings. And I confess to a kind of hope that some day (as I am not a summer visitor) I may stumble upon that gold-roofed fairy palace — on Chappaquiddick.

BEN C. CLOUGH.

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**AN OLD-WORLD TALE FROM MINNESOTA.** — The following tale has been communicated to me by Professor C. N. Gould, who heard it in southern Minnesota about 1885 from Julian Christensen, a Dane from the island of Laaland. The latter learned it from an Irishman when he was working on one of the wheat-farms of North Dakota. The story is as follows: —

Once there was an old Irish tramp. He came to a farmer's and asked for some dinner. The farmer told him to come in and sit down to dinner. There were a German and a Frenchman there too. The farmer said: "Well, you are the last man to come, you shall cut and serve the chicken." The Irishman agreed, and they brought him a whole chicken. He cut off the head and gave it to the farmer, and said, "You are the head man here, you shall have the head." He cut off the neck and gave it to the farmer's wife, and said, "You are next to the head, so you shall have the neck." He cut off the wings and gave one to each of the two daughters of the farmer, and said, "You will soon fly away from the home nest, and you shall each have a wing." He said to the Frenchman and the German, "You two poor fellows have a long way to go to get home," and gave each of them a foot. Then he said, "I am just a poor old Irish tramp, I'll eat what is left."

This tale had a long history behind it when it was related in Minnesota. The earliest versions which have been noted are Oriental: it is found in the "Midrash Echa Rabati" of the seventh century, and is told in Arabia in the next century of the court-fool of Haroun al-Rashid. Its next appearances are in the Icelandic "Magussaga," a translation and adaptation of the "Quatre Fils d'Aymon" of about 1300; and a little later in the "Scala celi," a collection of *exempla* written down by a Frenchman. Hans Sachs, who tells the story twice, found it in Pauli's "Schimpf und Ernst," a sixteenth-century thesaurus of anecdotes; and from this time on it appears more or less regularly in the jest-books. During the nineteenth century it has been collected in dozens of oral variants.

Several scholars have brought together the references to the story or have written about it. Reinhold Köhler found it in combination with a riddling tale about a murdered lover.<sup>1</sup> Wünsche has studied it rather hastily with special reference to Sachs's "Meistersgesang" of 1541.<sup>2</sup> The story is of course a proof of the hero's cleverness. According to the "Midrash Echa Rabati," for example, a son who arrives in the city after his father's death shows himself to be a legitimate descendant of his clever father by his success in this and similar tests, and so wins a share in the estate. The story finds, therefore, an appropriate place among the episodes belonging to the cycle of "Die kluge Bauerntochter" (Grimm, "Kinder- und Hausmärchen," No. 94). This cycle is discussed by Bolte and Polívka in the "An-

<sup>1</sup> Kleinere Schriften (Weimar, 1898), I : 350 ff.; cf. pp. 499-502 (on the version in Camerloher and Prelog, Nasreddins Schwänke) and the addenda, p. 582.

<sup>2</sup> "Zwei Dichtungen von Hans Sachs nach ihren Quellen" (Zeitschrift für vergleichende Literaturgeschichte, II (1897) : 36-48. He gives a translation of the passage from the Midrash Echa Rabati; a digest of the Arabic story; and reprints the tale as it is found in the Scala celi, Widebram's Delitiae poetarum Germanorum, and Harsdörffer's Nathan und Jotham. Sachs versified the story again in 1558, but this version was not known to Wünsche.

merkungen zu den Kinder- und Hausmärchen," and there<sup>1</sup> a practically complete list of variants of the "Teilung des Huhns," as they call the story of the carving of the chicken, may be found.

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KENTUCKY BRANCH.—The annual meeting of the Kentucky branch of the American Folk-Lore Society was held in Louisville on April 25, during the sessions of the Kentucky Educational Association. About a hundred and twenty-five people were present, many of whom were not members of the Society, as the meeting was open to the public. The following programme was given: "A Group of Mountain Ballads," Miss Josephine McGill; "Plant-Lore in Kentucky," Professor Frank L. Rainey; "Local Folk-Songs," Dr. E. C. Perrow. Each of these papers was followed by general discussion. The newly-elected officers are as follows: *President*, D. L. Thomas; *Vice-Presidents*, Mrs. Fannie C. Duncan and Miss Josephine McGill; *Secretary*, Miss Myra Sanders; *Treasurer*, John F. Smith.

<sup>1</sup> 2 (Berlin, 1915) : 360-362 and 360 (note 1). The reference (360, note 1) to Staufe should read "Zs. d. V. f. Vlk., 9 (1899) : 87" (not 8 : 87). The story is also cited in Revue des traditions populaires, 14 (1899) : 60, by Stiefel (Archiv für das Studium der neueren Sprachen, 95 [1886] : 91, No. 165), and by Wesselski (Der Hodschha Nasreddin, 2 [1911] : 202, No. 399). See, further, Sumtsov, "Razyskanija v oblasti anekdoticheskoi literatury; anekdoty o gluptsakh" (Sbornik Kharkovskago istoriko-philologicheskago Obshchestva, 11 [Kharkov, 1899] : 153 ff.)

## REVIEWS.

**EL FOLKLORE DE OAXACA.** Recogido por PAUL RADIN y publicado por AURELIO M. ESPINOSA. Publicado por la Escuela Internacional de Arqueología y Etnología Americanas, con la cooperación de The Hispanic Society of America. New York, G. E. Stechert & Co., 1917. iv + 294 p.

CON el título que precede a estas líneas, ha publicado el señor Aurelio M. Espinosa, infatigable y erudito investigador del folklore hispanoamericano, un nuevo libro en los Anales de la Escuela Internacional de Arqueología y Etnología Americanas. Consiste dicha obra en una bien nutrida y metódica recopilación de cuentos que el Dr. Franz Boas y el señor Espinosa, juntamente, entresacaron de una colección mucho más abundante, que fue recogida por el año de 1912 en Oaxaca (importante estado del sur de México, sobre el litoral del Pacífico), bajo la dirección del Dr. Paul Radin, alumno entonces de la Escuela Internacional de Arqueología y Etnología Mexicanas.

Puede decirse que el estudio del folklorismo en México apenas va iniciándose. Los mexicanos eruditos en la arqueología nacional han dirigido, por lo general, su investigación a otras regiones del vastísimo campo de nuestras antigüedades, sin recoger siquiera de paso, como fácilmente pudieran haberlo hecho, esa obra anónima de las generaciones que se conserva y perpetúa dispersa en tradiciones y cantos populares. Los poetas y literatos, por su parte, cuando han inquirido asuntos de boca del pueblo, se han preocupado más de utilizarlos, como es natural, para su labor propia, que de transcribirlos en su genuina sencillez y frescura. Así, por ejemplo, el material acopiado en sus romances por Guillermo Prieto, el poeta mexicano que más en contacto estuvo con el pueblo, puede representar un tesoro para la filología, pero sólo de manera indirecta puede ser de valimiento para el folklore, como no sea en lo referente a costumbres populares. Otros escritores, como Manuel Payno (valioso también para la lexicología y semántica de la lengua), Vicente Riva Palacio y José María Roa Bárcena, especialmente los dos últimos, refrescaron su imaginación más bien en fuentes históricas que en las populares, y aun quienes han dejado leyendas de origen tradicional bien claro, como Ignacio M. Altamirano y Eduardo Ruiz, entre varios más, anteriores, contemporáneos y aun posteriores suyos, sometieron dichas narraciones al molde personal de su estilo. Los ya nombrados y muchos otros (Chavero, Marroqui, Sierra, Sosa, García Cubas, etc., y, entre los vivos, González Obregón y Heriberto Frías), al acudir más o menos a la tradición, lo hicieron casi siempre con miras históricas o propósitos literarios. Hay que llegar hasta Nicolás León para hallar el primer intento definido y concreto en la ciencia a que vengo refiriéndome. Este antropólogo y arqueólogo mexicano, con la publicación de su "Negrito Poeta," hecha en 1912, ha dado el primer paso consciente dentro del verdadero terreno del folklore nacional.

Mas si los mexicanos habíamos desatendido esta laboriosa tarea de investigación paciente, quiero decir, si las tradiciones y leyendas no se recogían y copiaban sin revestirlas de galas literarias, de fuera nos llegaron quienes empezaran a dedicar a ello preferente cuidado, sobre todo desde

que se estableció en México la Escuela Internacional arqueo-etnológica. De entonces acá, no han cesado de aparecer trabajos muy apreciables en este respecto, y es de esperar que el impulso dado por doctos extranjeros, como los señores Franz Boas, J. Alden Mason, William Hubbe Mechling, Frederick Starr y Paul Radin, estimule a los nacionales a acopiar diligentemente todo género de materiales útiles para el folklorista, con menor riesgo del que pueden correr los extranjeros en cuanto a la autenticidad de lo que colecten.

Y la autenticidad en esta clase de recopilaciones es de suma importancia. Ateniéndome a mis propios recuerdos de la niñez, cuando noche tras noche nos sentábamos los chicos de casa en torno de una vieja sirvienta que disponía de un inagotable caudal de cuentos, anécdotas y chascarrillos que jamás nos cansaba oír, viénerme a la memoria que los temas de continua reseña se reducían a historias de brujas, duendes y aparecidos; aventuras de ladrones; patrañas y truhanerías como las de Pedro de Urdemales (usualmente denominado *Urdimalias*); sucesos maravillosos y milagros, en que entraban para mucho las Mil y una Noches y las vidas de santos, amén de algunas leyendas bíblicas y tradiciones conventuales; fábulas de coyotes, onzas, zorras, caimanes y otros animales, inclusive el fantástico *náhuatl*, y finalmente adivinanzas. La historia propiamente dicha, a no ser tal o cual suceso de las más recientes turbulencias revolucionarias de entonces, no tenía cabida en aquellas sabrosas narraciones.

Con repetida frecuencia escuché en otros lugares y diversos pueblecillos, no sólo de boca de mestizos, sino también de indios, relaciones más o menos análogas, advirtiendo entre los últimos marcada preferencia a los cuentos de animales, inclinación por lo demás bien primitiva aun en el Oriente, como lo muestran las colecciones sánscritas, árabes y persas. En cambio, cosas referentes a mitos, usos o leyendas de épocas precortesianas, que reprodujeran o recordasen siquiera las tradiciones recogidas por los historiadores primitivos; que diesen indicio de memoria o supervivencia de creencias y costumbres remotas; que contribuyesen a guardar en la imaginación popular relatos cosmogónicos y mitológicos, tales como los que Solís o Prescott aprovecharon de Gómara, Bernal Díaz, Sahagún, Las Casas u otras fuentes, y fueron después sistemáticamente expuestos por el historiador mexicano Orozco y Berra; narraciones, en fin, relativas a ideas religiosas de los aborigenes, nunca las llegué a oír de aquella gente. Si, por acaso, algo de ello se conserva entre algunas tribus de indígenas, muy modificado debe de estar, ya que todas han permanecido larguísimo tiempo en contacto y fusión continua con el resto de los pobladores y bajo su influencia religiosa y social. Pedir a un indio de nuestros días nociones de Quetzalcóatl o de Tláloc, sería tanto como esperar que un recluta griego nos hablase, por tradición, de Poseidón o de Ares.

Ahora bien, los cuentos oajaqueños que recopila, en número de 166, el señor Espinosa del material acumulado por el Dr. Radin, aparecen distribuidos en el volumen dentro los siguientes grupos: I. Mitos sobre la Creación y sobre los ídolos; II. Mitos astrales; III. Cuentos de Árboles, Flores y Piedras; IV. Cuentos de animales; V. Cuentos humanos, y VI. Cuentos de Brujas.

De dichas narraciones, sólo ocho forman el primer grupo, repartidas en número igual para cada tema, es decir, cuatro sobre la creación y cuatro

acerca de los ídolos. Las más abundantes, por el contrario, son las relativas a animales, que ascienden hasta cincuenta y cinco. Si de mi propia experiencia se puede sacar alguna observación válida, tal escasez de unos cuentos y tal copiosidad de los otros sería ya un indicio de que esos relatos proceden de indios más o menos ladinos. El primero, además, referente al origen del mundo, es también, y más que otra cosa, un cuento de animales, pues todo él se reduce a una conversación entre un toro y un gallo, en que se hilvanan conceptos insubstanciales y nada primitivos sobre la manera como uno de los antecesores del toro, con la ayuda de Dios, fue formando, no precisamente la Tierra, sino las cosas que faltaban en el planeta habitado ya por el Adán bovino. La narración procede de Talea, Villa Alta, y del mismo lugar son otras muchas de las contenidas en la colección. Todas ellas tienen de común, en cuanto a su forma, el mismo procedimiento de diálogo, que a veces degenera en disputa, hábito también frecuentísimo entre los indios; en cuanto a lo demás, la misma repetición de expresiones, trivialidad de ideas y carencia de temas y nociones concretas sobre cosa alguna. Parece, pues, que el narrador fue uno mismo, probablemente un indio, que deseando complacer al Dr. Radin o alardear de bien informado, expresa cuanto dice, no de tradiciones que haya escuchado, sino de su propio catálogo. Sucede en el curso de dichos diálogos que el interlocutor principal ofrece continuamente al otro que va a referirle un cuento de los muchos que sabe, y el cuento no asoma nunca.

En el segundo grupo, el de mitos astrales, aunque no pocas de las narraciones tienen mayor apariencia folklórica, puédense de igual modo observar las mismas o semejantes deficiencias, el mismo desconocimiento de la materia y análoga tendencia a mezclar rudimentos de astronomía aprendidos en la escuela con mamotretos de la fantasía personal del cuentista. Y todo ello es muy explicable, a mi ver, pues persisto en creer que la prolongada influencia de la religión dominante ha hecho desaparecer entre los indios sus viejas tradiciones étnicas, y por más que se les pida o ellos lo intenten, no pueden contar lo que realmente ignoran.

No ocurre tal reparo en los demás grupos de narraciones. Explorando en terreno que les es conocido, recordando cosas, incidentes y asuntos familiares, refiriéndose a consejos y supersticiones más pegadizas a su memoria o su fantasía, los relatores aportaron para la colección abundante material popular. El señor Espinosa reconoce en la mayoría de los relatos procedencia española, influída por tradiciones indígenas. Así debe ser, y aun la certeza de si los cuentos que no parezcan de origen europeo son propiamente de Oaxaca o corresponden a otras regiones, no se podría dilucidar desde luego, por carecerse de colecciones semejantes obtenidas de otros estados. Puede advertirse la popularidad de algunos, por el hecho de que, procediendo de diversos lugares, coinciden ya en asunto, ya en algunas particularidades. Así, por ejemplo, el cuento de "Los dos compadres" y el de "Ali Baba" (num. 101 y 102, respectivamente, de la colección), meros episodios fragmentarios del relato árabe vulgarizado por Galland. El mismo asunto entrañan, bajo diversos títulos, los marcados con las cifras 46, 66, 85, 90 y 100, a saber: la captura de alguien por artificio de garlito, que ya apunta con la fábula del "Simio y la cuña" en el libro asiático de *Calila y Dimna* y aparece en las leyendas artúricas aplicándosele al mismísimo Merlin.

Hace notar el señor Espinosa que no siempre ha conservado estrictamente reproducido el lenguaje en que venían redactados los cuentos, en vista del hibridismo "ni popular ni literario" de los manuscritos. Con todo, encuentro que, en la gran mayoría de lo colectado, la expresión se aviene al uso general del lenguaje vulgar en gran parte de la costa mejicana del Pacífico. Sitios sin embargo he conocido allí, en que es sorprendente la corrección y sabor a siglo XVI con que ha perdurado el idioma de los conquistadores, con reiterados arcaísmos de sentido y de forma, y sin más alteración perceptible que los cambios fonéticos y la mezcla de vocablos indígenas. Entre las clases iletradas y humildes, la corrupción de la lengua sin duda ha sido mayor en las ciudades más populosas que en los campos, acaso porque, en éstos, pobres y acomodados vivían menos desunidos por las categorías sociales, pudiendo así el indio mantener trato y relación directos con la gente culta.

Por esto me inclino a pensar que el señor Espinosa, aun retocando más de lo que pueda haberlo hecho los manuscritos colectados como folklore de Oajaca, aun corrigiendo yerros y llenando omisiones, no se habría apartado mucho de la forma popular más corriente. Así aproximadamente lo practiqué yo alguna vez, por falta de otro arbitrio. Cuando traduje al castellano el "Unknown Mexico" de Lumholtz ("El México Desconocido," Nueva York, 1904), intentaba yo reproducir el texto exacto de los cuentos y leyendas contenidos en dicha obra; pero desgraciadamente el autor no había conservado los originales. En vista de ello, hice la versión imitando giros y locuciones del lenguaje popular más correcto, lejos de bajarlos al nivel del habla vulgar de los centros urbanos. Y no de otro modo se ha procedido en todos los tiempos, pues la misma Ilfáda, que no es, en suma, sino un producto folklórico, recibió de manos de sus colectores ajuste y pulimento que a los pósteros no se nos ocurre lamentar.

Si lo que se busca en estas recolecciones es folklore y no barbarismos y otros defectos gramaticales, quizás hasta convendría adoptar dicha práctica, sobre todo para las narraciones en prosa, que siempre divergen y se amplían, adulteran o modifican según la memoria y aptitudes del narrador. Sólo las versificadas son de estructura más resistente. Por ello sería deseable que, como lo ha hecho el señor Boas con varios cantos, también de Oajaca, los colecciónadores de folklore mexicano encaminaran su preferencia por esa senda. Encontrarían minas casi inexploradas y, en ellas, metales de mejor ley.

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Norsk Folkeminnesammlar II, 1. OLEA CRØGER ved H. G. HEGGTVEIT og RIKARD BERGE. Risør, 1918. 75 p.

FOUR years ago, when the first issue of "Norsk folke-kultur" appeared, the editor mentioned a plan of also issuing booklets dealing with the history of the collecting of Norwegian folk-tales and ballads, to be accompanied by biographies of the collectors. The number before us is published as the first in this special series. Olea Crøger occupies a foremost place among the collectors of folk-tales in Norway in the thirties and forties of the last century. Her work has several times been spoken of by other writers (see,

for instance, "Nordmænd i det nittende aarhundrede," 2 : 201-203); but these accounts are all rather fragmentary, and we are glad to have now this fuller study of the method of her work and of what she accomplished.

Olea Crøger was of royal descent, her ancestry going back on her father's side to Haakon V, through Inger Ottesdotter Rømer til Austraat. On her mother's side she was of Danish descent, being descended from Johannes Nissen Crøger, pastor at Aastrup near Haderslev (Haderleben) in North Slesvig, 1537-59. Olea Styhr Crøger was born in Hitterdal, in eastern Telemarken, in 1801. She is spoken of by all those of her time who knew her as a remarkable and unusually gifted woman. Trained in music, she also became interested in ballad-music, and through these in the ballads themselves. It was owing to her in considerable measure that the melodies of a large number of popular ballads were rescued from oblivion. From the beginning of the early thirties she also made extensive collections of the ballads among the peasants of Upper Telemarken, — a region in which the ballad was still the common property of everybody. Her collection was published by M. B. Landstad, in connection with his own collections, in "Norske Folkeviser," printed in 1853. Berge gives an interesting account of her method of securing the Ballads, of her relations to other collectors, of Jørgen Moe's hesitation to give up the editorial rights after she had once offered to sell him her collection, and, finally, of her collaboration with Landstad during the forties. There are five of Olea Crøger's ballads printed with the study (pp. 46-62), and other valuable material.

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ADOLF TAYLOR STARCK. *Der Alraun; Ein Beitrag zur Pflanzensagenkunde* (Ottendorfer Memorial Series of Germanic Monographs, No. 14). Baltimore, 1917. viii + 85 p.

THIS investigation of the mandrake belief is a welcome addition to the literature of a rather neglected field, the study of plant-lore. The mandrake is a fabulous plant, which, according to the fully-developed legend, springs from an effusion from a thief's body, and is found growing under the gallows on which he has been hanged. When a mandrake is pulled out of the ground, it utters so terrible a shriek, that any one who hears the cry dies; but if one loosens the earth about the plant, so that it is attached to the soil only by small fibres, and then ties it with a string to a black dog, the dog, in pursuing a bit of bread or meat, will jerk the root from the ground. In this way one can obtain it without danger to one's self, although at the expense of the dog. Properly cared for, the root will be of great advantage to the possessor: it can forecast future events, disclose secrets, make friends for its owner, keep him from poverty, and, if he is childless, give him children. If one lays a coin away with it over night, one will find two pieces of money in the morning; but do not select too large a coin, lest the vitality of the root be diminished. In the event of the owner's death, the mandrake passes to his youngest son, who should cause a bit of bread and a coin to be laid in the coffin. The eldest son inherits it if his brother has died. Such briefly is the legend of the mandrake, an *ungeheueres Mischprodukt*, as Dr. Starck calls it, of accretions from the most varied sources.

Dr. Starck has traced the origin of the older and more stable traits in

the legend. The Greek physicians were acquainted with a real plant, the mandragora; and, although they occasionally confuse it with other plants, they give it a place in the *materia medica* with only passing mention of certain superstitious features, which are suggested in the main by its narcotic qualities. The more striking details in the account seem to have taken rise in the Near East rather than in Greece, and are not at first attached to the mandragora. The notion of employing a dog to obtain the root is Syrian, or perhaps Egyptian. Its human shape, and its origin in a human secretion, probably come from somewhat farther East, from Mesopotamia or Persia. The combination of these elements (the medicinal use of the mandragora, the story of the dog, the shape of the plant, and its mythical origin) makes up the *Alraunsage*. Later additions have been made in Europe; and of these, the services which the mandrake performs as a sort of familiar spirit are the most important. In such a composite product as this legend the search for a symbolic explanation of the whole is, as Dr. Starck says, hopeless; yet Kuhn, seeing it in the legend of a *Blitzpflanze*, has attempted one, and this explanation is to be found in so recent a study as Schlosser, "Die Sage vom Galgenmännlein" (1912). To find a satisfactory etymology for the names of the mandrake proves to be equally hopeless. Dr. Starck devotes several pages to the mandrake in literature, and finds that German writers seem to have been rather more familiar with it than the French or English.

As the bibliography (pp. 80-82) and the foregoing outline show, the subject has been covered fairly completely, with particular emphasis on the development of the mandrake legend in the middle ages. Many questions have of necessity been left unanswered. One would like to see a fuller and more systematic exposition of the mandrake belief as it exists to-day. The promised third volume of Dähnhardt's "Natursagen," however, may be expected to complete this laborious task. By way of conclusion a few notes may be given on this point. Mandrakes have been made in recent years in Asia Minor, and the Märkisches Museum in Berlin has a collection of them (see Friedel's lectures before the Verein für Volkskunde, summarized in "Zs. d. V. f. V.", 13 [1903] : 126, and 19 [1909] : 127; but his promised article has not yet, so far as I know, appeared). Scattered bits of information about mandrakes in Germany are noted by Woeste, Thaler, and Zingerle in "Zs. f. d. Myth.", 1 (1853) : 238, 293, 335, 461, and by Kuhn ("Sagen aus Westfalen," 2 : 27-28). Polites ("Μελέται περὶ τῶν βίων καὶ τῆς γλώσσης τοῦ Ἑλληνικοῦ λαοῦ" [Athens, 1904], 2 : 915) seems to have collected the evidence for Greece (see Dieterich, "Zs. d. V. f. V.", 15 [1905] : 391-392); and for Poland see Zibrt and Gustawicz as cited by Polívka (*ibid.*, 15 : 207). Short notices on the French superstitions may be found in Nicole Bozon, "Les Contes Moralisés," p. 254, and in Sébillot, "Le Folklore de France," 3 (Paris, 1906) : 484, 487. Bédier ("Les Fabliaux" [2d ed.], 460) suggests that the *fabliau* "L'enfant de neige" might have been intended to combat such superstitions about conception as the one which ascribes to the mandrake the power to overcome sterility; and he refers to a short chapter of Andrew Lang's "Custom and Myth" (pp. 143-155), in which the mandrake belief is discussed from the point of view of the anthropologist (see also E. S. Hartland, "Primitive Paternity," 1 [London, 1909] : 44-47). Wackernagel's conjectured *Albruna* in the "Germania" (Starck,

p. 66) seems to be confirmed by some Spanish manuscripts of Tacitus (see "Modern Philology," 1 [1903]: 204). The use of "Mandrag" as an objuration is curious (see "Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedy," v. 29 ["Poems of Dunbar," Scottish Text Society, 2 : 12]). No doubt more such gleanings by the way could be noted and added to Dr. Starck's study; but they will probably not be numerous and significant enough to impair its value as a substantial contribution to our knowledge about the mandrake.

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NATALIE CURTIS BURLIN, *Negro Folk-Songs* (Hampton Series). In four books. Book I. New York, G. Schirmer & Co., 1918.

SOME months ago there was put into my hands for review a copy of the first book of the Hampton Series of "Negro Folk-Songs," by Natalie Curtis Burlin. Owing to a multitude of other pressing duties, it was laid aside without being opened, and was not again taken out until very recently. Therefore, with all due apologies to Mrs. Burlin, the deeper for the sense of gratitude with which the reading of this little book has inspired me, I now wish to offer an appreciation of it. In it Mrs. Burlin has given to the world at least two of the most moving and pathetic of all Negro spirituals, — "Go down, Moses," and "Couldn't hear Nobody pray." About two years ago it was my privilege to hear these two among many others sung spontaneously and informally by a Southern woman who had been brought up on them by her Negro nurses. Wholly untrained as she was vocally, the singing of those two songs affected her audience deeply. The matter of securing these and other old melodies for publication was spoken of at the time as something much to be desired, but the project could not then be undertaken by any of the group. Therefore it was with a real sense of obligation that I realized what Mrs. Burlin had accomplished, as I read the songs, and noted their faithfulness to Negro style and the entirely successful manner in which proper renditions have been indicated.

The book would lose much without the dignified, sympathetic, and restrained explanations which accompany each number, and which at once put the reader in accord with the spirit of the Negro and his songs. It is a relief to observe the note to the effect that piano accompaniments are for practice only, and then for the benefit of white singers, and to discover the very evident care with which the author gave her results after long listening to the singers and to phonographic records made by them. It does not matter that there are other versions of these songs, or even that every rendition given by different groups varies from every other in some particular. This only emphasizes the truth that the human creative instinct will not be bound, and especially the musical instinct of the Negro. It is sufficient that one good, simple, beautiful, and truthful version of each has been carefully noted for preservation and for the purpose of enriching the musical literature of the world. Indeed, no one can count himself poor who has learned them.

It is a pleasure to know that there are several such books in process of publication; and it is to be hoped that Mrs. Burlin will continue to gather these priceless bits of folk-song before it is too late, thus saving them for

the people who have a right to be proud of them. In so doing she renders a service not only to the members of the Negro race, but to their white brothers, who, by means of an acquaintance with just such expressions of the Negro soul, may come to better understand, love, and respect it. Scientists and students of folk-lore may rely with perfect faith upon work so carefully and patiently done, which, while at every turn displaying the author's sincere and kindly sympathy and appreciation for this long-oppressed people, smacks not at all of the weak sentimentality so much to be deplored in most undertakings of a similar nature.

HELEN H. ROBERTS.

NEW YORK CITY.

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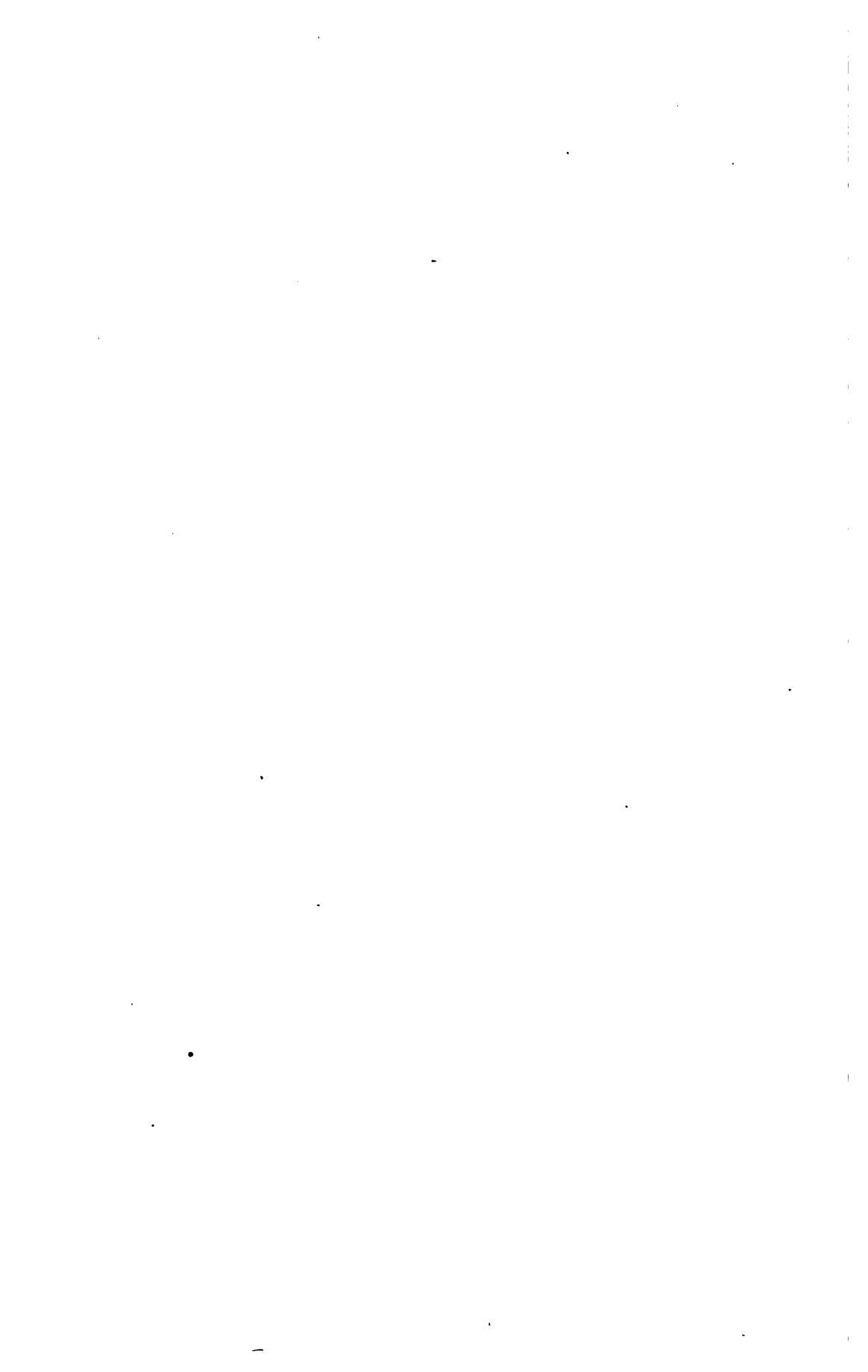
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